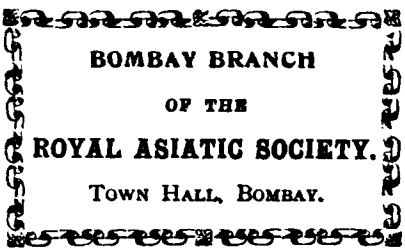
00024482



Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018

OLD DIARIES

1881-1901

"The days and nights pass, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love the people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can."

.—GRAY.

Ronald Sutherland Gower.

OLD DIARIES

1881-1901

By LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER

A TRUSTEE OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

LIBR
OF T
BOM
BRAN
OF T
ROYAL ASIAT

24482 ac

YY-V-5

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1902

00024482

PREFACE

SOME twenty years ago I published "My Reminiscences." In a preface to the fourth and last edition I wrote that I had no intention of adding others, and gave my reasons.

Since, however, reading my old diaries, I think the following extracts may be of some interest.

These notes appear as they were set down from week to week, only much curtailed, for the benefit of the reader. They must be taken like people who give themselves in wedlock — "for better, for worse."

Although they may be dull, they are free from all intention to give pain to any one; and throughout the score of years they touch on, there will be nothing found in these scraps "set down in malice."

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ETCHING OF THE AUTHOR	*Frontispiece*		
MEDALLION „ „	*Title Page*		
SHAKESPEARE	*To face page*		62
THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON	„	„	70
HAMLET (PHILOSOPHY)	„	„	70
LADY MACBETH (TRAGEDY)	„	„	70
FALSTAFF (COMEDY)	„	„	70
PRINCE HAL (HISTORY)	„	„	70
INSCRIPTION IN NEW TESTAMENT WRITTEN BY H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA	„	„	152
MEDALLION OF EMPRESS FREDERICK, WITH AUTOGRAPH	„	„	188
H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 10 (*from the Bust by Behnes*)	„	„	212
H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 10 (*from the Bust by Behnes*)	„	„	212
SKETCH BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A. . .	„	„	246
HAMMERFIELD, PENSHURST . . .	„	„	364
THE LONG WALK, HAMMERFIELD . . .	„	„	372

OLD DIARIES

1880

MY SISTER CONSTANCE WESTMINSTER'S DEATH

IN the early part of the summer of 1880, the illness which had declared itself some time before assumed a serious form. The following letter was written by Queen Victoria to my sister's husband:—

"OSBORNE, *24th July* 1880.

"The Queen cannot sufficiently express to the Duke of Westminster her deep sympathy in his present great anxiety about dear Constance's state of health, and her sorrow to hear of her bad nights and oppressed breathing. The Queen having known dear Constance from her birth, and the affection she bore her mother and so many belonging to her, as well as her long acquaintance with the Duke himself, which began when he was a little boy—'little Hugh Lupus'—standing near his grandparent's chair at Eaton—must ever make her take the deepest interest in all that concerns their happiness and their trials in life. Most truly does the Queen hope that there may be sufficient improvement soon to enable her to be moved to beautiful Cliveden. The Queen is grateful for the daily reports, and would be thankful if the Duke would write occasionally—or Lilah or Beatrice to our Beatrice."

I have in my "Reminiscences" alluded to the visit Her Majesty paid my sister at Grosvenor House that summer,

on the 13*th July*. In the middle of November my sister left her beloved home at Cliveden for Bournemouth, where a villa called Branksome Tower had been taken—a pleasant place among pine woods, and close to the sea. Among these woods my dear sister passed many hours in her chair, which she had wheeled about the paths, fragrant with the smell of the pine trees, and bright with bracken and heather, recalling Dunrobin and the Scotland she loved so well.

I had to return to Paris at the end of that month, somewhat reassured by my sister's slightly improved health; but it was only a temporary improvement, and the blow was soon to fall in all its terrible intensity.

I was back at Bournemouth in time to pass with her the last two days she was spared to us. "There is no doubt," I write on returning in the middle of December to Branksome Tower, "that she is much worse; but her spirits are still wonderfully bright, and she is as affectionate and as great a darling as ever." The end came on the nineteenth of December. During the last day she had been in a kind of stupor, just rousing herself a little when her children came to her side. The Queen sent me three telegrams; when I told this to Constance and of her enquiries, she said, "how kind she is." Those were the last words she spoke to me, but as long as any consciousness lasted, she gave one infinite looks of love. Alas! what misery to see such a loved being dying slowly before one, and not to be able to alleviate her. One of the Queen's telegrams said: "I know what you must feel." What consoling words, and what true and deep sympathy have come from the Queen's kind heart! The following is from a letter written by a dear friend of my sister's, and paints her character so well that I may be allowed to introduce it here.

"There was nothing like her that I have ever seen for real true, loving-kindness and large-heartedness, and tender sympathy. Always, and for ever the same; and in

that respect I think she stood quite alone. I know what she was to you, and what you were to her. This life does seem very dark, but I am sure that some day and in some way, all will be well—and meantime the memory of her gracious noble ways, like other precious memories we have, will help us."

The same friend writes of her in another place:—"Never was there any one more entirely loved by all who knew her, and how could it be otherwise? Any faults she had were but exaggerations of virtues, and her brave heart and cheerful spirit filled one with love and admiration. There is no comfort in these sorrows, and the mistake made is in ever looking for it; but as the Italians say, there comes a time when a great sorrow turns into a divine contentment, and one's most peaceful thoughts are with those who are gone to where 'beyond these voices there is peace.'"

At the close of that sad year I write: "The last day of a year now clothed to me in mourning. My future will indeed be dark without the companionship and ever present sympathy of my beloved sister, and I cannot look forward to life now, with the interest I had in it while she was still amongst us."

The Queen wrote me the following beautiful and sympathetic letter:—

"*26th December* 1880.

"DEAR RONALD,—

"Your sad and interesting letter reached me this morning; many thanks for it. I feel so much for you! I know what dear Constance's loss must be to you—For poor dear Caroline (Leinster) to be the *last* sister is most sad, and must, I fear, make her anxious.

"I hear you are gone with her to Ireland, and I therefore send this letter there. What a dreadful state that unhappy country is in. It must be a terrible anxiety to Caroline, and she must be so alarmed about the Duke and her sons. *I* don't quite understand the wish to be buried in a churchyard, but I *know some* vaults *are* gloomy and painful, and it is distressing to be unable to mark the exact spot.

"My dear sister had the same feeling as Constance. That beautiful hymn, 'Thy will be done,' was my dearest

Alice's favourite one, and was sung at the funeral service we had at Windsor the day she was laid to rest in a foreign land. And do you know, the 23rd was the day on which my Darling Husband was taken to *his* rest? It was the anniversary I think also of poor Albert's death.

"Your dearest mother was so loving and kind to me at that dreadful time, now nineteen years ago!

"May God support you.

"I hope to see you when you come back from Ireland.

"Ever Yours Affectionately,

"V. R. I."

Although the year 1880 belongs to the period touched on in my "Reminiscences," and not to the extracts from later Diaries, I have felt that the two letters written by our late revered Sovereign should not be kept from those to whom any Memorial of her inexhaustible kindness and sympathy with those who were in suffering or in bereavement, are precious.

April 1901.

1881

STAFFORD HOUSE, *20th January.*

THE Prince of Wales and Lord Beaconsfield dined here; only Stafford and the Chaplins besides.

Dizzy very pleasant, and extremely satirical. He seems pleased with his new abode in Curzon Street. "I always," he said, "intended to die in London; it gives one six months more of life, and the doctor can come to see one twice a day, which he cannot in the country."

27th January.

Had luncheon with Lorne and Princess Louise at Kensington Palace, where was Prince Leopold. We drove to the Kensington Vestry Hall, where we listened to Prince Leopold's address and a quantity of speeches from lesser folk, the best a discourse by G. A. Sala, and one by William Morris, poet and paper manufacturer. The object of the meeting was the Kyrle Society.

5th February.

Carlyle died at eight o'clock this morning. He has been dying the last fortnight, and one feels almost glad to learn that he has at length "shuffled off this mortal coil." Boehm, who has made the finest portrait statue of him, told me of Carlyle's death when I went to his studio to see the recumbent statue he is doing of my sister Constance Westminster for Eaton Chapel.

Kept on working at my Shakespeare Monument during February, in Paris. I went to Barcelona at the end of that month, and remained there, in the comfortable hotel of the "Four Nations" (I never quite found out which these four nations represented; probably the Latin ones —Spain, Italy, France, and perhaps Portugal?) for several

weeks. My room overlooked the Rambla, that gay, crowded, old, picturesque street, with the Gulf of Lyons at one end of it, and the blue hills on the other. The carnival was then in full swing. I don't know how long it lasted last night, but about midnight an almost endless procession of carriages full of maskers, with horses draped and be-plumed, preceded by bands playing, and followed by people bearing torches, passed by the hotel, and for hours the night resounded with festive uproar. What is pleasant about this holiday is that all classes join in it equally, and there seems to be a perfect equality of give and take. In London such a "festa" would end in fisticuffs, brawling and drunkenness.

1st March.

I have just witnessed a sight that would strike the least impressionable. This was a funeral. The coffin, placed on a funeral car, surrounded by torch-bearers, passed down the opposite side of the Rambla, right in the very thick of all the tomfoolery of the Carnival. The crowd became suddenly hushed, while the sombre pageant passed through it; but only for an instant, and a moment after, it was as jolly and as noisy as before. It looked, however, like the writing on the wall during Belshazzar's Banquet, or the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, or the slave whispering in the Roman conqueror's ear, as his triumphal car advanced, the words, "Thou too art mortal."

2nd March.

To the Cathedral, where there never seems to be a service; but it is worth a service and a thanksgiving to go into that beautiful old building, to see the glory of the coloured windows throwing their dim religious light over the brown pillars and floor. There are always many people standing or kneeling round the crypt dedicated to Saint Eulalia, in silent adoration or contemplation. Although there is certainly a great deal of idolatry in their religion, the Spaniards are full of the fervour of holiness.

When back in London, on the *8th of April*, I heard of Lord Beaconsfield's dangerous illness, and on the following day, with my sister-in-law, A. Sutherland, we called at his

house in Curzon Street. I saw Lord Barrington, who was low about the patient. I called again later, and had some talk with Sir Philip Rose, who gave me the impression that Lord Beaconsfield is in a dying state. Two days after, I write: "I fear he is dying. For the first time this morning (*11th April*) he had seen Monty Corry, who had remained with him an hour." They all seem to have given him up, and one can only hope he will be spared further suffering. "I would confess anything, if I were a Nihilist, under my tortures," he said. The next day he had rallied; on the thirteenth the accounts were so favourable that one began to have hopes of his recovery; both the gout and bronchitis had left him. This improvement was maintained during the *15th of April*. The next day I left for my house at Windsor, to work on my "Reminiscences," and on the following Tuesday (*19th April*) I heard of his death at four o'clock that morning. "Thus ends," I write, "one of the most extraordinary lives of modern times, greater than Frederick, Mirabeau, or Pitt. Since I heard of his death I can think of nothing else, and can only stroll from room to room, and cannot settle down to write or read." The funeral took place at Hughenden on the 26th. By special train to Hughenden at 1.30. About a hundred of us assembled first in the Royal waiting-room at Paddington Station. In the same railway carriage were Norfolk and Charles Villiers. It was a lovely, bright spring day, the country all bursting out into leaf and flower. Nothing could have been better managed than all was. It was as Lord Beaconsfield would have wished it. It seemed to me but yesterday that I had been there with him. The following day I went to Paris, where in the Salon of the Champs Elysées my Shakespeare Monument in plaster had been placed. "If ever," I wrote, "a man deserved to feel contented, and his *amour propre* satisfied, I ought to be, after seeing my Shakespeare throning it in the centre of the Palais d'Industrie."

In the middle of *May* I write from Eaton: "Although to me this place is not nearly so much associated with my beloved sister's memory as Cliveden or Dunrobin, it is, of course, terribly sad to return here, where once she so warmly welcomed me, and now there is nothing left but the recollection of her beautiful presence to look back upon. Visited Eccleston Church, to see the flower-covered grave —one wreath that had come all the way from Cannes lay

on it, fading flowers that had bloomed on the shores of the Mediterranean. Nothing can be more delightful than hearing Sibell (Grosvenor) playing on the organ in the Library at Eaton—that beautiful room is still unfurnished. It is like seeing and listening to another St Cecilia."

At Cliveden, in June.

Wrote all day at my "Reminiscences"—a day of beautiful lights and blue shadows chasing one another across the glorious landscape. But with all this beauty is the constant longing to see dearest Constance, if only once again!

11th July.

A letter from "Uncle Sam" (Sam Ward) offering me two thousand pounds for my Shakespeare Monument.

14th July.

A garden party at Marlborough House. The Queen present, evidently suffering from the intense heat. I noticed Her Majesty talking much to John Bright.

18th July.

I made the acquaintance, at a dinner at the Cardross's, of Howard Vincent, who, although but a little over thirty, is already at the head of the detective force, and has published half a dozen books. He works all day, and dances half the night. The day after, on waking, one heard the bells of the Abbey tolling, Dean Stanley having died during the night. He is a greater loss to the Queen than to the Church.

To a fancy dress dance at Lowther Lodge that night. The dance, and Lord Houghton in a skull cap, were both successful and picturesque. I passed the following Sunday at Sonning—where Canon Pearson preached on his old friend—(friend for forty-six years), Dean Stanley. We (Edmund Mathews, who is my host at Sonning) had luncheon with H. P. (the Canon) at his delightful Vicarage,

where we met Canon Liddon, who has a strikingly fine head and an agreeable voice.

I was again at Barcelona at the close of that year. The only expeditions I made were to Montserrat, a gloriously placed monastery among the clouds on the everlasting hills—and to Tarragona, from which the beautiful ruins of Poblet and the cyclopean Roman aqueduct can be conveniently visited. Poblet I thought the most interesting place to see in Spain, after the Alhambra.

"Farewell to Barcelona," I write on the 28*th December*, "perhaps for ever; for now, having seen Poblet and Montserrat, and having finished writing my 'Reminiscences,' there is little reason for my returning here; but I shall always retain a pleasant memory of this place, of the old Cathedral, and the gay Rambla." And writing in Paris, on New Year's Eve: "I have now, I feel, finished with this year my life-work—my Autobiography, and the Shakespeare Monument."

But I still had some work to do besides these.

1882

THERE is little of interest in my diary of this year.

I spent a good deal of time in Paris, superintending the casting of the Shakespeare bronzes for the monument now at Stratford-on-Avon.

On the *26th of March*, I paid the Duc d'Aumale a day's visit at Chantilly. Breakfast, or rather luncheon, was served in the splendid gallery, which is not yet finished. After, we wandered through suites of rooms and galleries full of art treasures and superb paintings. The Duke was cordiality itself. Two days later I was back in London.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *28th March.*

An interesting day yesterday, for, after an interval of three years, I have had the privilege of meeting the Empress Eugénie. I went to what was formerly the Grosvenors' House, 28 Princes Gate, about four, and was most graciously received by the Empress. We sat talking for more than half an hour. She is aged in appearance, grey, but is still strikingly beautiful.

The *18th of April* was a most melancholy day, for it was that of the funeral of the beloved Vicar of Sonning—Hugh Pearson—the "H.P." of a host of friends. There was an immense concourse of clergy, Dons from Oxford, Dean Wellesley from Windsor, the Bishop of Oxford, Matthew Arnold, among a number of others. People were much affected, and no wonder, for a kinder man never existed than the one we all mourned. A great crowd round the grave.

On the *27th* of that month, Prince Leopold's wedding took place. Attired in my rather antique uniform (of

the Sutherland Artillery), I went down to Windsor by the special. A crowd of uniformed and decorated men in the train, but few ladies. St George's Chapel looked as splendid and imposing as it always does on such state occasions. I sat between young Count Gleichen and Archie Campbell. I like the march composed by Gounod, in which, with great effect, "God save the Queen" is introduced. Now and then gleams of sunlight made the chapel scintillate with splendour.

That summer I visited Normandy, the Channel Islands and Holland, but I have nothing of interest to say regarding this little jaunt, which has been described so often. My "Reminiscences" had appeared, up to the eleventh chapter, in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, then edited by T. Gibson Bowles. I withdrew them from further publication in that weekly, on hearing from my nephew-in-law, William Gladstone, that his father did not wish a letter of his to be published in *Vanity Fair*. Later on, Messrs Kegan Paul undertook the publication in book form of these "Reminiscences."

I was at Barcelona in the winter of 1882-83, when my old Cambridge friend, E. ff. Mathews, joined me; and from Barcelona we paid Algiers a short visit, in the month of February, 1883. It had been a terribly severe winter throughout Europe; but in Algiers we had some genial and sunny days.

On going to Venice, at the end of March, I found bitterly cold weather. While staying at Venice, I received an invitation from my old friend, Everard Primrose, then our Military Attaché in Vienna, to pay him a visit at the Kaiserstadt.

No. 1 Kant Gasse is my host's habitation at Vienna. His rooms are full of beautiful paintings, furniture, china, and *bric-à-brac*, and here he entertains some of the pleasantest of Vienna Society. He is crippled, from a kick of his horse, but with his usual kindness he insists on visiting with me the principal public and private galleries. One day we called on Angeli, the Court portrait-painter; he had begun a portrait of Everard for his brother, Rosebery. He showed it us, but he has only had two sittings; however, the likeness is admirable, the head strikingly like one of Velasquez's portraits of Philip IV. On another day we visited Mackart's gorgeous studio; Mackart is a short-bearded man, very shy. On another day we watched from a window of

the French Embassy, the funeral of the Archduchess Maria Antonia, a Chanoiness, who died a few days ago of consumption, at Cannes. Troops lined the streets and the space between the Imperial Palace and the Church of the Capucins. The Emperor and Archdukes drove in broughams to the entrance of the church, but did not follow the body, which was placed on a gorgeous car, all covered with crimson and gold. It was a curious, but not an impressive sight; the finest effect was made by the eight snow-white horses drawing the funeral car.

I returned by Heidelberg to Paris.

HEIDELBERG, 10*th May*.

Reached Heidelberg in pouring rain. I have not been here for six-and-twenty years or more. Even in such wretched weather, the view of the Castle ruins from my window in the Schloss Hotel is beautiful. The lilacs are in full bloom, and the fruit trees are covered with their white and pink liveries of lovely blossom. Heidelberg, like Venice and the Alhambra, are places that can never stale or disappoint; and after all I remember of this place's beauty, it exceeds my first impressions.

I visited the ruins when night was falling, and walked along the ghost-haunted terrace by the castle, and wandered in the gloaming in the deserted gardens; there I came suddenly on a recumbent broken figure of a river god, which looked like a fragment of the giant age.

While at Heidelberg, I made the acquaintance of Canon Cazenove, of St Mark's Vicarage, Reigate, and we travelled some way together on leaving Heidelberg, on *Whit Sunday* (13*th May*). The Canon showed me a leading article on my "Reminiscences," which had just appeared in the *Daily News*. I learnt later that this critique on my book had been written by Roden Noel.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *2nd June*.

At five this afternoon took place here a most interesting function. Some thirty or more Italians had presented a marble medallion portrait of Garibaldi to Stafford (my brother, the late Duke). This medallion had been placed in the ante-room to the dining-room (being one of the

rooms Garibaldi occupied when my brother's guest). With the Italians came, among others, the Gladstones, the Leinsters, and Lord Shaftesbury. After the address had been read and the medallion presented, Gladstone delivered a most interesting speech; he introduced my dearest mother's name in the most touching manner.

19th June.

Dined with the Garrett Andersons, at No. 4 Lower Berkeley Street, to meet the Fawcetts. The Postmaster-General was very agreeable; he takes a very cheerful view in the improvement of mind and freedom of thought in the country, and he maintains that even the House of Commons has not deteriorated either in manners or in morals! Although quite blind, he manages to eat his dinner tolerably well.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *29th June.*

Extremely and unpleasantly hot; it was a day that made one glad one would have but a few more to pass in London, which is now a furnace, full of hot and played-out men and women. It was a relief to drive to Holland House, and to see that beautiful old pile of picturesque stone and red brick, with the cedars at the back, and kind Lady Holland within.

That summer too I passed some pleasant days by the Thames—at Sonning—with my old Cambridge friend, E. ff. Mathews, and ran down to Trentham, which was then all ablaze with rhododendrons and azaleas. Some guests appeared that hot July, "Uncle Sam" (Samuel Ward) arriving for breakfast one morning, having left London at 5 A.M.; and Ismail, the ex-Khedive, a short, common-looking man, but with a certain dignity of manner. He was shown the potteries at Stoke, and the railway works at Crewe, and also the coal mines at Great Fenton. It was during that summer that I first met George Curzon, then fresh from a successful career at Oxford; even at that time he gave one the expectation of future distinction.

At the end of *July* I went abroad—first to Salzburg, which I thought one of the most delightful of places, containing every thing that can make a place attractive. I

crossed the Brunner with a Viennese friend, and after a few days passed at Verona and Bellaggio, we went on to Venice, where I took a flat, in a building on the Riva degli Schiavone, known as the "Casa Petrarcha," it being said to have been lived in by that poet. The view from the balcony of my room was one of the most beautiful in that town of beautiful views—with the island of San Giorgio in front, and the Ducal Palace and the Campanile of St Mark's on the right.

A clever French painter, Louis Beroud, who was then at work on a huge triptych of the reception of Henry III. of France by the Doge, made me a sketch of the view from my balcony, which he afterwards copied, and enlarged to almost panoramic dimensions. His huge paintings of Henry III. at Venice, after being exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, were afterwards in my house in London, but what their final destiny will be I cannot tell; at present (1900) they are rolled up at Hammerfield, for I have no room there to have them hung.

Three very hot, but pleasant, weeks were passed that September in Venice, sight-seeing most of the time, and in bathing at the Lido.

On my way back to London I passed a few days in Paris, where I saw something of Mrs Langtry. I had not seen her for two or three years, when she was performing in *tableaux* at the Freakes. "What progress I have made since then!" she said. She is much in love with the stage, and even likes the rehearsals. Coquelin came in while I was sitting with her, and they discussed Sarah Bernhardt in *Frou Frou*, not to Sarah's advantage. Mrs Langtry is not at all altered in looks, and seems quite unspoilt by all her success, and not head-turned by all the admiration she causes.

On the eve of starting for a voyage round the world, I went to bid my dear old friend, Lady Holland, farewell at St Anne's Hill, Chertsey. Met at the station by Everard Primrose and Mrs Leopold Ellis. Lady Holland seemed very flourishing; only Madame de Jarnac and Lord Houghton there; he in great talk. He says the doctors will not let him go this winter to India, and that if he does, he will never return, and that he does not wish to come back—that he is tired of Europe, and of life.

I left London on the *10th of October* for my globe trotting tour, E. ff. Mathews being my fellow-traveller.

I need not record this voyage, as I published a short account of it in a little booklet, entitled, "From Brindisi to Yokohama," in 1886. Neither is the rest of my trip through America on the way home worth recapitulating. I had a taste of what the heat can be in June in New York; in July I was back in London.

A great loss and a heavy blow had fallen on the Queen that year by the death of the Duke of Albany—a youthful Prince of the highest promise, gifted and refined, and most resembling in mind and character the Prince Consort, in his interest in art and science, than any other member of the Royal House. I had received a very precious letter from Her Majesty, written on the *10th of July*, in which, referring to the Prince's death, the Queen writes:—"This is a pilgrimage, a great struggle, and not our real home, and we may say with those beautiful lines—

> "'So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
> Will lead me on,
> O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
> The night is gone;
> And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'"

Thinking it would please Cardinal Newman to know the Queen had quoted from his beautiful hymn, I took the opportunity (after writing to the Cardinal), while at Trentham that August, to call upon him at Edgbaston, near Birmingham. The Cardinal, on receiving my letter, had sent me a most kind invitation to see him. He had written to me on the *19th of July*: "I am surprised and deeply touched at Her Majesty's acquaintance and sympathy with any words of mine, and wish her from my heart all the blessings which her high station needs, and of which so long and faithful a fulfilment of the onerous duties is the earnest and sure reward!"

TRENTHAM, *29th July*.

This has been a well-employed day, as I have seen and talked, for the second time, with that saint-like old man, Cardinal Newman.

From Birmingham I drove some seven miles to the Clergy House, a large, dull-looking building, standing close to a suburban road, lined with commonplace villas.

I was ushered into a room looking out upon this road.

Within, the most conspicuous piece of furniture was a confessional; on the walls were views of Oxford and Jerusalem, and an engraving after Rubens' Descent from the Cross. The Cardinal soon appeared, preceded by a priest, who at once retired, leaving us alone. We sat cheek by jowl, he laying his beretta on a plain table by his side. The Cardinal wore a scarlet skull-cap, a black, gown-like dress, with a crimson sash round the waist. I stayed about half-an-hour. The most interesting subject he spoke about referred to his hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which he said he had composed on board ship during a calm between Sardinia and Corsica. That hymn, he said, was not his feeling now, "for we Catholics," he said with a kind smile, "believe that we have found the light."

He is against allowing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He again alluded to his hymn, saying that he did not consider himself a poet, "but Faber is one," he added. I shall never forget his kind look as he wished me farewell and thanked me for having come to see him.

1884

In August I paid a visit to Cornwall.

14th August.

Left Penzance at eleven, and reached St Mary's at four. The isles of Scilly are not beautiful, and some are utterly barren. At St Mary's, all the inns and lodgings were full. Hearing that we could telephone from the Castle to Tresco Abbey, we did so, and soon a launch came off from that island, where we were kindly welcomed by Colonel and Mrs Smith-Dorrien—the "Governor," as he is called here, of these islands. Tresco Abbey is a real oasis, with beautifully laid-out gardens, full of tree-ferns and many other semi-tropical plants and trees, and with avenues of aloes and hydrangeas. The house, a very comfortable one, was built by the Colonel's uncle, Augustus Smith, some forty years back. The Colonel was formerly in the 12th Lancers; he takes immense interest in this place, and especially in the flowers and trees; he is apparently about forty-five years old. The children are charming. A clergyman, of the name of Smart (who had been lately in Japan) and his wife were of the party.

We left our kind hosts next morning.

The Duke of Wellington's funeral (whose death had taken place very suddenly at Brighton, on the 13th of August) took place at Strathfieldsaye, on the 19th. Off from Paddington, where many of the mourners had assembled; among them was Lord Wolseley. I always think it one of the greatest pleasures to meet that remarkable man. We had a long talk while waiting in the entrance hall at Strathfieldsaye, before the funeral. Lord Wolseley told me that he was going to write a life of Marlborough, and that no man had ever been more maligned than Marlborough had been. While we were

in the hall, some of the mourners went into an inner room to see the coffin; neither of us called to follow them. "I have a horror of coffins," said Lord Wolseley to me. Soon after the late Duke's coronet was carried through the hall, with the collar of the Garter on a gaudy cushion, followed by a still gaudier coffin, all scarlet and gilt nails and handles, placed on a sable-covered hearse, which we followed, two and two, as we did when the Dean of Windsor (Wellesley) was buried here only a few months ago. Since then, both the Duke and the Dean's young son, who were then the chief mourners, have followed him to the grave. In the church, which is singularly ugly, I noticed a good medallion likeness of Dean Wellesley. The first part of the service was read here, followed by a hymn, and then the coffin was carried into the churchyard, and we watched it let down into the vault, where many wreaths were placed upon it. The present Duke acted his part well. I made acquaintance with his brother Arthur, who has a very Wellesley-like face, unlike his brother's as possible, and I renewed acquaintance with Lord Raglan, whom I knew when Fitzroy Somerset at Windsor.

I received a letter from Lord Wolseley the day after the funeral, in which he says: "The Duke of Marlborough, it may be said, began his career as a great commander in 1702, when he was fifty-two years of age. The great Duke of Wellington ended his last campaign in 1815, when he was forty-six years old. Many an old, poor, broken-down officer has lost a good friend in the Duke who was buried yesterday. All the world knew his bad points; he was fond of parading them, but he never told people of the distress he relieved, or the good he did in secret. His was a strange career, plenty of natural ability turned to no good purpose."

In America. (*Doctor Holmes and General Grant*).

I was again in New York in the fall of this year. I had made the acquaintance of Mr Charles Chambers (head of the great Scottish publishing house) while in New York, and with him I visited Boston in the month of November.

On the 19*th* we called on Oliver Wendell Holmes ("the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.") We found the

cheery little Doctor in his study on the first floor of his house in Beacon Street. He was delightful, very full of talk, and kept us with him for an hour. It is impossible to believe him to be seventy-five. He gave us each a photograph of himself. He said they (the Americans of the North) had not cared for Carlyle's denunciation of the North in the Civil War, more than one does for a dog that yelps after a carriage. The Autocrat is a widower; his son is one of the foremost lawyers of Boston. I should think him altogether one of the happiest, and most deservedly so, old men on the face of this globe.

On the *27th of November* I paid General Grant, while in New York, a visit. Called with Chambers on General Grant, who lives in a very small house, in the drawing-room of which the General soon appeared, leaning on a stick (he had had a bad fall about a month ago). There is something in the fine simplicity of Grant's face that puts me in mind of Garibaldi. The General talked of his campaigns, and was most interesting, but perhaps somewhat egotistical. He told me of his visit to Dunrobin. The type of his face decidedly Scottish. His talk is full of a kind of dry humour; altogether a man one might get to like.

I saw a good deal, while in New York, of Thorndike Rice, then Editor of the *Atlantic Review*, whose early death was a sorrow to many on both sides of the ocean; also of the delightful old gentleman, Chief Justice Shea.

Writing on *Christmas Day*, Trentham, a day painfully recalling the happy past. How full of the departed the great gallery-pew in the church is to me — parents, brothers, sisters, now nearly all gone—and even the generation that followed has sad gaps in its ranks; and the place itself so unchanged—so little, that one can almost imagine that the holly berries and decorations which festoon and wreathe the pillars of the church, and the old, rood oak carved screen are the same which one looked at twenty years ago, the same hymns, and apparently the very same school-children that sing them.

1885

WHILE in Paris in the month of April, I visited the French President at the Elysée. Mr Whitley, who originated and carried out the American Exhibition (the first of a series of Exhibitions in Earl's Court) in the year 1887, was interviewing notabilities in Paris, and being interested in an undertaking, which was to be an additional link of good will between England and America, I did what I could to be of service in the matter.

10th April.

This morning at twelve Mr Whitley and I went to luncheon at the Elysée. On entering a handsome drawing-room, in which the cypher of N. and E.—Napoleon and Eugénie—appeared on the doors, we found Monsieur Floquet, the new President of the Chamber, and Monsieur Turquet, the former President of Fine Arts. The former is a grey-haired, abbé-like man, with a clean-shaven and self-satisfied face; he wears a *pince-nez*. He was very full of a recent voyage he has made to Tunis. Monsieur Turquet is a very refined-looking man of fifty; he wishes to go to Pekin as Ambassador to sign the treaty of peace.

Grévy then appeared, with Madame on his arm, a plain but good-humoured looking dame, wearing a huge cameo brooch. They were followed by the Wilsons and some others. The dining-room is a corner room beautifully decorated with Beauvais tapestry panelled on the walls, after designs by Oudry.

The luncheon, not remarkable, *sept francs par tête*, I should guess—the servants, who are always a test of the establishment and of their masters, a very seedy-looking set; one felt as if one had entered the room of a *château* of which the servants had taken possession. Both

Grévy and his *beau fils*, Wilson, are quite bent, one with age, the other with overwork. After luncheon we smoked cigars in the drawing-room, and the guests gradually dispersed. I found Wilson agreeable; he told me that his father, who was English, had died in 1849. Since then Wilson has hardly spoken English; the little he speaks is French literally translated into English. He told me that Chenonceau, which now belongs to his sister, Madame Pelouze, has been restored by her. When I saw that beautiful place in 1898, I found that it had been terribly tampered with by this lady; the noble gallery over the Loire had been barbarously treated and decorated like a vulgar *café*.

At the end of April I paid Lady Holland a visit at her villa at Chertsey, St Anne's—the last, alas! of many pleasant visits there. "Much pleased," I write on the *25th of April*, "to find my dear old friend, Lady Holland, wonderfully well, considering the almost despairing state in which I had left her at Holland House some six months ago. We did not touch on the subject that she has felt very deeply, poor Everard Primrose's death, who was among her comparatively young friends, her greatest, and most devoted to her; I was with him on his last visit to her at Holland House, a day or two before he left England for Egypt. Coming out of her room he said to me, 'Alas! I shall never see her again,' little thinking that it was he who would be the first to go. In a note I received about that time from Lady Holland, she writes, 'Oh, Ronny, Ronny, where is my poor Primrose? He is always before me. I do so grieve——'"

In that summer (1885) I made a tour through Sweden, returning by Norway, Denmark, and Germany. I cannot think my notes relating to such well-known countries can be of sufficient interest to copy.

In the autumn, however, I made a more extended voyage, and some account of a visit to the nearer East may be worth re-telling.

My travelling companions as far as Constantinople were Claude Vincent, younger brother of Sir Howard Vincent, and J. Jameson, an amiable bright young Irishman, a great sportsman, who has apparently shot every kind and species of wild animal all the world over. After leaving Vienna, our little party of three were added to by a friend of Jameson's, Mr Woodward, formerly an Attaché, now a Queen's Messenger, a worn, weary-

looking man of middle age. We passed through Hungary, Roumelia, and Bulgaria; not much of interest to see in the two latter countries, except a few picturesquely dressed peasants.

Early on the morning of the *18th October* our train pulled up at Giurgevo, where we found that Dr Schliemann was one of the passengers; in appearance he reminds me of Sir William Jenner; he knows a great deal about his own subject, Homer and excavations, but little of anything outside those; he says himself he has not had time these last eighteen years to keep himself *au courant* of anything but Homer and Troy.

We crossed the Danube in a small steamer, and landed at Rustchuk, where we had a long wait, and where our luggage was examined; and thence on through a dreary country to Varna. Rumours of war between Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria were rife, and many of the peasantry appeared armed.

At Varna we went out to the steamer, the *Apollo*, one of the Austrian Lloyds, in boats; and soon steamed down the Black Sea. It was a lovely moonlight night. The next day we were quarantined in the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, close to the old ruined Genoese castle of Anadolon Hovak, a beautiful situation, but this hardly compensated for the boredom of being prisoners there for forty-eight hours, almost within sight of Constantinople. The strictness of our quarantine was ridiculous, our baggage was fumigated, and C. Vincent was much reproved by the Turkish officials for venturing to speak from the ship's side to Mr Goschen, who had come from Therapia with his wife and child in a sailing-boat. Woodward was highly indignant at having his official bag fumigated, and vows to write to the *Times!* However, with books, and pleasant companionship, those forty-eight hours of Turkish durance passed off pleasantly, and early on the morning of the *21st of October* we reached our destination. On the whole, I felt rather disappointed at the scenery, of which one had heard so much, of the far-famed Bosphorus, and its palaces, and even with the general aspect of Constantinople, which, viewed from the sea, has rather a look of Geneva and Naples combined. *En revanche*, the place itself, when one is in it, is far less squalid and dirty than I had expected it to be. What has far exceeded my expectations is

the interior of San Sofia, which, in its particular style of architecture, is the grandest building in the world; debased, degraded, and defaced as it has been by the Moslems, to see it alone repays the journey. One cannot help comparing San Sofia with San Marco at Venice, but the former is infinitely grander in proportion. Its great width reminds one of St Peter's, the mosaics and decoration recall St Mark's. The great porphyry columns from Baalbec, and the green jasper pillars from Ephesus are superb and unmatchable. I see that Baedeker calls S. Sofia "a gloomy basilica"; at any rate on this afternoon to me it looked anything but gloomy, and I only regretted that we could not pass a whole day beneath that golden dome, and among those splendid pillars. We mounted the gallery, where the guide pointed out the fragment of stone which once lay over the bones of "Enrico Dandolo."

We have visited the bazaars; altogether Constantinople appears a much more civilised place than travellers' accounts as a rule make it out.

HÔTEL ROYAL, CONSTANTINOPLE.

During the last few days we have seen a good deal of this beautiful and interesting city, which almost delights me as much as Venice. We have been put down as members of a club by Hobart Pasha (Admiral), a rough old salt, and a bit of a humbug, but a man out of the common run, and with a certain amount of dry humour. There I made the acquaintance of Arthur Lander of the Ottoman Bank, of whom I saw a good deal while in Turkey. At the Hôtel d'Angleterre, I came across three young Englishmen, Farrer, Cosier, and Bell, with whom I continued my voyage. At our hotel were a pleasant old German couple, General von Voügts-Rhetz and his wife, a Swedish lady.

23rd October.

We saw the ceremony of the Selamlik, to which the Sultan drove from his Palace. The service took place in a mosque at Uldiz, the entrance of which faced a guard house, in which we had a good place for observation. What was far more interesting than seeing the effete-looking, middle-aged, sallow-faced individual who rules

the Moslems, was to see Osman Pasha, the defender of Plevna, a quiet, gentlemanlike-looking man of sixty, with a short white beard. After the Sultan had finished with his prayers, the troops marched past, a fine body of men, Hobart Pasha seemed proud of his naval corps, active-looking fellows. The whole scene, with the picturesque background of an old street, made a thoroughly Eastern picture.

To-day (*26th October*) we have seen some of the most interesting sights of the place; the Treasury, at the Seraglio Point, from which one has as beautiful a view over sea and hills as the world can show. We had an order to see the Treasury.

We commenced our day's work by visiting the gaudy palace of Dolma-Bakche, where we were met by one of the Sultan's A.D.C.'s., who acted as our guide. Within this palace is a huge and tawdry throne-room, also a vast banqueting hall of fine proportions, but decorated in the vilest European taste. After walking over miles of parqueted floor, we left the palace and drove across the city to the Treasury. On reaching the old 'Sublime Porte' of the Seraglio Palace, we left our carriage and walked through the cloister-like courtyard, with its grand old cypresses and a huge plane tree. The Treasury building is a bad one for its requirements; the rooms are small and dark, which makes it difficult to see the contents in the glass cases. However, one can see enough to give one a very good idea of the prodigious wealth that these dingy rooms and cases contain: emeralds as large as a man's fist; dishes full of rubies, pearls, and precious stones; thrones, these mostly Persian, all aglow with jewels and enamel; here, too, are crystal cups and vases encrusted with gems. One's sight tires with the quantity of treasures. Among all these barbaric splendours are hideous French Empire clocks, modern prints, and rubbish from Birmingham; it is a medley of Eastern magnificence mixed with European vulgarity. Perhaps the most interesting portion of this curious assemblage of things precious, and the reverse, are the state dresses of all the Sultans, with huge white turbans, on each of which flashes an aigrette of more or less magnificence.

After seeing these things we adjourned to the Sultan's Kiosk, from the terrace of which the lovely view of Scutari across the water is seen at its best. Here we were

offered preserves made of rose-leaves, and coffee. We have also seen the famous dancing Dervishes, in a building below our hotel. The performance was a very long one, but worth seeing, the dancing less violent than I had expected; there is a certain amount of grace in it. The expressions of the men's faces, as they slowly revolved, was intensely absurd.

Later we went in a *caique* up the Golden Horn as far as the "Sweet Waters"; although it was a Sunday, when the people are wont to go there by water, we had the place almost to ourselves.

Jameson and I made some purchases near the bazaar from an old Jew of very picturesque appearance, who rejoices in the name of "Far-Away Moses."

28th October.

Claude Vincent and Jameson started for their tour in India. I saw them off on board a Russian steamer that was to take them to Batoum, a four days' journey, in an uncomfortable-looking craft filled with a picturesque rabble of gaily clothed Asiatics and Russians. Two days after I made an expedition with Lander to Broussa. We had to make an early start, the steamer being by way of sailing at seven A.M., but we only got off at nine. The morning was miserably wet, but the weather cleared, and we had a good passage across the Sea of Marmora, making Moudania at 2.30. Moudonia is a small village, which we found full of Turkish soldiers and recruits. Here we were met by a gorgeous functionary, the "Kervass" to the Ottoman Bank at Broussa, who looked more like a General than a servant. We drove over a capital road through a richly cultivated country, for three hours, a road, bordered with vines and olives. At Broussa we were met by the Director of the Ottoman Bank, Mr Edward Schlumberger; his mother was a German, his father an Alsatian.

We found comfortable quarters at the Hôtel d'Anatolie. It was dark before we reached Broussa, but one had a good idea of its situation, with Mount Olympus towering overhead.

The next day was unfortunately very wet, storms of rain and hail beating down alternately, and making rivers on the sides of the narrow, ill-paved streets; but in spite of

the weather we went about sight-seeing. A more picturesque place I have never seen. The view over the valley and the town from the terrace of the Monastery is one of rare beauty.

We passed the following day in visiting some curious old tombs of Sultans, their wives, and children, placed among roses, and under the shade of splendid old plane trees, and surrounded by stately old monumental cypresses. The Great Mosque is a noble building, but badly decorated. The great charm of the mosques at Broussa are their fountains, which make them look more like palaces than mosques. On every side these fountains splash their crystal-clear water. Here, too, are hot and chalybeate springs. We took a Turkish bath in a huge antique building outside the town, the hot room with its perforate ceiling, representing, it is said, the starry sky—has formed the subject of one of Gerome's recent pictures. Within this bath is a huge circular basin, heated by a stream of hot water which rushes from out the end of the bath.

1st November.

A glorious day. Broussa appeared more like a scene on the stage than a reality. It is beautiful on all sides, and wherever you turn you are met by enchanting views. We began our day's sight-seeing by visiting the "Green Mosque," and the tomb adjoining—covered without and within with matchless Persian tiles of green and blue. This mosque is gloriously situated; it has a marble entrance door, elaborately carved in Arabian design, with windows to match. Within is a gorgeous Tabernacle, with chambers, or rather chapels, all inlaid with dark-green tiles; in the centre, a marble fountain is ever playing. A funeral was taking place outside, and while we were within the mosque, a procession of singing boys passed along on their way to a ceremony of circumcision, in which some of them were to be chief actors.

In the afternoon we had a glorious ride; we first rode up a mule track to a place on a spur of Mount Olympus, whence there is a panoramic view, then we struck out across country, fording a river and having a gallop over the plain. Not since last year, when in Ceylon, have I enjoyed so good a gallop as I did that afternoon on this lovely strip of old Asia Minor. As we rode down the hill-

side, the evening shadows of purple gathered, and a white patch above showed us where rose the crown of Olympus.

Next day, stiff from the ride of the previous day, I took a Turkish bath near the Great Mosque; to reach it, one passed through curious old streets, trellised with vines that roof these streets, throwing chequered light and shade. We also visited some Albanians living on the hillside above the town, their gardens commanding beautiful views over the cypresses and the minarets of the town below of the plains and distant hills beyond.

Broussa is a place cut out for an artist, and here he might well pass many months at work, but few seem to have yet found this artistic mine.

Next day, before dawn, while the crescent moon was still bright, we made an early start, to catch the nine o'clock boat. That evening I was again in the Hotel Royal, Constantinople.[1]

Of the walls of Constantinople I write: "The drive along the shattered old walls of Byzantium gives one a greater admiration for old Roman civilization than even the Roman Coliseum."

5th November.

Another superb day. I passed the afternoon at Scutari, going there by steamer, and riding through the town to the Turkish and English cemeteries; in the latter stands Marochettis' monument, four huge-winged angels with an obelisk in their midst. The view from the cemetery is very beautiful, gay and bright, and full of the memory of our brave English dead, nor did I forget that in those bright waters before me, all that was mortal of my brother Frederic was placed during the Crimean war.

Another day was passed in visiting the principal mosques, that of Alimedich, with its huge marble pillars, and vast courtyard with antique columns; that of Kabrieh Djami, which is small, but worth seeing for its fine old tiles; also that of Solomon the Magnificent, and next to San Sofia certainly the most striking building in the city, with its fine terrace and panoramic view over Pera and Galata. Close to that mosque is the Solomon's Tomb house, also Roxalana's. Abdul Aziz rests by the side of his father, in a gorgeous

[1] At Broussa, we had a waiter at our hotel named "Homeros," and here I have been attended by a chiropodist named "Paleologos"—possibly a descendant of the later Greek Emperors?

chamber, with nothing of the solemnity of death about him. We also visited the Museum of the Janissaries, a poor collection, and the Cisterns of the Thousand Columns, now used by silk spinners; and ascended the Galata Tower, and that of Se'raskerat. From the former, the whole of Constantinople is seen, as well as miles of the surrounding country. Another building which is worth seeing is that called "Yere Catan Serail," where one is let down a trap, whence one enters a dark low passage. Here a fire is lit, in what otherwise would be total darkness, and suddenly appears an endless vista of columns rising from out the darkness; the capitals of these pillars are richly decorated; the place is full of water. Strange legends are told of those who have attempted to explore in boats the hidden depths, and who have never returned to the upper world.

There has been a change of weather that has transformed this city from one externally of the gayest to the gloomiest. No place requires sunshine more than this; the last few days have been as grey, as dark, and as damp as any in England.

My next entry was made at Beyrout, where I arrived on the 18*th of November*.

At Smyrna I had ridden up the hill crowned by the ruined Castle, from whence the view of the harbour is striking. Smyrna is infested by brigands; three of these had been killed a few days ago, and their heads placed on a railing in front of the Governor's palace, and had only been removed the morning I arrived. Passing this place I noticed the spikes still discoloured with blood.

The next day we steamed through the isles of Greece, now barren, and with nothing left of their former glory but their immortal name. The weather was glorious, and the lights on the islands something half-divine. At midnight we were off Rhodes. I went on deck, but there was nothing visible but the lights of the town.

The next day we were in sight of the deep-blue, hilly coast-line of Asia; above, a perfect sky, and below, a sea as calm as a lake.

At Smyrna two young Roumanian Princes had come on board, to all intents and purposes Parisians, agreeable and well-bred. One of them rejoiced in the long name of George Mavrocordato; the other, Alexander Couza. They came from Athens. They, too, are bound for Palestine and Egypt.

On the *16th November* we arrived at Cyprus, staying a few hours at Limasol and Larnaca. Anything less attractive than Cyprus appears from the sea can hardly be imagined —a dreary succession of bare and arid hills, with white-washed villages at rare intervals. The three Englishmen whom I met at Constantinople came on board at Larnaca, and we continued our voyage together.

On the afternoon of *18th November*, the grand mountain line of Lebanon came into view, with snow-crowned summits, and landing at Beyrout, we found an obliging factotum of Thomas Cook awaiting us, Mr F. E. Clarke.

The next day we were off early, *en route* for Damascus. The sun rose from behind the mountains of Lebanon as we drove out of the city; the view looking back over Beyrout and the sea was one to be remembered. Our drive lasted all day, and far into the evening. We reached Damascus at nine that night. Some of the scenery we passed through reminded me of Herbert's painting in the House of Lords, "Moses Bringing down the Tables of the Law."

The road is excellent, made twenty years ago by a French Company. Near Damascus we entered a green and fertile valley, and saw the lights reflected in the river which flows through the city.

The next morning was a market day, the streets full of the most picturesque crowd, in all the variety of Eastern costume. We watched a horse fair, a sorry collection of poor little nags. It was amusing to see the way in which the natives strike a bargain. This they do by holding each other's hand, and then violently working the arm of the man who has sold his horse up and down, much in the way that the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) was wont to shake hands; one poor old fellow's arm seemed well-nigh dislocated by this pump-like movement.

We visited the Christian burial ground. Hard by this is the spot pointed out as that where St Paul's Conversion took place, and near this, the place in which he was let down the wall in a basket. We also saw the reputed Tomb of St George, and the "street called Straight," where the massacre in 1860 took place. The most beautiful sight we saw that day was the view looking over the city and its valley from the rugged slope of a hill north of Damascus—a view which Mahomet is said to have likened to "a pearl set among emeralds," a very happy figure.

The contrast of the white city enfolded by its emerald surroundings is set off by the distant sweep of desert and the arid hills beyond.

The Great Mosque of Damascus is full of interest, but terribly defaced by the Mahomedans. Beyond the great court is the Tomb of Saladin, with a huge green turban upon it, which is said to be the very one worn by that great Paynim.

HÔTEL DE PALMYRA,
BAALBEC, *24th November.*

We left Damascus on the morning of the *23rd*, under a beautiful pink-flecked sky, and drove all day, arriving here this evening. The moon had risen shortly before we arrived. After dinner we visited the ruins of the glorious Acropolis of ancient Heliopolis. Astonishingly grand and stately were the ruins of the huge temples under the moonlight, moonlight so brilliant that the warm, rich tints of the marble showed nearly as distinct as in the day-time; and even the distant range of the violet-tinted Lebanon mountains, snow-tipped, stood out with wonderful distinctness.

All the next day we passed among the wonderful temples. The great half-dozen pillars of the larger temple are inexpressibly grand; and the smaller one of the Temple of the Sun, with its outer portico, nearly perfect on the right-hand side, has a richly-adorned ceiling of massive marble, ninety feet high. The cyclopean size of some of the marble blocks is almost fabulous; one of these is seventy feet in length by twenty in width. The colouring of these ruins is one of Baalbec's chief beauties, purple and gold and lilac.

We left Baalbec on the *25th of November*, the view of which I shall never forget; the ruined temples stood out dark but distinct against the rosy range of the Lebanon hills; the rising sun with the waning moon above gave a sublimer effect to these temples than when seen in full sun or moonlight.

Leaving Beyrout on the *26th of November*, we arrived off Jaffa the next morning. There we visited the house known as that of "Simon the Tanner," and the fine orange groves of the monks; we then drove to Ramleh, across the

Plain of Sharon, then flowerless. An old ruin opposite the little hotel in which we slept at Ramleh, is said to have been the Court of Justice of the Crusaders. Within a quarter of a mile stands a fine Campanile, also built by them, commanding a fine view. Beneath are some remains of a Christian church, with subterranean cloisters, excavated by Colonel Warren. Some miserable-looking lepers were sitting near the hotel.

What I have as yet seen of the Holy Land is anything but disappointing; we are fortunate in our weather, and one should feel very grateful to Providence for letting one see with such ease:

> "Those Holy Fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed Feet,
> Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, on the bitter Cross."

That night, *27th November*, a most marvellous display of shooting, or rather falling, stars took place. At about ten the landlord rushed into the room to say the stars were all flying about, and so they were. Since 1865, or '68, I have seen nothing like it; it was a regular rain of shooting stars; from the open space in front of the inn we had an excellent view of this phenomenon.

HÔTEL MEDITERRANÉE,
JERUSALEM, *28th November*.

Leaving the very comfortable little hotel and obliging German landlord, at Ramleh, at eight this morning, we reached the Holy City at five this afternoon. A drive over a detestable road, and little that is noteworthy to see except the intense desolateness of the country which one passes through; it is the picture of desolation as Jerusalem is approached.

The view over the valley of Ajalon looking back towards Jaffa is, however, very fine. The approach to Jerusalem is the least attractive from a picturesque point of view, as, before the city is reached, the road runs through a suburb of modern houses, consulates, etc., one building uglier than the other. Our hotel is close to David's Tower and the Jaffa Gate. The view from the roof of this hotel commands a panorama of the city and surrounding country. We have as yet only had time

for a short stroll in the streets. The place looks accursed, so ruined, so deserted; but the lights and shadows over the distant hills have been beautiful, and, after all, these lights and shadows are the chief charm and beauty of all Eastern scenery.

30th November.

To-day we have been sight-seeing most strenuously, beginning by visiting the Holy Sepulchre, deeply interesting, but full of most tawdry decorations. Excavations are being made by the Germans in the old Palace of the Knights Templars, close by the Sepulchre, where one was glad to see a building of undoubted authenticity. After viewing all the fabled "holy places" in that church, we went up the "Via Dolorosa" to the "House of Pilate." There the "Sisters of Our Lady of Sion" have an orphanage, or school for girls, admirably kept. Continuing our walk we went to the Pool of Bethesda, but were driven almost immediately from it by the terrible smell of the place. We have also seen the Armenian churches, "Caiaphas's House" and the "Tomb of David." Above the Tomb is a fine room of the time of the Crusaders, declared to be that in which the Last Supper took place. The absurdity of most of these so-called "Holy Places" is a distinct drawback to the pleasure of visiting the remains of this down-trodden city, once so powerful, now so fallen.

The next day we rode round the city, leaving by the Jaffa Gate, near to which rises a rocky mound. This is the place Captain Warren believes to be the veritable Golgotha.[1] We visited the supposed Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, and the Garden of Gethsemane, a terribly trimly-kept square patch of ground, with most venerable old olive trees, descendants of those which may have seen the Saviour eighteen hundred and eighty years ago. We then rode to the top of the Mount, and from the roof of the Church of the Ascension, had a splendid view over Jerusalem, with the Dead Sea beyond. Then down a rugged path we rode on to Bethany, where we crawled into a tomb called after Lazarus, and also visited the ruins of the reputed home of Martha; thence through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its myriads of tombs and quaint rock-cut graves—a very impressive place, full of awe and gloom

[1] This too, I think, was General Gordon's belief.

and mystery. This has been by far the most interesting excursion we have yet made; and although one gives no credence to the places pointed out as being holy, such as the shrines and tombs, yet it is impossible not to be impressed while riding over the road by which Our Saviour indubitably entered Jerusalem when coming from Bethany, and to see the hills on which He must have often gazed, and that view of the city over which He wept.

4th December.

During the last three days I have been longer in the saddle than since '71 when campaigning with Billy Russell in the Vosges, during the Franco-German War.

We left Jerusalem on the morning of the *2nd December* all well mounted on strong ponies, very sure-footed, which, considering the abominable roads, or rather tracks, we had to travel over, was fortunate for our necks and limbs.

Leaving the city by the Jaffa Gate, we skirted the northern walls, and then turned to the right under the Mount of Olives, over the gruesome valley of Jehoshaphat. The early sun shone resplendently on the Golden Gate and the yellow walls of the city, this I think by far the most striking view of Jerusalem. We then passed by Bethany, and down into mountain passes and through desolate rocky gorges into a most sterile country, a veritable "Valley of the Shadow of Death," this being the desert of Judea, and though the sun beat down hotly, the place made one shudder through its awful desolation. Two mounted Bedouins formed our escort, most picturesque fellows, armed with Winchester repeating rifles; they would now and again gallop madly from side to side, to show off their skill as horsemen.

We had luncheon near a ruin, named after the Good Samaritan; for here, even Our Lord's parables take a local habitation and a name. Thence our path descended by a rough stairway-like road, and soon the valley of the Jordan lay before us, its green fields looking most refreshing after the long miles of bare rock and sand we had traversed; on our right glittered the blue waters of the Dead Sea. We soon reached our camp on the supposed site of old Jericho; our tents admirably arranged and most comfortable. A lurid sunset sky closed in over our little encampment, the hills of Moab flushing a lovely

pink, and the stars soon appeared glittering above. Camping out under Cook's arrangements is most luxurious; beds, tents and food all excellent. A hot breakfast served at seven-thirty A.M., a cold luncheon in the middle of the day, and on returning to camp an excellent dinner at six. One lives infinitely better under canvas than in most hotels.

We were off at eight the following day, and had a hot ride across the Valley of the Jordan, to the shores of the Dead Sea, which under a brilliant sun looked far more cheerful than one expected. Our luncheon was served in a shaped spot on the banks of the Jordan, opposite a curious strata of rock, the reputed place of our Lord's Baptism. While we were there a quantity of peasants waded through the river, carrying the clothes on their heads.

On returning to our camp we were joined by the two Roumanian princes, who had made a longer voyage after leaving us at Damascus. The account they gave of their expedition did not make us regret having come by sea to Jaffa; they had seen little of interest, except the Sea of Galilee, and had had a very rough time, having been stoned by some fanatical children in one of the villages.

That evening some Bedouins performed a war dance. They sang a weird chant, and a witch-like looking beldame, clothed in a blue dress, brandished a sword before the dancers, yelling wildly at intervals.

We returned next day to Jerusalem. The "wailing" of the Jews at the outer wall of the Temple is a very poor spectacle, and not at all impressive. A few mangy, dirty disgusting-looking fellows, in fur caps and gabardines, are seen wagging their repulsive fingers in front of the old stones of what formed a portion of Solomon's Temple; no weeping and no wailing, however, was to be seen or heard.

We also saw the fragment of the bridge which connected David's Palace with the Temple. The more one sees of this time-honoured, but most degraded place, the more loathing one feels for the Jews of Palestine.

5th December.

We rode to see the so-called Tombs of the Kings, near the Damascus Gate, and descended into them. They have been much excavated since the year '73, thanks to a

French Jewish lady, who bought the place from the Turkish Government.

We visited also the Mosque of Omar, on the site of Solomon's Temple; it is full of fine effects of light, shade and colour. The underground chambers—which are supposed to have been Solomon's stables, and which were used by the Crusaders—are most interesting. Our dragoman was very justly indignant at the manner in which the subterranean chambers under the Church of El-Aksa had been recently whitewashed, so much so that the Roman ornaments on the pillars and arches are now almost invisible.

At the Golden Gate, on the side facing the mosque, two most incongruous arches have been built; in fact, no place seems now safe here from the Turkish "restorer," who, on the site of the Temple, and among these sacred stones, is committing lamentable vandalisms.

The interior of the Golden Gate, with its two immense central marble pillars, is one of the most striking buildings of ancient Jerusalem remaining. One trembles to think what its fate may be under the Turks. Among a number of photographs I bought of Jerusalem, those in which the walls appear are the most interesting. Jerusalem is still eminently a "fenced city," a city surrounded with battlemented walls; the only other like it is that quaint old ruined town of Wisby, on the island of Gottland, in the Baltic, which I visited this summer.

7th December.

Our last riding expedition came off to-day. We visited Bethlehem and the reservoirs of Solomon. On the way to Bethlehem one passes by the so-called Tomb of Rachel; near to this are some beautiful ruins, and there the country is almost fertile.

The Church of the Nativity is disappointing, and it has not even the *cachet* of any good architectural features, of which the Holy Sepulchre can at least boast.

With Bethlehem ended our sight-seeing in Palestine, "a land I am glad to have seen, but to which I have no wish ever to return."

Early on the morning of the *9th December*, we left Jerusalem, with a sense almost of relief, certainly not of regret. Eight hours after we were again in Jaffa. The

orange-groves which one drives through for miles between the Plain of Sharon and Jaffa, and the view of the old town from the garden terrace at the back of the "Hotel de Jerusalem" at Jaffa, are delightful.

We left Jaffa, on the evening of the *10th December*, in the *Clio*, Austrian Lloyd s.s., and at seven on the following morning were off Port Said, where we had to kick our heels all day, until the little steamer that takes the mails and passengers started at midnight. It was so small that we had barely room to stow our luggage and bodies on and inside it; great were the complaints that ensued. However, we were none the worse when the glorious dawn reddened the ugly sandbanks of the Suez Canal. We landed at Ismailia, and passed four hours there among the shady walks and plantations of palms.

We left at noon, and after a very hot and dusty journey we reached Cairo at five that evening.

Saturday, 12th December.

We put up at Shepherd's excellent hotel. Now that Cairo is almost as familiar to travelled English people as Rome or Naples, there is nothing in my diary relating to the days I passed there, worth re-writing.

On the *23rd December* we left Cairo for Assiout, a long and awfully dusty day's journey by rail. On arriving at Assiout, we found a very luxurious dahabeah, lighted *à Giorno* (provided by Cook), with a gorgeous saloon, and with a couple of waiters who looked as if they had stepped out of some West-End Hotel. The wind being in our favour, we set sail about ten P.M., and have ever since made capital way, some half a dozen miles an hour down this ancient river.

It is now *Christmas Eve*, a difficult fact to take in under the bright hot sun and the heated cliffs. The Nile here is very wide—like the Mississippi—and of a tawny colour.

All *Christmas Day* we were sailing rapidly with a northerly wind. We passed Abydos, with its distant lion-like cliff jutting out to the west.

Some of our party have been shooting along the banks, but they only succeeded in slaughtering some pigeons and other harmless birds, most unfit for food, but it seems that the pleasure of killing for killing's sake is not confined to the Britisher, as George Mavrocordato was as keen as any of the others. A large steamer passed us in the afternoon, full of English troops, tugging two barges after it crammed with soldiers, on their way to the front. The Nile is anything but monotonous. It is most varied, grand cliffs, succeeded by low sandy plains, clothed with villages and innumerable palm trees, of which I could never weary, so graceful are they, and always placed apparently in the most becoming spots. We landed at Luxor, and visited the temples. This was our first visit to any of the ruins on the Nile, and one was not disappointed.

Writing on the last day of that year (1885)—"I have been permitted to live it through, with many things to make it a year to be remembered; for who can forget having seen for the first time Constantinople and San Sofia, Broussa and Mount Olympus, Smyrna from its old castle top, Damascus and its mosque, Baalbec and its glorious columns, Jerusalem and its squalor, but with a character all its own; and last, but certainly not least, this old-time famed river, with its ruins that have seen five kingdoms rise and fall, and have yet survived them all."

1886

"THERE is a rumour," I write on the *1st of January* 1886, "that English troops have been sent from Cairo to Keneh, as the rebels are said to be making for that place. If this is the case, our voyage may be cut short in more ways than one; but we have some guns, and, I believe, one rifle on board, so we consider ourselves tolerably armed and equipped."

We reached Assouan on the *4th of January*. Called on the General in command, Green, who has put us down for the Club, which is on a dahabeah.

The next day we visited Philae and the Cataracts. I think the journey amply repaid by seeing Philae. We went part of the way by train, crossed the Nile in a row-boat, and explored the temple; nothing more picturesque can be imagined than this is, and the view seen from the mainland of the Temple is like a *scène d'opéra*. Soldiers were excavating a subterranean passage, or rather stairway, which is supposed to lead from the temple to the island beyond that of Philae.

We had luncheon in that graceful building called "Pharaoh's Bath." The colour of these ruins is one of their chief beauties, being of a pale, rose-coloured sandstone. The remains of painting on the sculpture in the temple is marvellously fresh in parts, especially in the inner courts, where one of the ceilings is decorated with a star pattern, white stars with red centres, on a dark blue ground. We went to the Cataract, down which a Nubian swam.

The day after, we made an interesting expedition to a hill opposite Assouan, where two weeks before a large tomb-house had been unearthed. We climbed a sandy hill, and reached the granite entrance of the tombs, in which many Arabs were working, and found them full of mummies, mummy-cases, etc. Afterwards, we visited the island of Euphantia, where we saw the Nilometer.

We began our return voyage to Cairo. On the *8th of January* we lay off the Temple of Kom Ombo, a very noble ruin, although half-buried in the sands of centuries. The pillars have splendid capitals, and much remains of colour can be seen on the sculptured walls. Unluckily, the Nile is rapidly sapping the foundations of this temple, and one of the two huge pylons has already fallen down into the river, and the other is in a very precarious condition, and before many years little will be left of these ruins.

We were roused early on the morning of the *9th January* by our dragoman, Albert, to see the shrines of Gebel-Silsible, and the vast stone quarries on the other side of the Nile, which have furnished so much building material for the temples and cities of Egypt. The shrines and the sculptures within the temples are disappointing, after reading the high-flown description of them by Mariette; but the huge walls of carved stone in the quarries are very grand. Especially interesting is a passage between two huge groups of cut rock, rising some fifty feet or more on either side; it is through this passage that boats are supposed to have floated when the Nile was in flood, boats on which the blocks were carried.

10th January.

We reached Edfou last night, visiting the temple this morning. It is inconceivably grand. We saw the place thoroughly, within and without, walking round the upper walls and climbed the 244 steps up the right pylon, on the top of which are many names of Bonaparte's army, when there in 1799. On the richly "storied walls" are pictured processions and myriads of hieroglyphics. The great courtyard is almost as perfect as when built, some two thousand years ago. To see this temple and that of Philae, I think, repay one all the trouble of the voyage. The river looks this afternoon like a huge shield of silver; many lateen sailing-ships are ahead of us; the emerald green banks on either side, and the yellow-red sand hills beyond, make up a charming picture. We reached Luxor on the evening of *11th of January*, and anchored opposite the English Consulate.

On the following day we visited Thebes. After being rowed across the river and carried some way on our sailors' shoulders, owing to the shallow water, we mounted donkeys

and rode across the sandy plain for a mile or so, up to the two Colossi—one of them the once vocal Memnon, now disfigured beyond all trace of feature. It is much like the Sphinx at Gizeh. We then rode on to the Rameseum, with its huge fallen statue of Rameses. An earthquake, probably several, have evidently wrought ruin here, and not the hand of man. We then visited the tombs of Rekmarah, with pointed, but not engraved, figures, the colouring extraordinarily fresh. We then rode to the Temple of Dayr el Medinah (temple of Ptolemy Philopator), which has good wall-paintings; also the courts of the huge temple of Medinet Haboo. This temple is only second to Karnak in extent; the court at the end has all its huge pillars broken off in a line, as if cut by a gigantic scythe. In the afternoon we visited Karnak, a prodigious ruin, and the Hall of Seti, with its huge columns. At Karnak we saw the most perfect and beautiful of existing obelisks; its companion has fallen and lies shattered close by.

In the evening our dahabeah wore quite a festive look. The upper deck had been transformed into a verdant saloon, lined with palm branches, and gay with trellised orange boughs, and bright with coloured lanterns; for we had a *gau-azee* party—dancing girls—hideous in appearance, and revolting in movement. A good-natured fat son of the English Consul, Ahmet Effendi, and a younger brother, with many other officials, were present; also two Frenchmen —a Marquis de Seve, and the son of an Algerian Spahi officer, Monsieur A. Beane. Stuart Wortley appeared in the middle of the entertainment. He had just arrived from the front, and had, as usual, been in action without receiving any personal damage.

The following day we were off early again *en route* to Thebes. We first visited the Temple of Goarna, a shattered mass of ruined *débris*, then we rode up through a very dreary gorge up to the Tombs of the Kings. We entered two of these. One is said to be that of Rameses II.; it is full of passages with richly-painted walls and ceilings. We passed through several chambers and down many mutilated stairways, carrying lighted candles, for the tombs and their passages are in everlasting darkness. Bats flew against our faces, and gibbered like the Roman ghosts when the great Julius fell. I was much interested in one of the tombs where the paintings were only outlined, in red chalk apparently, in bold designs. Beneath this passage there was another, or rather a place

where steps had once been. There we paused, as Monsieur Blanc averred that it led to nowhere in particular, and that if we went in, we should probably break our necks. We then returned out of these ancient sepulchres of forgotten things into the sunshine and fresh mountain air.

We rode up a very steep hill to a rocky ledge, from which we had a superb view over the Nile and the Colossi miles away, the huge Temple of Karnak rising on the opposite side of the river, a wonderful panorama of ancient Egypt. At the foot of the mountain we visited the very interesting and much decorated Temple of Dayriel Bahari, half hidden by the detritus from the hill, with which the temple is partially covered. Its tinted hieroglyphics and wall paintings are wonderfully brightly and sharply-cut. Some of these represent naval battles fought three thousand years ago, now nearly as fresh as when first cut. Near here we unearthed a mummy, that of a woman, to judge by its small and delicate arms and hands, and the delicate little finger-nails.

Before leaving Luxor we called on Ahmet Effendi. He made me a present of a painted lid of a mummy-case, on which a goddess appears in great magnificence. She wears a garment painted with the French tricolor. I bought a beautiful little marble head, a Venus, from the Italian Consul at Luxor, who was an old native merchant as well as Consul; this little head I found lying in some rubbish in a corner of this Consul's room. What particularly attracted me in this little marble head was a likeness I found in it to my sister Constance Westminster.

On my return to Paris I had a cast taken of this little fragment of Grecian art-work. One of these casts I gave to Mr Gladstone, who wrote me the following line of thanks on receiving it:—

"In one line at any rate I must thank you for the beautiful little cast you have so kindly sent me. In how limited a space can true character and true beauty be compressed, and when they are genuine, how little does accidental mutilation avail to conceal them."

Millais had a great admiration for this little marble head, and some years later I made him a present of it. The museums of casts at Oxford and Cambridge also have casts.

On the *15th of January*, we visited the Temple of Dendereh, a temple well worth visiting, with its superb

four-headed (Hother) capitals and finely carved reliefs, among which the profile of Cleopatra is conspicuous. Dendereh is, I think, with Edfou and Karnak, the finest of the Nile temples, and among the largest, although Philae is the most beautiful. At Keneh we passed an English encampment, where Osman Digma is expected to erupt across the desert from Kosheh on the Red Sea.

Our last day's sight-seeing took place on the *17th of January*. We rode on donkey-back some six miles across a wide and richly-cultivated plain. The Temple of Seti and fragments of the Memnonium is all that remains of the city of Abydos; it is one of the most picturesque and cheerful-looking of the many temples of Egypt; this is owing to the very perfect preservation of the bas-reliefs, and to their being so well seen on the white background of limestone of which the temple is constructed. Many of these reliefs are of life size, wonderfully vigorous in execution; they are by far the best specimens of this kind of decoration that I have yet seen, with the exception of those on the half-buried temple of Dayr el Barhrî. The sun blazed down into the old courtyards, and lighted up the colours around. What a spot for an artist, thought I.

Here ended our month on the Nile. "I shall not soon forget," I wrote, at the close of the voyage, "the gentle beauty of Philae, the weird grandeur of Karnak, of the savage gorge in the sand mountains, under which so many kingly dynasties of old Egypt were buried for so many thousand years, or the graceful lines and colours of the Temple at Abydos. The charms of travel are its memories, when the little bothers and annoyances are forgotten, and the beautiful scenes are still remembered. Among these is one often seen in this Nile trip, the hush of the river in the purple gloaming, and the moonlight casting its spell over its mystic waters."

We were off Assouan early on the morning of the *20th of January*, and there parted with the "Cheops." I was up early, and saw the moon, still brilliant, giving way majestically to the rising sun. In front of my cabin rose a noble row of palms, the river flowing by in front; these trees stood out red against the rising sun, which paled the moonlit sky. On the right, a lantern on our dahabeah threw out a bright track of light across the water; thus

there were three lights all combined, a difficult subject for a painter to attempt.

I returned, after a few weeks in Cairo, to Europe *vid* Venice.

VENICE, *28th February.*

Venice is *en fête* to-day, the Carnival having commenced in the Piazza, which was crammed all day with a holiday crowd. At four a procession of maskers, with cars drawn by donkeys, oxen and mummers, went round the Piazza in the midst of a dense throng. The place looked in marvellous beauty under a blue and intensely bright sky.

1st March.

Last night the merry fools here danced like mad creatures, on a raised platform on the Piazza beneath the Campanile. The scene after the gas chandeliers were lit was one that even Canaletto or De Brosse could not have painted or described. The effect of the gaslight thrown upwards from the noisy square on the great tower and domes of the Cathedral, and on the beautiful lines of the Procurate were very striking, and the colours of the masked and bedizened dancers very effective.

Yesterday (*Sunday, 7th March*), a great to-do in the Piazzetta; a tournament of men on hobby-horses, in a kind of circular *manège* at the furthest end of the Square; the crowd there so great all day that not a pigeon could have alighted but on somebody's head or shoulders.

Ash Wednesday, 10th March.

The Carnival came to an end last night, with a roar and an explosion, and a burst of rockets, coloured lights, and a glorious fountain of fire that burst from the centre of the Piazza; quite fairy-like in effect. It was worth a long wait among the vast crowd, on one of the bitterest nights I remember, with an east wind that nearly cut one in half; but the glorious splash of that crimson fountain, in the midst of those splendid surroundings, and the great din of bells that clashed in the season of Lent as midnight

chimed, was well worth the long wait in the bitter cold.

I have made the acquaintance here of a young Englishman named Percy Pinkerton, who has published a small volume of poems; he is the English Master at the Armenian College here. To-day he took me to see this College, situated in an old palace near the Zattere. The Armenian priests were most civil, and took me over their College, formerly an old palace. There is a superb ball-room, richly decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and on the ceiling of one of the bedrooms is a fine circular painting of Justice, by Tiepolo; and in the bedroom formerly occupied by the lady of the palace, now turned into a chapel, the decorations of the walls and ceiling, which are in low relief in stucco, are in their way unrivalled.

The post, I write on the *11th of March*, brought me this morning two remarkable letters, one from Swinburne, the other from Lord Wolseley; the former writes as follows:—

"THE PINES,
"PUTNEY HILL, *7th March* 1886.

"DEAR LORD RONALD GOWER,—I am glad my little study" (an appreciation of Victor Hugo) "gives satisfaction to any one who knew the great Master personally. I am very much obliged by the offer of so valuable a present" (this refers to my statuette of the French poet, of which I had offered a copy to Swinburne) "which I shall treasure on all accounts. The book does not seem to find favour with the British public, but it is being translated into French. Watts sends his best regards.—Yours very faithfully. A. C. SWINBURNE."

Lord Wolseley writes from the War Office:—

"8/3/86.

"I am very much obliged for your flattering letter. I write away during my spare hours at the 'Life of Marlborough,' but those hours are, alas! very few, and it is very doubtful if the book will ever be written. It is extremely difficult

to obtain any good anecdotes of him, or any glimpse into the interior of his home life. We know very little more of him than we know of Cæsar. You are well out of England at this moment, for here we have bitterly cold winds out of doors, whilst in the House, a clique with a madman at its head is devising some scheme by means of which they can dismember the Empire without endangering their hold of office.—Very truly yours,

"WOLSELEY."

I had sent Lord Wolseley a little illustrated French book of Marlborough's life, which I had picked up at Venice. Writing to thank me for it, he writes on the *23rd of March*:—

"Your beautiful present has reached me safely; the pictures are extremely good—so artistic, and some very amusing. The artist seems to have entered thoroughly into the spirit of Anne's reign. I shall certainly get the other book you refer to, for I am very fond of all military drawings and illustrations."

"To watch the white sea-gulls floating under my windows in the evening is a daily delight; these birds swoop down into the green water, like pearls falling into a sea of emerald."

Rather a rhapsody of the beautiful town, but surely no city is more worthy of the utmost admiration with which it inspires lovers of art and beauty both in nature and art. I had been asked to write something on the subject of Venice for a little English paper that at that time—but, I fear, for only a short time—appeared weekly in Venice, and which was called *The Venice News*.

"When jaded" (I write) "with too much sight-seeing, one gets a longing for unadorned nature; then how easy to cross to the Lido, and to follow the tide for miles along those sands on which Byron loved to ride, and near which he wished to be buried. On a bright afternoon the half-dried foam here shines like rubies and emeralds, or like the antique glass, so brightly prism-coloured. One could fancy that even the inanimate here has emulated the brightness and the colour of Giorgione and Titian's city!"

While in Venice I had been troubled by constant earache. I saw several doctors, some of them English, from the P. & O. steamers, but in this case physicians were in vain, and pain and deafness made life rather a burthen. On hearing of the excellence of Professor

Politzer, the celebrated Viennese aurist, I determined to consult him, and leaving Venice on the *22nd of March*, I was at the Kaiserstadt next morning. It appeared that some sand had got into the channel of the ear, while I was in Egypt, and this had set up an inflammation. Thanks to Professor Politzer's skill, I soon recovered my hearing in the injured ear.

I was in Paris in the first week of *May*. In the Salon I saw my "Lady Macbeth," cast in bronze by a founder named Tassel; every detail is admirably rendered. "*C'est beau comme une medaille*," was the verdict of an artist upon it. What will be the fate of this and its companion statues, I wonder?

It was not for some time after this that I knew where my Shakespeare monument would find its permanent home. I had received offers to send it to America. Fortunately these were declined, and two years and a half after "Lady Macbeth" had been exhibited in the Paris Salon, she and the three other figures, with their creator placed above, were unveiled at Stratford-on-Avon.

14th May.

An interesting day yesterday, going with C. B. Pitman to see Pasteur, whose work-place is near the Pantheon, in the wing of the École Normâle. He is a short, thickset, sallow man, with a very intelligent head, and wears a skull-cap. We watched some of the crowd of patients, all sort of conditions of men, women, and children, being vaccinated, but not by Pasteur, who only superintends. It was a curious sight; the rabbits and guinea-pigs are kept in piles of cages in a kind of cellar.

A dinner with the de Lesseps that evening, at 22 Avenue Montaigne. The dinner a rather tedious affair; hosts of noisy children, and many fat women. Madame de Lesseps, a large Creole. Nothing can be more charming than dear old de Lesseps—the charm of the old refined French kind of manner, added to great zest, but no conceit, although he is naturally aware of his great and well-deserved fame. He speaks quite confidently of the assured success of Panama Canal; "*dans trois ans cela sera finit*," he said. He told us that his grandmother and the Empress's were sisters, and that it was a mutual ancestor of both, a Comte de Montijo, who first saw the two oceans

and suggested the feasibility of the Panama Canal scheme. De Lesseps' son is middle-aged, and bald. The old Count rides every morning with a crowd of his children in the Bois.

On the following day I called, with Mr Pitman, on another celebrity, Monsieur Renan. He is one of the uncouthest and uncanniest-looking of mortals—all head and belly, no legs to speak of. A general look of a half frog, half human being. He is most amiable and courteous in manner, but he has a tiresome way of apparently agreeing with whatever is said.

Dr O. Wendell Holmes came to see Stafford House on the *3rd of June*. That delightful old Bostonian came with his daughter, Mrs Carter. He has been immensely lionised since he came to London last month, and seems much to have enjoyed the process. I do not think he knows much about art, but he much admired the Murillos, in an unaffected way. The daughter is very like her father, and is a great talker.

Last night I went to see an American company, Daly's, who are giving a farce, *A Night Off*, at the Strand. A most amusing performance and admirably acted. Miss Rehan (Irish) is the *prima donna*.

Later, to a supper given by Irving, in a room formerly belonging to the Beef-Steak Club. One enters into it through the back of the stage, passing through a room, the walls of which are covered with armour and weapons of all sorts, more or less genuine. At supper, all Daly's company were present, besides Ellen Terry, Wilson Barrett, and old Howe—the oldest actor on the stage. He is a handsome old man of over seventy, with an abundance of snow-white hair. He amazed me by saying he could remember having seen Mrs Garrick—"an old lady," he described her—"leaning on a long stick." The supper was, as are always Irving's, most sumptuous, but very long, and it was past four this morning before we parted; and broad sunlight flooded the streets as I walked home with Mr Henry Norman, who writes for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was a friend of Uncle Sam's.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *10th June*.

The great event of the week has been the defeat of the Government early last Thursday morning by a majority of thirty. Dissolution is imminent, and will probably be

announced, when the House meets to-day, by the G.O.M., who seems, if gossip is to be relied on, not at all crushed by his defeat. My nephew Stafford, who has been for the last twelve years M.P. for Sutherland, and who succeeded me in that post, resigns. My brother asked me the other day if I cared again to come in for Sutherland, but I declined.

2nd August.

I called this afternoon on Millais, whom I found in his studio, surrounded by his new pictures—a capital half-length of Rosebery; a painting from the Massacre of St Bartholomew; a nun (Mrs Manners) interceding with a soldier—not as good as his former picture of a similar subject—and two pretty pictures, one of a child with lilacs, and a "Portia," in Ellen Terry's red dress in that part, but not a portrait of that actress.

I have given him the little Greek marble head I got at Luxor. I can never repay him for the two portraits he gave me years ago, that of Constance Westminster and of myself.

I was amused in asking Millais whether one should address him as "Sir John" or, as Lady Millais does, "Sir Everett." He answered, "Well, you see, my dear fellow, my wife married John Ruskin before she did me, and this makes her dislike the name of John; but pray call me Millais, there's a good fellow."

Channel Islands.

During that (1886) summer I had paid some visits to Ireland, France and Germany. On the *20th of August*, I was at Guernsey. While the others drove in one of the *char-à-bancs* about the island, I visited Victor Hugo's house in the Haute Ville. Externally it is most unpretentious, even unto ugliness, but the interior is interesting, far more so than I had expected to find it, for it is precisely in the state in which Victor Hugo left it, when he returned to France in 1870. The rooms are full of tapestry and crimson stuffs and old mediæval carved furniture that he was so fond of, and which give the rooms the look of a furnished lodging of the sixteenth century—a cross between the Hotel Cluny and Wardour Street. The upper rooms are the most interesting, especially those immediately under the roof, where he passed most of his time. Here is a room fitted up

with a huge, carved four-poster, which had been prepared for Garibaldi. It seems a pity that this visit did not take place. Garibaldi under Victor Hugo's roof would have been a grand hospitality. The rooms which Victor Hugo occupied are small, and immediately under the leads. His library and workroom must have been terribly glary and hot to work in during the summer. There is a very low ottoman in a little closet adjoining it, where he slept. His French servant told me he used no bedding, and that it was his custom to hang the sheets outside on the balcony to air, and that he made his bed himself, and no servants were admitted there. Above this room is the small flat roof on which he took exercise; it commands a splendid view over the town, harbour, and the islands of Herm and Jettu. This view looked quite Eastern to-day, the sea brilliantly blue. My guide told me that Victor Hugo's grandson "George," who is now here with his sister and Madame Lockroy, prefers this place to Paris. He says "George" is very studious, but delicate, and wishes to remain quite alone here. Two portraits of Victor Hugo on his death-bed hang on either side of his bed couch. There is a little cupboard in a closet adjoining this room, in which he was wont to place the MSS. he wrote during the night. Every nook, wall and ceiling is covered wih tapestry and loaded with *bric-à-brac.* In their furnishing tastes, Hugo and Scott had much in common. Altogether, this house is well worth a visit, and although the Master Spirit has departed, the view alone of land and sea from its upper rooms repays the climb up the narrow streets of Haute Ville.

ST HELIERS, JERSEY, *25th August.*

To-day we have been again by rail to Corbèires, but had only a short time allowed us there, as the return train gives one only half an hour to see it. However, that short time was enough to make the trip a delight. The ground was all covered with heather, in full bloom, interspersed with golden furze, the sea of a deep azure, the low lands of Sark and Guernsey standing out of a faint purple colour in the far distance, and the white surf breaking on the tawny coloured rocks below, altogether made a scene worthy of Brett's pencil.

From the Channel Islands I crossed to Normandy, staying a few days at Granville, Rennes and Rouen, afterwards visiting Tours.

Leaving Granville, I went to Mont St Michel. Since I was last here, in 1866, a causeway joins the rock to the mainland—a convenience, but not an improvement, in a picturesque sense. A heavy mist hid the Mount till we got close up to it, and swathed the upper part in an impenetrable white sheet. I put up at the Hôtel Retel, and had a small garret in an annexe looking on the sea. As night fell, a high tide rose, and the water came under and beyond the second gateway of the Castle, near to the old English guns.

Next day I visited the place thoroughly, which certainly does not and cannot disappoint. Its beauty of outline, as at Windsor, is one of its charms, the ramparts, rich in colour and fine in form, rising sheer from the rock. Above these cluster the roofs of the houses, and above these again stand out against the sky the walls of the cathedral-like church, crowned with lofty pinnacles and flying buttresses.

GOWER LODGE,
WINDSOR, *25th September.*

On the *23rd*, Arthur Benson dined here, the eldest son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I had wanted to make his acquaintance after reading his remarkable book, "Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton." He is a very pleasing youth, in appearance like a Norseman, full of zest and of interest in all that is most worth knowing and liking. He is a Master at Eton, in the same house as Lyttelton, and he loves the work.

In *December* I paid another short visit to my sister, Caroline Leinster at Carton, Lorne coming with me. We also visited the Kildares, my nephew and his lovely wife Hermione, the daughter of the beautiful Lady Feversham, at their home, Kilkae Castle.

12th December.

It is nine-and-twenty years since I came last to this pleasant old grey and ivy-clad Castle, with my dear mother, on my first visit to Ireland, when "Uncle Morpeth" (Lord Carlisle) was Viceroy. Lorne and I left Carton yesterday, coming here by rail *viâ* Kildare to Magenny Station. Hermione is a great beauty, wears black in the

day-time, and looks gorgeous in a white silk "tea-gown" in the evening. She has a delightful French black poodle, full of affection and of tricks; one of its best is when it sits on a chair, placing its face between its paws, and seems to all appearance immersed in prayer! There is also a cat, but this pet only appears in the evening. The *ménage* here seems to be a very happy one, and, in these days of ill-assorted marriages, it is very refreshing to see a young couple living happily together, far from London and its frivolities.

Alas! in a very few years both my nephew and his beautiful young wife died within a few months of one another.

My nephew Lorne was also at Trentham at the close of that year.

TRENTHAM, 31*st December.*

We walked together through the wood, which was a dream of beauty, owing to the clothing of silver on every branch and twig, excelling anything ever dreamt of by a Pantomime scene-painter. We called on old Dr Broomhall, hard on eighty-four. That good old doctor is one of my earliest reminiscences. I fear, even if I am here again at the close of another year, there is little chance of being able to pay the good old man another visit. There is still much beauty to be seen on all sides on such a day as this, when the pale, cold winter sun lighted, but did not melt, the hoar frost on myriad branches and made the golden bracken glorious.

1887

AT the beginning of this year I paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, with regard to my monument of Shakespeare, now nearing completion, and which I hoped to see some day placed in the poet's birthplace, which was happily (thanks to kind friends at Stratford-on-Avon) accomplished in 1888.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, *4th January.*

Arrived at Stratford at five, finding mine host, Mr Charles Flower, awaiting me at the station. His house is close to the station, Avonbank its name; it faces the river which runs at the foot of the garden. The church is on the right, within a stone's-throw of Avonbank, and all around are fine cedars and beech trees. I had been at Avonbank some four or five years ago, when I came here with J. O'Connor, my artist friend, and Dr Becker, who brought with him the "Kesselstadt" death mask of Shakespeare, as we believed it to be. We compared the death mask with the bust in the church, measured it, and found that all the proportions of bust and mask were identical, barring the length of the nose.

My present visit to Stratford is in order to find what can be done respecting the gift of Mr Childs of Philadelphia, who has promised to present a fountain to Stratford-on-Avon, and I am in hopes that a part at least of my Shakespeare monument may be utilised for this fountain.

5th January.

Awoke to find Stratford under snow. I had twice seen it in summer weather, and was glad of an opportunity of seeing it in its winter shroud. My bedroom window at Avonbank commands a lovely view of the Avon and the

church; to the left is the not unsightly Memorial Building, theatre, library, etc. (which owes so much to mine host).

A pleasant day passed going to places of interest in the town, beginning with the Memorial Buildings and finishing with the church. The latter has been immensely improved owing to the removal of the ugly galleries.

The Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, a most genial, kind and stately old gentleman, who had made his pile in Queensland, came to breakfast, and invited me to lunch at Clopton. On my way there I called on Mr Edgar Flower, who has a pleasant house called "The Hill," just outside Stratford.

We walked across the snow-covered fields to Clopton, which is a fine old house, with a handsome timbered hall, now used for a dining-room, in which are hung portraits of Cloptons, with their coats-of-arms displayed in a large bay window. Sir Arthur beamed all over with cordiality; as did his wife Lady Hodgson, a dear old lady. We drank some Australian hock, a drink which I had not tasted since I was at Sydney with Sir Hercules Robinson.

Clopton is a very much haunted place. One of the Cloptons, whose portrait, a full-length, is on the staircase (although Sir Arthur says he is not certain that this is not a portrait of Arabella Stuart), was buried during the time of the Plague, and when the Clopton vault was again opened soon after her supposed demise, it was found that she had been buried alive. Sir Arthur showed me the mark of a trail of blood on the floor in one of the upper bedrooms, which issued from the body of a murdered butler. The murder took place early in the last century, and adds another ghost to Clopton.

We went to see some *tableaux* in the evening, performed mostly by mine host's nephews and nieces, some of which were very successful, especially that of Bluebeard with his wives' trunkless heads attached to the wall by their redundant hair.

A sad event took me to Ireland in the month of *February*, my brother-in-law, the Duke of Leinster, having died at Carton on the 10*th*. I was in Paris when the news of his death reached me, and returned at once to England, and although not attending the funeral, crossed over to Ireland to see my dear sister, Caroline Leinster, for whom I feared the terrible shock of the loss

of a devoted husband in her already enfeebled state of health.

Writing from Carton on the *20th of February*—"Since I was here last December, a very sad change has come over this once happy home, the kindest and most unselfish of men, the most affectionate of husbands and fathers, having been taken away. I went upstairs as soon as I arrived to see my poor dear sister, who is, thank God, bearing up wonderfully under her terrible bereavement—very touching to see her dear sad face, with her white crape widow's cap. . . .

"Yesterday she took me to see the grave, close by the house, covered with crosses and wreaths of violets and clumps of snowdrops; he rests by the side of their eldest daughter, Geraldine, who died twenty years ago, over whose grave stands a large marble cross. My sister says she will have hers on his other side.

"A letter arrived yesterday from the Queen, most kind and sympathetic. My sister takes delight in any token of public or private esteem regarding her husband. The funeral had been admirably simply carried out, the four sons bearing the coffin at both ends, the coffin one of plain oak, with no leaden coffin within."

In three months my dear sister was laid to rest by the side of her beloved husband, so that in death, as in life, they were not long divided.

The American Exhibition, which was one of the chief features of that summer in London, started and managed by Mr Whitley, and the precursor of a long series of similar exhibitions held at Earl's Court, took up much of my time. I had been placed on the Committee of Management, and made President of the Club called the "Welcome Club," in the gardens of the Exhibition; and many pleasant days and evenings were passed there in that summer of 1887, and many agreeable acquaintances one made then, among the Americans as well as many of one's country people.

The great feature of this American Exhibition was the famous scout, "Buffalo Bill," *alias* the Hon. W. Cody, and his cowboys.

On the *17th of April*, I went with Mr Whitley to Gravesend, to meet the s.s. *State of Nebraska*, in which ship Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") with his cowboys and

Indians had arrived that morning. We boarded the steamer, and had a hearty reception from all on board, including Mrs John Bigelow, the wife of the, at one time, American Ambassador to France. Buffalo Bill is a striking type of a man, of splendid physique, and with much natural dignity.

On the *20th of April*, I dined with the Gladstones, who were staying at Lord Aberdeen's suburban villa, Dollis Hill. We were eleven at dinner, the Breadalbanes, Sir U. Kay Shuttleworth, Lady Stepney, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and Mrs Drew, *née* Mary Gladstone. I got the Gladstones to consent to come and visit the American Exhibition.

On the *28th* of that month, this visit took place. The Gladstones drove from Dollis Hill to Earl's Court, and arrived at the Exhibition about one, and remained over two hours. Lorne came too, and we were quite a large party. The Gladstones appeared to appreciate highly the whole business, the workmen giving the G.O.M. a very cordial reception. We went everywhere and saw all that was to be seen, the Indians, the riding, etc. After luncheon, Gladstone made a most admirable speech, which will, I think, "go down" in America. Everything went off admirably, and it is a real satisfaction to have been able to have arranged their visit.

A few days after, Buffalo Bill gave a rehearsal of his performance of the "Wild West," before quite a *parterre* of royalties—among whom was the Comtesse de Paris—and on the *9th of May* the official opening of the "Yankeries," as it is sometimes called, or the "Buffalo Billeries," as *Punch* christened the American Exhibition, took place.

Some twenty thousand persons had been invited to this opening day, and the grand stand in the arena looked quite imposing, crammed full of humanity, such a crowd as probably had never before been brought together even in this huge town. Cardinal Manning came to a huge luncheon, which preceded the ceremony of the opening of the Exhibition, in the Trophy Room, and Archdeacon Farrar was also there.

The *21st of May* saw the crowning honour to the Exhibition by the Queen's visit, who arrived soon after

five P.M. with the Battenbergs. I had to present the American President of the Exhibition, Colonel Russell, and Mr Whitley, the Director-General, to Her Majesty, and the Secretaries, Messrs Speed and Applin.

Some of us went in the Deadwood Coach, which, driven at a great rate round the arena, is attacked by mounted Indians, and much firing takes place from within and outside that vehicle.

The Queen seemed delighted with the performance; she looked radiant. At the close of the performance, Buffalo Bill, at Her Majesty's desire, was presented, as well as the Indian Chief, "Red Skin," and two of the Squaws with their "papooses," whose little painted faces the Queen stroked. I hope that Melton Prior, who was there, will make a drawing of that scene, as it would make quite a pretty picture. Her Majesty, who had driven into the Exhibition in a carriage-and-four, with outriders in scarlet, left soon after six *en route* for Windsor.

The First Jubilee.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *20th June.*

We are now in the very thick of the Jubilee, and London looks like a plain city gentleman who has suddenly, from dingy black and drab, transformed himself, like a Deputy-Lieutenant, into a blaze of gold and scarlet. Piccadilly is gorgeous with colour, and all along the route which Her Majesty will pass—from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey—is a sea of flags and bunting.

23rd June.

The great day—that of the Jubilee—has come and gone, and its triumphant success has been prodigious. Certainly the 21st of June 1887 must count as a red-letter day in English History, one to be gratefully remembered by all loyal Britons! I escorted my niece, Alex. Gower, and her governess, Miss Blake, through the Green Park, across a dense crowd in Piccadilly, to Devonshire House, where a huge and tastefully decorated grand stand stood facing Piccadily, holding some four hundred persons comfortably. It was from the same place that I saw the Princess of Wales enter London just before her marriage, nearly a quarter of a

SHAKESPEARE.

[*To face page* 62.

century ago. Piccadilly looked like a huge flower garden. London looked radiantly happy, the crowd most good-humoured and determined to enjoy itself thoroughly. When at length the Queen came, the enthusiasm was intense. I believe Her Majesty never looked more cheerful. The sight, the procession, all was worthy of the great occasion, and it was impossible for the most fault-finding to pick a hole in any of the arrangements of this great and superb show of Royalty and People.

In the interval between the two processions, namely, that on the way to, and the return from, the Abbey, I had some talk in the breakfast-room upstairs with Mr Bright. I told him what a charming fellow I thought his son Philip was. "I never discovered that!" said Bright.

The illuminations were very effective, the crowd most orderly and well-behaved. Canon Knox Little dined here that evening; he was very enthusiastic, as every one must be, at the immense success of the day.

On the *28th June* I had the honour of showing the Queen of the Sandwich, or Hawaiian Islands, over Stafford House. Her Majesty came on a gloriously bright afternoon, accompanied by Mr Synge of the Foreign Office, Mr Hoffnung, the Hawaiian Consul, and General Tankia. The Queen is a swarthy, jolly, intelligent dame, of about fifty; after seeing the pictures we had tea in the Green Library.

By far the most striking of that first Jubilee sights was the great Naval Review, which I had the good fortune to see under the most pleasant circumstances.

21st July.

On board the *Banshee.* Leaving Euston at seven this morning, reached Holyhead at one, and got on board this fine steamer, hired by the London and North-Western Railway Company for the Naval Review. We started off at once for a cruise round the west coast of England. The party at present consists of some forty passengers, mostly Directors of the London and North-Western Railway, their wives, sons, and daughters. There is a delightful old Admiral Dent on board, who looks after everybody, including himself, remarkably well.

On the *21st July* we passed the Land's End, and saw the white column-like form of the Eddystone looming

some fourteen miles on our left. That evening we lay off Southampton ; we steamed that afternoon up to Spithead, running through the midst of the fleet, looking magnificent, a wonderful display of ironclads and craft of all kinds. The Captain of the *Banshee* told me he thought at least one hundred millions was represented on these waters.

On the *23rd July*, a quantity of fresh arrivals came on board, and we were some hundred and fifty at luncheon, Mr Plunkett, Minister of Woods and Forests, one of these. We left Southampton about noon, and did not get a very good place for seeing the review.

The Royal Yacht steamed slowly through the long lines of battleships at such a distance that it was impossible to distinguish any one on board of her.

It was nearly four o'clock before the salute firing commenced. The finest portion of the day was on the return journey to Southampton, through a forest of fleets of yachts, all decked out in the gayest manner conceivable. The display of bunting was prodigious, and made the sea look like myriads of bright flowers rising and shaking in the blue sky above, and azure sea below. The sea by the way had put on her best dress, and appeared all green and purple and deep blue. One was reminded of some monster Venetian *fête*, or still more of some of Albert Cuyp's pictures, such as that at Bridgewater House, for example.

In the evening we returned to our position off Portsmouth, and soon the whole sea was ablaze with electric light. There was a display of rockets such as, I suppose, was never seen at sea before. We were not far from the Queen's yacht, which had anchored near Spithead. From the paddle-box of our steamer one had a splendid all-round view of the scene, which was superb. The effect of the smoke, which rather interfered with the rockets, was, however, favourable to the general effect of huge masses of ruby and emerald and golden lights, which illuminated as brightly as daylight the mighty hulks of the huge ships on all sides. It was a sight to be remembered. The proceedings ended by a fine display of the electric search-light, which threw great masses of brilliant light on every side, and upward into the deep blue vault of heaven.

On my way to Dunrobin, in *September*, I had an interesting *compagnon de voyage* for a portion of the journey.

DUNROBIN, *8th September.*

I had the good fortune of meeting John Bright, and travelling with him as far as Grantown. He had made a mistake in going so far, as he should have got out at the previous station, "Boat-of-Garton," but he was so occupied in talk, that although the train stopped at that station, he did not notice it, and was carried on. He was most agreeable, and in great talk, and very interesting on the Irish Question, and about Gladstone, whom he thinks hopelessly daft on that subject. He said he had been with Gladstone in the April of last year, and had had a two hours' discussion with him about Ireland, and that he had found it hopeless to shake him at all. J. B. was on his way to some fishing-place. He is not nearly so keen a fisherman, he told me, as I had imagined him to be—not to compare with Alfred Denison, of whose recent and sudden death he was not aware till I told him. We were seated side by side in a smoking-carriage for about three hours, and a more interesting three hours I have not passed this year.

That autumn I had my last yachting trip with my brother. We went round Cape Wrath and down the Western coast of Sutherland—calling on the various factors of that vast estate which embraces nearly the whole county of Sutherland.

At Durness we visited the famous cave of Smoo, and stayed some time at that delightful seaside place, Loch Inver, before returning to Dunrobin. Of Loch Inver I write: "This is far and away the most attractive place in the west of Sutherland, and it has old memories for me, as I can remember being here some thirty years ago with my parents, when Lord Dufferin was the life and soul of the party. Since then I have been only twice here, in '72 and '73."

The American Fountain at Stratford-on-Avon.

CLOPTON, *Sunday, 16th October.*

Here I am again, for the third time this year, at Stratford-on-Avon, but not as on the two previous occasions, with the hospitable Charles Flowers of Avonbank, but with the Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, at historic

Clopton, where tradition lays the first scene of the *Taming of the Shrew.*

To return to last week. On the *8th October*, I went down to Cambridge, to see young Edward Doughty, at King's College. We had a pleasant evening in his rooms, where we dined; others coming in later, we had a musical evening. Some of the young fellows sang and played uncommonly well. After dinner a box was brought in, which I wished to open, imagining it contained books, but on my host, who lectures on medicine and surgery, informing me that it contained three human brains which he was going to dissect, I did not renew my request. Cambridge is now looking as beautiful as a bird of paradise, clothed in every lovely shade of gold and crimson; especially is this the case at the backs of King's and Trinity, where the old elms are golden in tone, within the Gates of Clare, of which one side of the building is a blaze of scarlet from a gigantic Virginia creeper. To see this alone is well worth coming to Cambridge.

What has brought me to Stratford is to take part in a function to-morrow, when the gift of a drinking fountain made to this place by Mr Childs of Philadelphia takes place. The party here consists of Mr Phelps, the American Minister, Mr John Walter, of the *Times*, and his wife, and Sir Philip C. Owen. Besides these are the host and hostess and their pleasant daughter. Irving is the guest of the Charles Flowers at Avonbank. Before I left London, I telegraphed to Lady Hodgson, asking if I might occupy the haunted room here; and although I am next door to it, my wish could not be gratified, for the haunted room is tenanted by some housemaids, the last kind of people one would think who should be in such a room. I sleep, however, in a very quaint old room in this quaint old house, used in olden days as a chapel. It is an attic with a sloping and heavily-timbered roof, somewhat like the inside of a boat reversed. There are texts written on the walls; these were only lately discovered by Sir Arthur, having been papered over by a previous owner. Over the bed is a large heart painted on the wall, with texts within, from the Proverbs and the Psalms. Here is one of the inscriptions:

> "Whether you rise early, or go to bed late,
> Remember Christ Jesus that died for your sake."

Next to this old chapel is the haunted room, the scene of

the murder referred to on my last visit. My slumbers were undisturbed by ghost or maid, and I have no doubt the good words by which I was surrounded and the hallowed memories of the room I was in, preserved me from either. Mr Walter was entertaining in his reminiscences of his Eton days, when Keate ruled with such a savage rod. He and Sir Arthur were contemporaries at Eton fifty-eight years ago, and their memory of those distant schooldays is quite extraordinarily vivid.

On the *17th October* took place the function of the unveiling of the Fountain. The town was *en fête*, and bathed in brilliant sunshine. I breakfasted at Avonbank, where I met Henry Irving and Dr Macaulay. It was the former's first visit to the Memorial Theatre, Library, etc. Sir Arthur came resplendent in his robes, and wearing a gorgeous Mayoral chain, which he intends to bequeath to all Mayors to come of Stratford-on-Avon.

At noon we "progressed" to the Rothermarket, where now stand the new Fountain and Clock Tower. We were preceded by an execrable brass band. The ceremony was a rather long one, and there was a jam of newspaper reporters all around us, and two Roman Catholic priests insisted on standing all the time on my feet. Irving's speech was first-rate. We returned to the Town Hall, and sat down to a large luncheon in the upper room, where I was glad to see again that splendid full-length portrait of Garrick by Gainsborough. Speeches commenced early, as many of us had to catch the three o'clock train to town. I came back in the same carriage with Irving, Frank Marshall, Clement Scott, and Mr Phelps, who dictated his speech to a shorthand reporter for the *Times*. It was, I think, during my second visit of that year to Stratford-on-Avon that the site where my monument of Shakespeare should be placed, was arranged—thanks to the kindness of Mr Charles Flower, whose gift of the public gardens to the town of Stratford enabled me to choose what appeared the best and most appropriate position for the monument.

In the course of 1887 I had written two small books, "Rupert of the Rhine" and "Bric-à-Brac," being notes to some of my collections of drawings, etc., then at my house (Gower Lodge) at Windsor, and had edited a volume of my father's letters, which I called "Stafford House Letters." As was invariably the case with my publications, the cost of bringing out these books was a very heavy one; but my publishers seemed quite content with the result.

1888.

A Temperance Hospital.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *3rd January.*

To the Temperance Hospital in Hampstead Road, where C. Kegan Paul met my sister-in-law (Anne Sutherland), and showed us all over it. Knowing her to be "a blue ribbon" lady, Kegan Paul had for a long while expressed a wish she should see this hospital, in which he takes a great interest. She seemed to take much interest in all she saw, but rather lectured the patients too much about becoming teetotalers when they got well again. In the women's ward, behind a screen, we heard a terrible sound of painful breathing; this came from a poor woman who had tried to cut her throat with a razor. I did not, but Anne Sutherland went behind to the poor woman's bed, which Kegan Paul and I thought very plucky of her.

I may here mention that it was owing to my dear sister-in-law's horror of "spirituous liquors" that, early in that year (1888), I told her of my intention to give up taking any kind of spirit, and I am grateful to say that I have never broken my vow; there can be no doubt that liquors and all spirits are most unnecessary in all cases, and in many most harmful. Whisky is the cause of more criminal misery in Scotland and Ireland than can be gauged, and the abuse of gin and raw spirits in London is a curse.

I find the following sad note at the close of the year:—"I have felt much of late how very solitary and lonely my life is since the death of my dear sister Caroline Leinster, the very last of all those dear ones who have so comparatively early been removed by death, and made a desolation of one's life, which a few years ago was surrounded by those loved ones."

I was much in Paris early that year, when the Shakespeare Monument had been altered, the figures of Tragedy and Comedy, which in the original design had been placed, crowning the poet's bust, were removed, and a heroic-sized seated figure of Shakespeare substituted. By the end of the summer the whole monument, including floral wreaths, masks and trophies, with the four life-size figures of Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Falstaff and Prince Hal, crowned by their creator, seven feet high, were all cast in bronze, ready for their removal from Paris to Stratford.

PARIS, *10th February.*

Called this afternoon on M. Tissot at his pretty studio and house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. He has remarkable and rare talent; he works in *cloisonné* enamel, as well as in all sorts of painting materials. His series of paintings of the history of our Lord's life are very remarkable and very highly finished. They are painted in a sort of *guache* (body colour). This series he intends to publish in facsimile when completed; they will make a sensation if they are well reproduced. Tissot, besides being an artist, is a spiritualist, and holds *séances* in a room, which forms a part of an oak-glazed gallery that he has built round the upper part of his studio.

A few days after this visit to M. Tissot, I made the acquaintance of the delightful old painter Eugene Lami, who had illustrated the times of Louis Philippe as well as the reign of Napoleon III., with his matchless water-colour paintings.

This afternoon (*Ash Wednesday*) M. Tissot took me to see Eugene Lami, who began to exhibit over sixty years ago, and is still painting with all his former charm and grace. He lives, *au quatrième*, at No. 41 Rue Cambon (formerly Rue du Luxembourg). He is over eighty years old, but is full of go, and his memory is wonderfully preserved. In his drawing-room hangs the full-length mezzotint by Cousins, after Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of my mother. He said he remembered Lawrence's rather dictatorial manner to Cousins, and of his way of painting, how he used to look close at his sitters for a while, talk to them, and then paint away with his back turned upon

them. Lawrence had given this mezzotint of my mother to Lami, and his signature was written on it. Lami remembered painting the *fête* at Stafford House, in 1849, of which I intend to give him a photograph. He told me that one day while at work copying a picture in the gallery at Stafford House, my mother came in with a lady whom he did not know, but who spoke the most perfect French he had ever heard a foreigner speak; this lady turned out to be the Queen. Whilst unaware of her identity, he had somewhat flatly contradicted some remark she had made respecting Lamartine's "History of the Girondins," upon which my mother gently notified to him who the lady was.

About a month after this visit to Lami, I again called on the old painter. He spoke much of his visits to London in 1830 and 1849, and was full of recollections of Gore House, where he had met the Duke of Wellington and Macaulay, just returned from India. He thought that Byron's influence on d'Orsay when, with the Blessingtons, they went to Italy, had done d'Orsay much moral harm. Old Lord Hertford, Lami considered, a *très mauvais sujet.* He believed that Sir Richard Wallace was a natural son of old Lady Hertford, and he said that Lord Henry Seymour, who was so well- and ill-known formerly in Paris, was a natural son of hers by Junot. He showed me a delightful little collection of small water-colour sketches he had made when in London, fifty years ago, and which nothing will induce him to part with, although much pressed to do so by an Englishman, who is a member of the Jockey Club.

Lami's work has that very rare, and therefore precious, element about it, originality.

When again in London that summer, I find the following notices of some social events:—

STAFFORD HOUSE, *4th June.*

Dined here, and with Annie Sutherland afterwards to the French Embassy, for a concert given by the Waddingtons, where the Paul of Mecklenburgs came very late from the opera. No house exists in London worse adapted for a party than that ugly building (the French Embassy) at Albert Gate, and I was glad to get away early, and walked part of the way home with Hamilton Aïdé. Attended a

meeting of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery at 10 Downing Street. On my way there I met Millais, one of my colleagues, on the same errand, who was strolling down Parliament Street; we were soon joined by Pembroke, Edmond Fitzmaurice, Lord de L'Isle, Lord Lamington, Lord Hardinge, and Sir F. Leighton, and our Secretary, George Scharf (all these, with the exception of Edmond Fitzmaurice, are dead). After the meeting we went as a deputation to Mr Smith's room (I am reminded of Dizzy saying of Mr Smith: "I can never remember what his initials are, W. G. or G. W. Smith!"). He received us very cordially. The deputation of Trustees had been summoned to try and elicit from the Government, through Mr Smith, whether something could not be carried out to house the National Portraits in a permanent and secure building. They are now in the Gallery at Bethnal Green. All we could get out of Mr Smith, after Lord Hardinge had made his statement, was, that the Government would do something on some future occasion in regard of our request, which, I believe, means that the Government will see us —— first, before they spend a sixpence on us.

15th June.

The Emperor Frederick died this morning, about eleven. His end seems to have been a tranquil one. The loss to Europe is immense, and will be felt more and more as time goes on. Now ends a very noble and promising career. The last time I saw him was riding by on the Jubilee Day, looking a perfect picture of manliness and martial splendour. The first time that I remember him was in this house, shortly before his marriage, where I remember his arriving rather late for an afternoon concert in the drawing-room near the picture gallery, and I can recall his fine presence and the charm of his manner.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *24th July.*

Carrying out an old engagement, I went to Holmbury last Sunday, my cousin Frederick L. Gower's place, near Gomshall. I had not been to that pretty spot for many years—not since '71, as I saw by my name in the Visitors' Book of that year; then Charles Howard and Henry Cowper were of the party—both now gone from

earthly scenes. The view from the terrace is a lovely one, but the want of water in the landscape strikes the eye; it is a feature that in so extensive a landscape one cannot well do without. Captain and Mrs Jekyll (she, *née* Graham) were of the party; a most interesting couple. He is an engineer, and in some post in the War Office; she, both clever and amusing. Old Sir James Lacaita was another guest, and Sir T. Saunderson, of the Foreign Office, known to his intimates as "Giglamps"; he had been Granville's private secretary; also Sir Phillip C. Owen, and Mr Clark, whom I had met at Granada, and with whom I had visited the Alhambra on a moonlight night.

After luncheon some of us visited the neighbouring villa, built by, and belonging to, the great oculist, Sir William Bowman; there, the most remarkable feature is the view and the garden, which is quite a botanist's paradise. I was told that Sir William has plants there that are not to be found in Kew Gardens. There are some fine portraits by Watts of Sir William, and one of the painter by himself, worthy of Titian. Sir William is a fragile-looking old man, with a very striking countenance, and fine, penetrating eyes.

At a concert in aid of the Physical Aid Recreation Society, given at Stafford House in the month of July, which had been got up by Lord Charles Beresford and Herbert Gladstone, both Presidents of that Society. "A strange contrast these two," I write of them. "The G.O.M. came to the concert, and saw my brother in his study, of which I was glad—(I think the last time he was at Stafford House was when he gave an address in Italian to the Italians who had presented the marble medallion of Garibaldi to my brother)—for here in old days he was always one of the most honoured of my mother's guests. He sat just inside the entrance to the hall and seemed delighted with the music, listening intently to Albani's singing, with his right hand raised to his ear. He had to 'slip away,' as he called it, long before the end of the concert, having to make a long speech that afternoon at Sir Wilfrid Lawson's."

I paid a short visit at the end of *July* to Castle Howard. The place full of poor children, that are brought over in detachments of one hundred at a time, from Leeds and other neighbouring towns, and there are given a few days',

and sometimes weeks', holidays near and about the Castle. These Carlisles certainly make a most excellent and kind use of their great possessions, and one feels that as long as they do this, there can be no excuse for any feeling of jealousy amid less well-dowered people. The strongest democrat, in seeing how liberally they throw open the house and grounds of Castle Howard to these hundreds of poor children, must feel that no change of ownership could be an improvement.

"It is not a common incident to see four generations of a family together, as one does now at Castle Howard," I write from there on the *27th of July*, "to wit, Lady Stanley of Alderley, her daughter Rosalind Carlisle, her granddaughter, Lady Blanche Hozier, and Lady Blanche's children—all Lady Stanley's great-grandchildren."

During the month of *August* I was for a couple of days at Cliveden, lent for the summer to my nephew Stafford and his wife.

CLIVEDEN, *15th August.*

"Some eighty boys from Whitechapel came for the day to Cliveden; some of those poor little fellows were in rags; all appeared thoroughly to enjoy themselves when one met them playing among the ilexes; Sidney Propert, who was down for the day, good-naturedly playing with them at cricket. These boys form part of one of Mr George Holland's numerous charitable institutions in Whitechapel; they were in charge of three young men, who volunteer to look after these poor waifs and strays; Messrs Dalton, Lavigne and How were these three. It does one good to see such goodness as is shown by those young city clerks in giving up so much of their time to these poor boys. Mr G. Holland is an admirably hard-working man, who has devoted the last thirty years of his life to doing good in the slums of Whitechapel.

STAFFORD HOUSE, *17th August.*

Dined at Holland House. One fears that there will be before very long an end to the present *régime* at that most delightful old place, as poor Lady Holland is getting more and more infirm. It must be some twenty years ago since

I first made her aquaintance, that was at Chiswick, in '65 or '66, when she came to see my mother, bringing Marie Fox, her adopted daughter, afterwards Princess Lichtenstein, with her.

There were few men at dinner, only Charles Coventry, Lady Holland's great nephew, and old Charles Villiers, and myself. The ladies were a Viennese Countess, Mrs Leo Ellis, Miss Seymour, Mrs Dundas, and Miss Throgmorton, most of them staying there. Charles Villiers, now in his eighty-sixth year, was as agreeable and pleasant as ever, but he now stoops much, but his face is very fresh-coloured, and his voice quite youthful, and no traces of debility except in his figure. We sat after dinner over cigarettes in the ante-room beyond the library, when he told us much relating to Dizzy's early career. He said how snubbed Dizzy used to be in old days by the aristos whom he got to serve him in his later life; and from that he wandered on to the marvellous advance that the Jews have made all over Europe, during the last half century. He spoke of the wonderful rise of the Rothschilds, and of their founder, whom Charles Villiers remembers well, of his having been pushed on in his career by an old Jew named Goldsmid, who was at the close of the last, and beginning of this, century in London much what the later Rothschilds have become. He told us of the wonderful entertainment given by this Goldsmid to George III. and the royal family in 1783, and of how after the *fête* the giver of the feast cut his own throat, for some cause that had never been explained, whether owing to failure, or to indigestion, nobody could tell.

Charles Villiers said that Drumont's book, recently published, called "Les Juifs en France" I think, is the title, is now very difficult to get, having been bought up by the Jews, that he had wished to get a copy, but was told by his bookseller that he could not get him a copy for fifty pounds. All this talk about the Jews was occasioned by Charles Villiers seeing my little statuette of Lord Beaconsfield on the writing-table in the library, near the room in which we were chatting and smoking. Charles Coventry amused us by telling about the Holland House ghosts. He declared that the reason why Lady Holland hardly ever stirs out of the house is that she fears to meet with her "wraith," as the daughter of Rich, the first Lord Holland, is said to have done in Charles I.'s time, in the Green Lane. He showed me, what I had never seen, a little closet at the

far end corner, on the right-hand of the principal doorway, and opening out of the wainscot in the old dining-room upstairs, out of which he declared that Lord Holland (who was beheaded under Cromwell) came out, passed into the room, and sat down with his head under his arm! Charles Villiers gave me a lift home; he lives in Sloane Street. He talked all the way back, an endless ripple of pleasant gossip. *A propos* of the Rothschilds, he said that the first of their family who came to London was recommended by Goldsmid & Co., as an agent to the Government. The war in the Peninsula was then in progress. Rothschild was told to call on the Prime Minister, Mr Perceval. Rothschild was in a great quandary as to what dress he should wear to appear before the Premier; he did so at length, attired in full Court dress!"

A few days later, after again dining at Holland House, I write: "Probably for the last time, I fear, for dear Lady Holland is very 'frail,' as the Scotch say. Frederic Cadogan—uncle of the present Lord Cadogan—told us a curious circumstance relating to his nephew's (Lord Chelsea's) property, now so valuable, but which was in his (Frederic Cadogan's) father's time, a kind of morass, only fit for vegetable gardens, lying below the level of the Thames. When the Underground Railway was made, this land was drained, and the former swamps became good and solid building-ground, now covered with streets and squares, and bringing in a vast fortune to the landlord."

After a pleasant expedition that summer into Devonshire with my clergyman friend, Sidney Propert—during which I saw more of England and its cathedrals than I had done since my driving tour from London to York—I paid a succession of visits to Sir Arthur Hodgson, at Clopton, Stratford-on-Avon, where the pedestal of my Shakespeare Monument was in course of construction. All the bronzes had arrived from Paris during the late summer, and at length, on the *10th of October*, the monument was unveiled.

While in Paris, in *August* of that year, I write: "The monument is at length on the eve of completion, and I feel almost inclined to sing the 'Nunc Dimittis.' In a few weeks' time the whole structure will be completed and given to the town of Shakespeare as a lasting tribute of endless admiration and reverence to the greatest of all geniuses."

STAFFORD HOUSE, *13th October.*

"The Great Day has come and passed—that of last *Wednesday*, *10th October*, when my Monument of Shakespeare was unveiled at Stratford-on-Avon. On that morning Sir Arthur Hodgson and I met George Augustus Sala at the station, who might truly have been called the guest of the occasion and of the day, and I shall always feel grateful to him for having taken the trouble to leave London at seven on a cold, raw, foggy morning, in order to take part in the function relating to my Shakespearian Monument. He appeared in his famous Astracan-lined greatcoat, and with his speech ready written out, which he gave to the correspondent of a local newspaper, who was awaiting him on the platform. There also came by the same train a lively little American lady, Miss Wakeman, who is a correspondent for half-a-dozen American papers. A little before twelve, we drove down into Stratford from Clopton. The company met in the Memorial Library, Lord Leigh and Sidney Propert among them. Volunteers lined the road, from the entrance up to the Monument, covered with Union Jacks. We formed a semicircle around it. The Mayor—Sir Arthur—led off by a most laudatory oration. After this I called on Lady Hodgson to unveil the Monument, which was accomplished without difficulty, and a loud and approving cheer greeted the appearance of Shakespeare, which looked well in the soft sunshine which seemed to bathe it in a kindly benison of light and life. The Volunteer band struck up "Warwickshire's Lads and Lasses," and the bells pealed from Shakespeare's Church tower. I felt very grateful and very glad to have, by God's good grace, been allowed to see the end and completion of my long labour, and to know that it was approved of by so many. A big luncheon followed in the Picture Gallery, followed by much speechifying. George Augustus Sala spoke admirably, with great effect, and even pathos, and I felt a lump in my throat during his peroration."

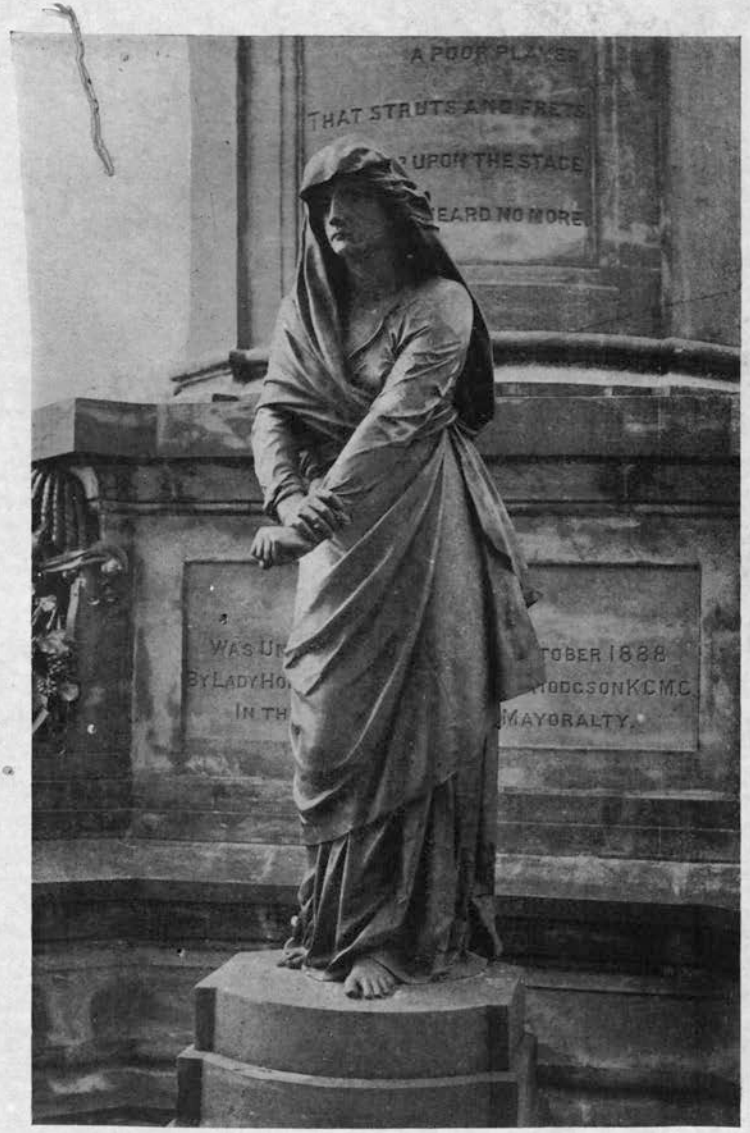
That year ended with a tragedy for us. My sister-in-law, the Duchess of Sutherland—"Annie," as we all called her—died on the *26th of November*, of a sudden and mysterious illness. She had come up from her place at Torquay a few days before to see my brother before he left for America, and was taken with her fatal illness

THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

[*To face page 70.*

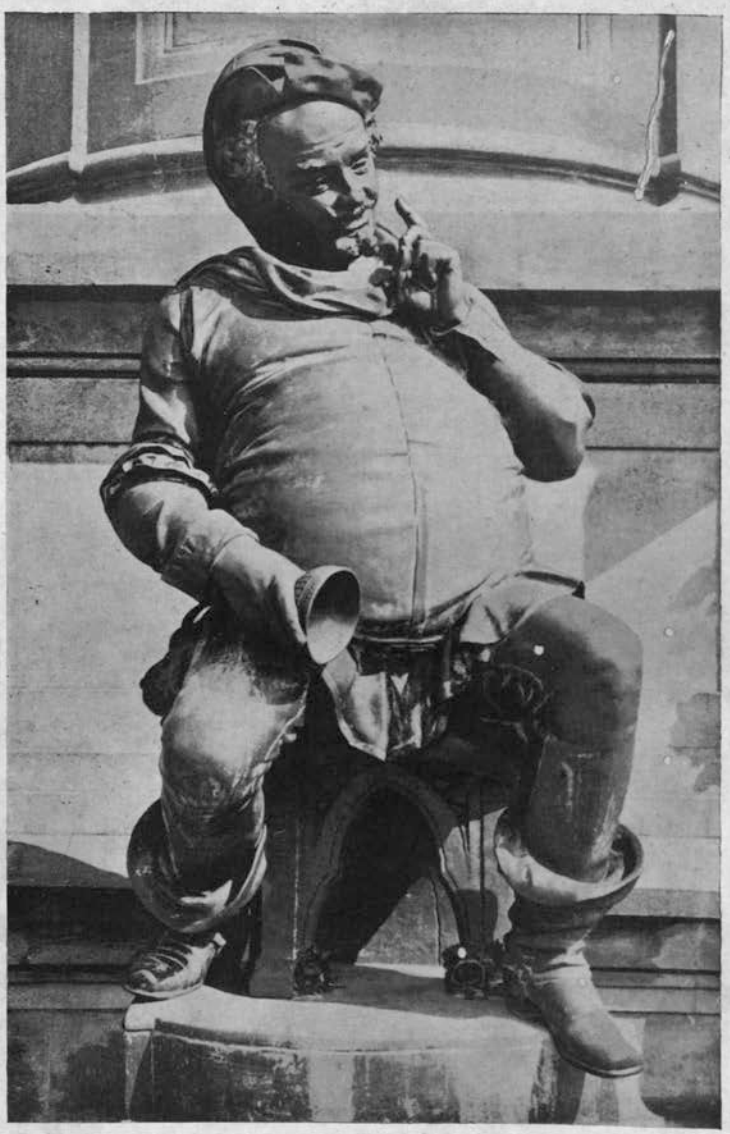
HAMLET (PHILOSOPHY).

[*To face page 70.*



LADY MACBETH (TRAGEDY).

[*To face page* 70.



FALSTAFF (COMEDY)

[*To face page 70.*

PRINCE HAL (HISTORY).

[*To face page* 70.

immediately on her arrival at Stafford House. As I wrote on the evening of her death, "In Annie I have lost a most true, dear, and never-changing friend; she was ever most kind and dear to me. She had bright qualities, a most generous heart, and an ever-open hand.

"*26th November.*

"Numbers of people have called, all greatly shocked at what seems a most terribly sudden death of one who appeared so full of life and strength. Walery has taken a photograph of the beautiful face, which looks supremely calm and peaceful in death, in the room in which my dearest mother died, more than twenty years ago. 'How soon, and in the same room,' as she herself said a short time before the end.

"*27th November.*

"This pouring wet morning, which made everything look even more melancholy than this darkened house now does, within and without, ushered in a visit from the Queen, who came with the Empress Frederick and Lady Churchill. They arrived at 11.50. The dear Queen, most kind and sympathetic, and full of the deepest feeling, which one knows is genuine, for she was truly fond of Annie, and appreciated her deep loyalty to her and hers. The Empress, a pathetic little figure in her deep mourning, all crape from above her head to her feet, and wearing a kind of Mary Stuart shaped black cap. When she lifted her veil, the plain, kindly little face seemed to me but little altered from what I remember it many years ago. They went upstairs at once, the Empress talking very feelingly of old times, and of recollections of my parents' lives, and alluded to a little baby sister of mine (Alexandra) who died in '49. I was surprised the Empress could remember so far back, but Royalties are blessed with marvellous memories. The Queen only entered half-way into the room, and turned and looked at me with a piteous look, shaking her head, 'But she looks as though she would speak,' she said. Then giving a beautiful cross of white lilies to my nephew to place on the bed, we returned downstairs to the Green Library, where the ladies formed a kind of circle. Here they remained about twenty minutes. The Empress told me she remembered my father leading her

and the Prince of Wales, when they were children, by either hand in these rooms. She then spoke of our many and irreparable losses through death, 'and dear Constance gone too!' 'Yes,' I said, 'all are gone,' and then she burst out crying. 'I, too,' the Empress said, 'have lost all I hold most dear in the world.' When I ventured to say that she still had her daughters to comfort her, she answered: 'Oh! but what is that to him I have lost?" but added, when we were passing into the entrance hall, when the Queen was having her cloak put on, "we shall meet again, and that knowledge sustains me here.' And then mother and daughter drove away, followed by Lady Churchill, and so ended this visit.

"On the *28th November* we left for Torquay for the funeral. The body had been taken down in an oak coffin, covered all over with crosses and flowered wreaths, and placed for a short space of time at the foot of the stairs. The great glass doors were opened, and under heavy rain and a leaden sky, all that was mortal of the dear, kind-hearted woman, that only a few days—hours indeed—ago, was mistress of the house, left it for ever."

1889

HÔTEL WESTMINSTER,
PARIS, *1st January.*

I CAME here to-day with Percy Ffrench, and am glad to leave the terribly depressing fog and darkness of London, a fog which during the last day or two has entered into everything, including one's lungs and, apparently, one's brain. The prospects of this New Year are anything but bright; however, one must try and be philosophical, and bear as well as one can all the weariness and crosses and ills and fardels of this troublesome existence, only trying, as far as one can, to give some happiness to others; and "sursum corda" should be one's motto.

6th January.

Being here with Percy Ffrench has made me "go out" more in society here the last few days than is my wont, but having now nothing to work at in the sculpture line has enabled me to do this without the feeling of wasting time, as in days gone by I should have thought it, and do, for that matter, feel it still.

I called on the Baronne Double, in the Avenue d'Antin, where I found her surrounded with some of the remains of the splendid collection of art furniture formed by her father-in-law. Among them are the "Fontenoy" Sèvres vases, made for the Maréchal de Saxe; Marie Antoinette's Dresden tea service, the game of chess given by the Siamese ambassadors to Louis XIV., and, in the Baron's study, the book-case of that King, once at Fontainebleau, among other treasures.

Another day I called with the Baronne on two of her friends, the Princesses Brancovin and Bibesco. The former

I knew, when she was in London, as Mdlle. Musurus, the daughter of the Turkish Ambassador. Both these ladies play superbly; both, too, are charming women, perfectly simple and unaffected.

Another day there was a dinner-party at the Doubles, where, among the various dishes, we had *ours à la Moscovite*, and a splendid service of Sèvres at dessert, a set of the famous "Buffon" plates, painted with birds, of which only one other set, I believe, is known, now in Russia.

A luncheon at the English Embassy, where I found Lady Lytton, surrounded by her children, "Lady Betty," the eldest, tall and pleasant, her husband, Gerald Balfour, a very intellectual-looking youth, and other daughters and a little son. Lord Lytton came in late, less absent in his manners than usual. He took me after luncheon to some friends of his, the Mocattas, she (formerly Blanche Roosevelt) a great invalid, and receives her visitors, as the French ladies used to do, in her bedroom, where she looked like a pretty and very fragile wax-work.

A dinner with an old friend of Percy's, Princess Woronzoff, at her house on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; she is a remarkable old Russian lady, a former beauty, in pre-Crimean War days, but there are traces left. Her son called himself Duc Montelfi de Stolypine, a man apparently of about fifty, with a rather Kalmuk-featured face and white curly hair; two other Russians present, a Princess Rimski Korsokoff, and the Princess's Russian secretary. After dinner the Princess showed us some of her splendid jewels, gorgeous pearls and diamonds, and a brooch with a huge ruby. Later came in the beauty, Madame Bernadaky, whose advent in London had made such a sensation. She is said to be half a Jewess; very beautiful, of the Lady de Grey type. She sang some Russian songs—the airs composed by the Princess. All the Princess's servants are Russian; an old major-domo, white-haired, has been with the family fifty years—old retainers always speak well for the masters.

Percy Ffrench has been paying something like a score of visits a day; how he does it, I cannot understand. I find that one or two a day are quite sufficient, and more than sufficient, to make one lose half one's day. It had been my intention to go south to Barcelona from Paris, but meeting an English couple, who had been obliged to make a journey of four days and nights between Barcelona and Paris, on account of the floods—the railway line south of

Narbonne being all under water—I determined to postpone my southern journey and return to London. Before doing so I saw something more of French society. Dined with Percy Ffrench at the Countess D——'s; we were ten or twelve at dinner, quite filling the little dining-room. A most elaborate dinner. I cannot say that I thought the talk either interesting or amusing; it consisted principally of noise. The author of some delightful semi-historical books, M. de St. Amand, was one of the guests; the Duc de Montmorency, another. The little that I have seen during the last few days of Parisian Society confirms me in my previous impression of its extreme shallowness and ill-nature. To overhear the smart women tear each other's reputation to rags, as we did while smoking cigarettes after dinner at Madame D——'s, is enough to make one wish never to see anything more of such people. It is a Society which lives, feeds, and battens on ill-nature and detraction.

At the end of *January* I passed a few days at Algiers with Percy Ffrench.

ALGIERS, 30*th January*.

We met the M'Carthys, *père*, *fils*, and *fille*; they have no liking for this place, but think it preferable to London in winter. We drove to the new church built on the left of the town by Cardinal Lavigerie—the view from it splendid; but the church itself is tawdry, and full of absurd *ex-votos*, which are principally little dolls hung in festoons round the walls, interspersed with crutches and models of ships. The effect very pagan, accentuated by a hideous Madonna with a black face, which stands above the High Altar, and is known as the "Ste. Vierge d'Afrique."

I finished "Robert Elsmere" in the public gardens; a very remarkable, but very sad, almost morbid, novel.

My friend left Algiers for Tunis and Italy, while I crossed to Port Vendres, and then went *viâ* Perpignan to Barcelona, putting up again, as on former visits, at the Hotel of the Four Nations.

15*th February*.

Last night I dined with the little Marquis de Villa Palma and his wife; we had a regular Spanish dinner. I have now received half as much hospitality in Spain as

the Duke of Wellington did, who is recorded in his conversations with Lord Stanhope to have said he had only, while in Spain, been asked twice to dine out.

Visited the collection of armour belonging to Signor Estrache, placed in a long gallery in a house near the top of the Rambla. It is one of the finest private collections in existence, and illustrates the history of armour by admirable specimens, from the fourth century up to the seventeenth century. Some of the old cannon with the very rough carriages are very curious, and there are some dozen of old saddles with gorgeous silk and other trappings, with mailed sides, very rare and magnificent.

I had now a good opportunity of visiting the island of Majorca, having been asked to do so by the son of a well-known engineer, whom I had met with his wife that winter in Paris. My host was engaged in reclaiming land in that island, where he had a place, in which he passed the greater part of the year.

Accordingly, we left Barcelona, on the *13th of March*, at night, and arrived before dawn off the port of Alcudia, where we landed, and thence drove some eight miles to La Puebla, where my host had a comfortable dwelling, with English furniture and appointments. We visited his property at Albufera, some six miles from La Puebla; it is a large tract of land, some five thousand acres in extent, formerly all a marsh, now under elaborate cultivation; this work of reclamation was begun some five-and-twenty years ago by his father, and is now under my host's sole charge. About one hundred and twenty men are employed on the place, in which there are forty miles of road, and most of them excellent. Large engines are used, and everything is in splendid order and admirably kept up. We had luncheon at a building in the middle of the property—an excellent meal of stewed eels, mutton and rice, prepared by the workmen. Although as ignorant as the dead regarding agriculture and machinery, I was much interested in the day's sight-seeing.

Another day we visited Alcudia, where we had landed, but then it was still too dark to see it. The village is a miserable place, but remarkable for the double lines of walls by which it is surrounded; these walls are principally Moorish, but with Roman porticos about them; they are of a beautiful rich apricot colour. These walls were given to my host's father for building purposes by the municipality

of the place; of course he did not touch them. The view from the top of these old walls is beautiful; the hills towering in the distance were of a glorious blue. As we drove back to La Puebla, the hills became of a deep plum colour as the daylight died away.

The day after, we made a very interesting excursion to the famous caves of Arta. Thanks to my host, what generally takes the tourist two days to accomplish, with a miserable inn to pass the night in, at Manacor, we accomplished between seven in the morning and seven that evening. We had a special train to Manacor, whence we drove some sixteen miles to Arta, where is a finely situated church on a hill, overlooking the town, where once stood a Roman fortress. Arta is a town of narrow, precipitous streets with miserable houses. We drove on some four miles further, over a dreary plain, and reached the sea-coast and our destination. We then walked up a wooded path by the side of the sea, along a beautiful wooded promontory, that falls in Devon-like coloured rocks flush into the blue sea.

The entrance to the caves is up some steps, passing under a pointed archway, some twenty feet high by thirty wide, shaped like the maw of some gigantic shark. We found here a couple of guides, with flambeaux and Bengal lights; a couple of coast-guard men also came in with us. Passing down many steps, we entered a high pillared hall, with stalactites formed by the drip of countless centuries of the lime water. The most beautiful feature in one of these caverns is a huge pillar, some hundred and twenty feet high, springing from the centre of the cave, and reaching up to the roof, dimly seen above, a pillar which looks like a gigantic, petrified palm tree. The general appearance of these caves is that of a forest of palms and tropical plants petrified into stone; some of the pillars are grotesque in form, and are called by all manner of names. The discoloration of these pillars and walls by the smoke of the torches is a blot upon their beauty, and the grotesqueness of some of the forms of these monstrous stalactites takes off a little the impressive feeling that these caverns would otherwise have; but they are well worth seeing. It takes an hour to walk through these gloomy caves, in which, but for the lights carried by the guides, one might lose oneself, like in the Roman catacombs. Perhaps the most remarkable of these subterraneous halls is a huge one with a kind of gigantic upper gallery running along one of its sides;

from the roof hang down two enormous stalactites, not unlike in appearance to banners in some cathedral chancel.

Another day we went to the capital of the island, Palma, where we stayed a night at the house of our Consul, Mr Mark. His rooms very prettily decorated with Majorcan pots and pans, and embroideries made here. We visited the splendid Cathedral. Magnificent in proportion, the slight pillars which support the roof are admirable, but the idiots here have lately stuck in some abominable stained glass. The streets of Palma are most picturesque. It is altogether a most quaint old town, with beautiful old houses (palaces they call them) with lovely courtyards and outer staircases. The Town Hall a most remarkable building, with handsome eaves, elaborately carved in stone. This place would give an artist occupation for a year, for Palma is certainly one of the most paintable towns in Europe. The colour of the stone of which the Cathedral and principal houses are built is a rich amber, which, under this semi-tropical sun, glows like old gold. We visited the fine old castle of Belver, which, although ancient, and not spoilt by restoration, has the look of a castle on the stage; the view from its terrace and tower of Palma and the sea is superb. This is the place the Butes took one winter.

On our return to Palma, the setting sun threw a golden glory over the town, which looked like Jerusalem the Golden! Mr Wood, who writes so enthusiastically of this place in his book, "Letters from Majorca," has not, I think, at all exaggerated the beauty of Palma; for it is a place with which no one, however *blasé*, can, I think, be disappointed.

The following day we visited the beautiful cloister of San Francesco, now used as a prison, and inspected the handsome Longa, with its splendid hall and its dozen graceful, palm-like pillars; the Town Hall, a noble building, was undergoing repair. Ben Dinat, a lovely Palma villa, belonging to the Montenegros, was also visited. Vulgarly furnished, it has exquisitely beautiful views over the harbour, and might be made a delightful house. We had a visit from a Conde de Ayamans, who has distinguished himself by ruining his beautiful palace in the town, but it retains a splendid courtyard of the early sixteenth century.

On the *23rd of March* we made an expedition into the interior of the island, driving to Valdemosa through groves of olives, and through a gorge in the hills.

Valdemosa is a deserted monastery, made famous by

George Sand, who stayed a winter there with Chopin, some fifty years ago, and where they passed a most uncomfortable time. It stands high, and with a fine view, but is not a place one would care to stop at long. Thence we drove up many hills, and at length came in sight o ıt'ıe sea above Miramar. That is a place which once seen ıs not easily forgotten. The distant hills were all purple in colour, and below, the deeply blue sea, flecked with white silvery waves, breaking beneath on the red, rocky promontory which juts out far into the water, made up a peerless land and sea scape. Olive and oak trees, a mass of brilliant colour, come right down to the sea. While overlooking this scene, and picnicking on a flat stone, from which we had a view of sea, hills, and woods all around, we were joined by the proprietor of this lovely place, the Archduke Louis Salvador. He was dressed in a blue pilot jacket and cap, and was all over dirt, and with hair unkempt, and his somewhat uncouth features, looked like a member of a German band. My host knew him well. He was most courteous to us, and took us to see all the best views of the place, also the house and gardens. The Archduke speaks English fluently, besides a dozen other languages, is very well informed, and has written and published (privately) quite a little library of books about this island. His house is a common-looking one, but he has collected some curios made in Majorca, furniture and china. In one of the rooms on the ground floor is a marble group, of a young Hungarian, who was the Archduke's secretary, who died some years ago at Palma; he is represented lying in a ship, supported by the figure of an angel.

We visited the gardens of a new house he is building, which will be far larger than his present home, and is to contain a marble hall. Altogether, Miramar is one of the loveliest spots that imagination can fancy, and seems too beautiful to be of the earth earthy.

We left Miramar to come on to the goal of our journey, Castel de Port, near Soller, and we had another gloriously beautiful drive of a couple of hours, down into the beautiful valley of Soller. Leaving that little town on our left, we came in a couple of miles to the port of Soller, thence up a steep hill to a quaint, old, farmhouse-like building, where we are now staying. A part of the building appears formerly to have been fortified; on the lintel of the entrance door is the date 1646. There is an old tower, which

is probably far older, built on the native rock. The view of the land-locked port is very picturesque, and so are the surrounding hills. The great mountain, the Puich Major, towers above them; it still has snow upon it. The rooms of this old place would suit Don Quixote. The walls are whitewashed, with timber ceilings; a few frightful daubs in oil hang on the walls, saints and saintesses; high-backed old chairs, some two centuries old, are placed in rows against the walls, old cedar window-panes in place of glass; but there is a *retirado* here, which did not exist in the Don's time, so in that respect we are better off than he.

We have visited Soller and its pretty suburbs, and climbed to the village of Fornalutz, on the most picturesque of sites; the grand, rocky mountains towering above, and in the valley beneath, orchards of oranges and venerable old olive trees, with flowering pear and almond trees. We left Soller, with regret, next day, after a visit to the monastery on the summit of a hill. On our return drive to Palma, we stopped at Rexas, a delightfully situated old country place of the Conde of Montenegro, once a Moorish palace, now a very ramshackle building, forming three sides of a square, with a huge tree in the middle of the court. The gardens, for Spain, are well kept. The chief interest in this place is the collection of Roman statuary which came from Gavin Hamilton's villa, and among much trash there are some fine fragments. The gem of the collection is a grand bust of Augustus; this belonged to a Cardinal del Puich, an ancestor of the present owner. The custodian of the villa is a dear old lady, not unlike Maria Theresa, but wearing her own grey hair tied in a pigtail down her back. There is a delightful old flight of stone steps in the garden, with a grove of cypresses growing above, reminding one of Hubert Robert's garden scenes. The views from the garden, over Palma, with the old cathedral in the foreground and the sea beyond, are beautiful.

We returned to the English Consul's at Palma, and visited on the following day some of the old palaces in the town. The finest of these belongs to the Conde de Villalonga; within are a suite of rooms the walls of which are covered with fine old Flemish tapestries, subjects from the life of Cleopatra, coarse in design, but good in colour, with handsome emblematical borders. These good-natured people appear to delight in showing their artistic

possessions, and the Contessa showed us her jewels; among these was a superbly gold enamelled figure of St Francis with attendant cherubs. We saw some good Spanish paintings in the house of an old Signor de Veri. He has a fine full-length portrait, by Murillo, of a saturnine-faced young man, the individual unknown; this was brought by the Count's father from Madrid. Here, too, were some good Riberas, and a pretty little Holy Family by Murillo; but the young man's portrait was worth all the pictures in the collection. Another palace we saw was that of the Marquis de Vivot, with a double courtyard, the rooms with handsome early eighteenth-century ceilings, the walls of crimson damask. Here was a fine Ribera of St Antony. We revisited the Cathedral, and the Church of Sta. Eulalia. It is remarkable to find so much art in a town in so small an island, but sad to find how few of the owners of these treasures appear to appreciate them. The Cathedral possesses a treasury; the finest art object there, is a splendid ivory crucifix; there are also some splendid silver candelabras. There was an exhibition of native art, which we visited, where I bought a clever little view of windmills facing the harbour, by a painter named Fusta. The Public Library and the Archæological Museum are worth seeing, and so is the Tomb, in the Church of St Francis, of Raymond Lullio, whose books we had seen in the Library. We returned to La Puebla *en route* for Barcelona. Before leaving the island, however, we visited the monastery at Polenza, placed on the top of a hill, some twelve hundred feet above the sea; the view from the top repaid a long climb up a roughly-cobbled path; there is a curious chapel here, and a fortified tower. It was here that a massacre of the unfortunate monks took place, the latter having given way too much to their feelings with the ladies of the locality.

On our last evening in the island, my host got some musicians from the neighbouring village to play and dance native dances, of which a *fandango* was highly successful.

Embarking at Palma on the evening of the *3rd of April* we reached Barcelona the next morning. It had been a most pleasant and interesting visit, and if there was only better accommodation to be had in the island, no place could make a better winter station than Majorca.

I was again in London early in April of that year.

Writing on the *12th of April*: "I received a card for the funeral service of the Duchess of Cambridge. The Chapel Royal not over-crowded, but all the Ministers and Ambassadors seemed to be there. I was in a pew at right angles with one in which Mr Gladstone took his seat, and after the service I had some talk with him. He said they were going to Hawarden to-morrow, that his son Willie, who had had a stroke two months ago, was better."

On the *21st* of this month, I dined at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty more gracious, if that is possible, than ever.

I was again at Stratford-on-Avon at the close of that month, the guest of the kind Charles Flowers at Avonbank, and had the satisfaction of showing my monument of Shakespeare to my nephew Lorne, who, on his way to a political meeting at Birmingham, broke his journey at Stratford-on-Avon, a place which, like so many Englishmen who should know better, he had never visited. Mr Arbuthnot, the Rector, did him the honours of Shakespeare's Church. He had been at Eton with him in the early sixties, and both were in the same division in that school. In the evening Mr Osmond Tearle's company gave a performance of *Henry VI.* in the Memorial Theatre. What made this a memorable performance was, that it was the first occasion upon which the First Part had been played since the days of Shakespeare. It was admirably mounted, and the costumes were correct, and, considering what a bad acting play it is, very commendably performed.

At luncheon, a Mrs Fraser, a very distinguished-looking Edinburgh lady, with her daughter, came to Avonbank. The daughter, somewhat like Ellen Terry, played the part in *Henry IV.* of "young John Talbot," and that of "Virginia" in Sheridan Knowles' play of *Virginius*, and to dinner came two good-looking and pleasing, tall, maiden great-granddaughters of Charles Young, the well-known actor. Knowles' play of *Virginius* went well to-night, but the house was a meagre one.

I went to Holland at the end of April.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE,
ROTTERDAM, *28th April.*

Here I am, for the third time, in quaint, artistic little Holland—a country hallowed to me, both on account of its splendid stand against the Spanish devils in the sixteenth century, and for its glorious artists. My first visit here was in '75, when I remained some time, and took infinite pains in writing a little handbook (or Pocket Guide, I think I called it) to the public and private Galleries of Holland and Belgium; and the second time was when I came here some half-dozen years ago with Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate's nephew.

29th April.

I went by steamer this morning to Dort, or Dortdrecht, a place I had not visited since my first visit to Holland. A pleasant trip to make by water on such a fine morning as this has been, a warm sun, balmy air, and flossy clouds floating in the blue ether, the Maas alive with hundreds of picturesque boats and barges of all sizes and colours, the elm trees on the river banks tinged with green. Visited the Cathedral, which, with the old elms around it, has the look of some English cathedral close. Dort is full of subjects for a painter, and is one of the most paintable of Dutch towns, even in this most picturesque and paintable of countries. Mahaffy, in his recently published little book on Holland, does full justice to Dort. As a rule, I believe but few people visit it, even when stopping at Rotterdam.

30th April.

The famous stained glass in the Church of Gouda I had not seen on my previous visits to this country; but I have seen them to-day, and they are worth making the journey to Holland to see—not that they are the kind of painted glass windows I most admire, as at Chartres, for these of Gouda date roughly from between 1550 to 1600, and are more the kind that give magnificence to a great banqueting-hall, than such as suit the solemn beauty that becomes a church. There are nine-and-twenty of these windows, of large size, and a number of smaller ones. The finest were designed by the brothers

Crabetto. In one of these Philip II. is represented, with the Last Supper in the background, and the arms of England and Spain appear together. The church has been once a very handsome one, but is now, as is the case in all Dutch churches, disfigured with whitewash, and the roof is a hideous, waggon-shaped, wooden one, probably put up after the last fire which occurred here; for my old Dutch guide-book, "*Les Delices de l'Hollande*," states that, "*Elle* (the church) *a senti deux fois la fureur de Vulcain.*"

The next day I visited the church at Breda, in order to see the Nassau Tombs in the "Old Church." That of Engelbert II., Count of Nassau, and his countess, is a superbly sculptured tomb, and it undoubtedly gave the idea of the fine old de Vere Monument at Westminster Abbey; it is usually attributed to Michel Angelo. The tomb would be much improved if it were raised three feet or so above the level of the floor. Besides this Nassau Tomb are some of the fourteenth century. There is also a fine restored tomb of two Earls of Nassau and their wives (*circa* 1400), with a finely-sculptured Madonna and Child, and a Cardinal and St John the Baptist and St George.

From Rotterdam I went on to the Hague, and put up at the delightful old Doelen Hotel: Mine host says it is five hundred years old, but this requires confirmation. However, under a bas-relief of St George and the Dragon occurs the date 1632, so that makes it venerable among inns, and, as I found it when first here in the early seventies, it is one of the most comfortable in Europe.

My first visit here was made to the Mauritzhuis, and Rembrandt's "Dr Tulp and His Pupils," which seemed to me more magnificent than ever. It can hardly be called painting, for it is life itself, and life with intellect combined. Paul Potter's "Bull" does not gain by being re-seen; it is like a fine colour print, and is, I think, one of the over-rated great pictures of the world.

Thus, mostly in sight-seeing, I passed a pleasant fortnight in that delightful town of the Hague.

Amsterdam has a new and magnificent gallery, the "Rijks" Museum of Art, a splendid building without and within. I think, next to the Louvre and the great galleries of the Pitti and Uffizi at Florence, that this is the most enjoyable that exists. The building is admirably lighted throughout, and there is a feeling of space and

height about it which makes that feeling of oppression caused by so many galleries and museums impossible here.

The great Rembrandt, the so-called "Night Watch," is admirably placed by itself at the end of a room, and can be seen throughout the length of the building; his picture of the "Syndics" is also admirably placed. This museum combines, as it were, the South Kensington with the Hôtel Cluny and National Gallery, all under the same roof.

The splendid Frans Hals's at Haarlem were duly revisited, and also the Tomb of William the Silent, at Delft, a noble monument, although approaching, especially in the case of the four female figures at the angles, the rococo style of art.

No town has a more delightful wood at its very door than has the Hague in its delightful "Bosh"—(I must except Weimar, which in its park matches even the wood at the Hague). One evening, leaving the crowded streets, *en fête* for the fortieth anniversary of the King's reign, I wandered by moonlight in the wood. About nine, I went into the Bosh, and I have seldom seen a more perfectly beautiful sight than that place, with the almost full moon throwing the softest light through the young verdure of the beech trees. That wood is certainly the greatest charm in the Hague, and morning and afternoon it is equally delightful to wander there. I have one especial favourite spot, a seat close by the little lake, from which one has a view of an island covered with trees, and where two copper-coloured beeches are reflected in the water.

I left my beloved Hague on the *15th of May*, staying a day at Utrecht, where at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, I had passed some pleasant and studious days on my first visit to Holland. Visiting the Cathedral, I was grieved to find that the beautiful old cloister, with the quaint rope pattern in its arches, was undergoing a ruthless restoration. I also revisited that quaint and delightful and most interesting Archiepiscopal Museum, full of missals and carvings. The Malliebaum (Pall Mall angles) struck me as smaller and less imposing than was my recollection of it; but the lilacs, copper beeches, and pink and white horse-chestnut trees, in full bloom there, were quite a feast for one's eyes.

On the *17th of May*, I was at Dusseldörff; no trouble about examining luggage on the frontier. I have always

found these good German officials on their frontiers most civil, in strong contrast to those in France and Italy.

The beauty of the flowers and foliage in the park here (Dusseldörff) are beyond description. I have been reading Dumas' delightful novel, "La Tulipe Noir"; also Rider Haggard's "Colonel Quaritch, V.C."; and "John Ward, Preacher," a very remarkable novel, written by an American lady named Deland.

Thence by Bonn to Coblenz. It is thirty-five years since I was last on Father Rhine. From Coblenz I visited that most picturesque place, Limbourg. Like all other places within easy distance of the railway, the old town of Limbourg is rapidly disappearing, and hideous modern buildings are replacing the quaint old heavy-roofed, grey-tiled buildings; but much still remains of the quaint old place, and the Dom (*i.e.* Cathedral) is alone well worth a visit, although its interior has been restored. Its situation above the river reminds one not a little of Durham, and the view from the old bridge is a beautiful one. There is a delightful inn here, the Nassau Höf, its garden all fringed round with trellised vines, and smelling of new-mown hay, lilacs and pinks; a pleasant place to pass a week at. Any one fond of old places should visit Limbourg.

The following day I passed on the "legend-haunted river," sleeping at Mayence. Mayence I found much increased in size since I was there last, at the outbreak of the war in '70.

The next day found me at the Frankforter Höf at Frankfort.

FRANKFORT, *28th May.*

Visited the much-restored Cathedral, which looks more like an ecclesiastical museum than a church; it is now full of scaffolding. How much one would like to have seen this church, which has witnessed so many magnificent Coronations, as it was in the Middle Ages. I also went to the old red-stone bridge. Above a central arch still stands a cross with a gilt bronze cock on top, which Goethe used, when a child, to gaze on with astonishment; and from this bridge, on one occasion, Schiller gazed down into the river and said that his sorrows were greater, and flowed swifter, than did the stream; but what his particular sorrows were, I forget. The statues to those two poets here are not satisfactory.

29th May.

*. This has been a most interesting day. On returning to the hotel from the Zoological Gardens last night, I found a telegram from Count Seckendorff, telling me that the Empress Frederick wished me to come to luncheon the following day at the Castle at Homburg. Accordingly, this morning I took the noonday train to Homburg, where at the station I found a victoria waiting with two handsome dark greys; in this I was driven up a street, mostly composed of hotels; then we turned to the left, and passing beneath an archway of an old castle, about which a score or so of soldiers were standing, entered a courtyard, the principal feature of which is a detached old tower with machicolations round the top; this tower faces the castle entrance. Entering the castle, I walked up a wide staircase flanked by pillars, the walls hung with full-length portraits of old dead and gone Hesse Homburg magnates. I was ushered into a sitting-room, the walls of which were covered with yellow silk. The windows of this room overlook an old-fashioned, formal garden, with pollarded chestnut trees. This quaint old garden, with its trim primness, with the hills beyond of the Taunus range on the blue horizon, might have been in Scotland, were it not for the red-roofed houses of the town on either side.

I was soon summoned into another room, passing through one in which stood a billiard-table and a half-length portrait of William III. (miscalled on the painting, Charles II.), and found the Empress in the further room. She wore the deep mourning dress in which I had last seen her, when she came in November last with the Queen to Stafford House, but not being an out-of-door costume it appeared less sombre. I thought the Empress looking older than when in London; her hair is getting grey at the temples. On my saying that the castle and gardens reminded me of some old Scottish place, Her Majesty said that it was most uncomfortable, being much out of repair, and that in summer the smell from a place where hides are cured, which is close by the castle, is dreadful. "I can do nothing here," she said, "for this is Crown property, and I have only a little place I bought near here, Cronberg."

The Empress's eldest unmarried daughter soon appeared. Shortly after, we passed back through the billiard-room, when I was presented to the Crown Prince of Greece, a straight-featured youth, and his *fiancée*, the Empress's

daughter; and the third, and youngest, of her daughters was also there, who resembles very closely some of our Royal Family. The suite were in the outer room—Count Seckendorff, grey-haired and with blue spectacles, and three ladies, all of whom were in the deepest mourning.

The Empress took the Crown Prince's arm, and I had the honour of going into the dining-room with the eldest of the Princesses.

The dining-room is handsome, with portraits of the old Emperor and his brother facing one another. I sat beside the Empress, on her left hand. I noticed that the Empress spoke in English to the Crown Prince of Greece, who sat on her right. Very sombre looked the company, all being in black, the servants in plain black liveries and wearing no powder. It seemed strange in a Prussian Court not to see a scrap of uniform, for, with the exception of the sentries at the gate, and those near the old castle entrance (on the tower of which, carved in the red sandstone, ramps, half out of the masonry, an old Elector on horseback armed *cap-à-pie*) not a trace of uniform appeared. On the dinner-table were some handsome frosted silver bowls filled with roses; the luncheon was more solid than elaborate. Some excellent strawberries at dessert. A little Jap in native costume waited; he had been brought from Japan by one of the ladies of the household. A Dachshund was under the table, occasionally appearing from beneath it.

I passed about an hour, after the luncheon was over, with the Empress in her room; her talk intensely interesting; I have kept a record of it. At times it was not only sad, but tragic. There is little left in the old castle in the way of pictures or art objects, for after the death, some fifty years ago, of the Empress's great-aunt, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., who married the old Elector, everything was dispersed immediately. After that the castle became the property of a Princess of Reuss, who lived here till the war of 1866, when Prussia took possession of Homburg, and the Princess had to pay an indemnity of one million marks. In the Empress's room is a mezzotint of Gainsborough's portrait of George IV., when Prince of Wales, a life-size head, in crayons, of the late Emperor, and a miniature of George III. in uniform, and a bust of little Prince Waldemar, the Empress's son, who died in childhood.

The Empress gave me photographs of the late Emperor, of herself, and of the poor little Prince who died so young, and whom she still so deeply mourns. As I was leaving

the Empress told me she hoped we might meet at Athens, where she goes for her daughter's wedding to the Crown Prince, in October.

We had spoken about the death-mask of Shakespeare at Darmstadt, and the Empress told me that its former owner, Dr Becker, had died, and that his widow probably now owns that precious cast. The Empress told me that she would find out for me what had become of it; so I have still hopes of being able to secure it for England.

HÔTEL DE RUSSIE,
WURZBURG, *2nd June.*

This is a comfortable but somewhat antiquated caravansery. I have been over the Residency (the old palace of the Prince Archbishops), a shoddy kind of Versailles, but with some fine features about it—its grand staircase, for instance, with its immense ceiling painted by Tiepolo, also the chapel and the marble hall, striking in their over-gaudy rococoness; many of the rooms, apparently furnished for Napoleon's visit here in 1812, in the hideous "Empire" style of upholstery; the gardens, much neglected, a tangled wilderness of former magnificence. The iron gates are almost as fine as those at Nancy.

BAYRISCHER HÖF,
NUREMBERG, *4th June.*

It would be difficult to describe the pleasure it is to be here again—my second visit to this—

> "Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
> Quaint old town of art and song"—

as Longfellow so happily calls it. This comfortable old hotel has been an inn for four centuries at least; the date 1561 is carved on an escutcheon in the courtyard, but I believe it was an inn a century before that date. My window looks over the river, across to a most delightful jumble of old houses; on the right rises an old tower, and the bridge across the Peignitz is covered with old buildings. I never tire of this view.

I passed a pleasant month of that hot summer at this delightful old place, and although I was sight-seeing every day, did not feel to have exhausted the things worth seeing over and over again in what is one of Europe's most fascinating old cities. The great collection of mediæval antiquities

in the "Germanischer Museum" would take many days to see thoroughly, with its seventy rooms, galleries and corridors full of treasures and curiosities of old German armour and all manner of ware. Formerly a Carthusian convent, it was, owing to the interest taken in it by the Emperor Frederick, transformed into one of the richest and most interesting of museums, and is now a perfect palace of art.

Bound up with Albert Dürer's work and life, Nuremberg is a shrine to that great artist's memory, far more so than Venice to Titian, or Florence to Buonarotti; and no grave that I know is so full of pathetic beauty as his, on which the word, "Emigravit" is inscribed.

Early in June I made an excursion of some interest to the quaint old town of Rothenburg, on the Tuaber, stopping *en route* at Anspach. I had some curiosity to see that place, partly owing to that gay English-born Margravine who wrote her "Reminiscences." The Castle-Palace Garden of Anspach was delightfully cool and fragrant, with its avenues of limes. In it is a Gothic monument to that mysterious being, Gasper Hauser, on the spot where he was mortally stabbed. Visited the vaults under the church, where are the highly ornamented coffins of a score or so of Margraves and Margravines, placed upon wooden pedestals like those at Brunswick. I could not find the English Margravine's coffin; she is probably buried at Bayreuth.

The Schloss is a most curious building, but little modernised within, with some good rococo rooms, one all glass walls, with gilt framework and Saxon china figures stuck all around; also some frightful daubs in a long gallery, portraits of the Margraves and their wives. Reached our destination, Rothenburg, at four that afternoon, having left Nuremberg at eight in the morning.

Walking through the gates of this curious old town, unchanged these three centuries, we passed before the handsome old Town Hall, and found comfortable quarters in the inn, "Der Goldener Hirsch." Our windows commanded a glorious view, all over the valley of the Tauber. To the right and left stretched the old walls, flanked by graceful towers; below, the river wended its way along the plain, and a graceful little chapel stands in the middle distance. It was a view that recalled some of Albert Dürer's backgrounds to his pictures, with the combination of old walls and towers and the distant line of hills. A heavy

thunderstorm broke over Rothenburg that night, and, in spite of the heat, we had to close the shutters of our rooms.

WHIT MONDAY, *10th June.*

Up and about early, first visiting the beautiful Cathedral of St Jacob, which contains some wonderfully fine sixteenth-century oak carving, and three good stained-glass windows. The streets were full of men in the costume of 1630, and soldiers guarded every tower and gatehouse, clothed in helmets, and armed with morions, pikes, and pistols. In front of the fine old Town Hall (Rath Haus) were drawn up a company of halberdiers. A squadron of mounted cavaliers rode through the streets and clattered by, and one fully expected to see Rupert at their head. All this paraphernalia was owing to that day being kept by the town in memory of its siege and taking by Tilly, in the Thirty Years' War. We made Tilly's acquaintance (who was a photographer of the place) later that day. All the neighbouring country came to see this sight, and it is one well worth coming a long way to see; it is known by the name of the "Meister-Drank"—an episode which occurred here in 1631, when Rothenburg was besieged by the Imperialists under Tilly. After an obstinate stand, the town was taken. Tilly entered the Town Hall in triumph, and gave orders for all the magistrates of the place to be executed. Owing to a happy idea of the Burgomaster's daughter, Tilly was supplied with wine out of a mighty stoup, out of which he drank, then passed it on to his officers. All drank, but the stoup remained still half full. Tilly was then told that one of the town council was able to drink the contents of the stoup at a draught. "If one of you," said Tilly, to the magistrates, "is able to do this feat, I will pardon you." The town councillor then stepped forward, the stoup was filled to the brim, and quaffed without the least drop being left within. "By God!" shouted Tilly, "he has drunk it out!" The curtain then falls on the pardoned magistrates and the jubilation of the crowd. The story is a true one, and the house in which the mighty drinker lived is inscribed with that worthy's name, who by his "master drink," as it is called, saved his city; and the play we saw was performed on the very spot where the event took place, in the hall of the Rath Haus. The

Town Hall was crammed by a crowd which stretched from floor to ceiling, the enthusiasm immense; the representation lasted two hours, and the performance was excellent. At one part the cannon is fired from without, and in another the organ and voices of women are heard from a neighbouring church, while the siege is taking place, praying for the safety of the town. Perhaps among the many picturesque scenes of that day, the progress (Zug) into the town of Tilly's army was the finest; at the close a triumphal car passed by, escorted by the troops, on which stands a young woman, emblematical of the town. The mounted Croats, with Pappenheim in command, were admirably represented, and even the camp-followers with their waggons were not forgotten. There was a camp outside the town walls, but a heavy thunderstorm prevented us seeing this part of the show, a sight which certainly should be seen by any one interested in art and past times.

Rothenburg (without this "Meister-Drank") is well worth visiting; it is a veritable paradise for an artist.

This performance of the Thirty Years' War takes place, I believe, on the Whit Monday of every third year, or about on that date. The first performance was given in 1881. We were told that the town had spent sixteen hundred pounds on the dresses alone—those are all genuine old armour and accessories — and all the performers are natives of the place—many, therefore, descendants of those who took part in the siege of 1631.

There is a delightful public park belonging to Rothenberg, called the "Wild Park," by the side of the Tauber. Here is a spot which looked like one of Hobbema's landscapes, where the stream breaks over a little fall, among trees, and with the red-roofed old houses on its banks.

It was two o'clock the next morning before we got back to Nuremberg, but the trip was well worth the trouble we had taken.

12th June.

I was sorry to see that John O'Connor is dead. Another link with the past is gone with him. When I was last at Stratford-on-Avon, I heard he was very ill. He was not only a good artist, but a thoroughly good fellow, which is a much scarcer quality than the former. We passed many a pleasant day together some ten or fifteen years ago.

HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE,
PRAGUE, *5th June.*

On my way from Nuremberg to Prague, I had to wait some time at Eger, a somewhat dismal place. I visited its few sights—to wit, the Burgomeister Haus, in which Wallenstein was assassinated (it is now a museum), looked into the Cathedral, and visited the ruins of the Castle, a ruin save for the beautiful Barbarossa Chapel, which appeared to me one of the most interesting remains of clerical architecture that I had seen in Germany.

With Prague I was much disappointed. Although the view across the Moldau is fine, with the Hradshin in the foreground and the hills in the distance, I am decidedly disappointed with the aspect of this place. It is terribly rococo, and the style of Maria Theresa is visible on all sides, even the far-famed Karlsbruke, with its group of statuary, is of that bastard style of architecture. I remarked that all the peasantry, when passing before the large gilt Crucifixion, which forms one of these groups, uncover their heads. The palace also, which one has to climb two hundred and three steps to get to, is painfully baroque in style; and nothing remains of the old palace as it was when Prince Rupert's parents lived in it. I had doubtless been spoilt by having come freshly from incomparable Nuremberg to the capital of old Bohemia, and I left it without regret after a day or two, for Dresden.

The railway line between Prague and Dresden runs through a lovely country; this is especially the case at Aussig and Bodenbach; at the latter place the line skirts the rugged banks of the Elbe, high rocks tower on either side, clothed half-way up with fine trees, reminding one of da Vinci's "Vierge des Rochers," and the background in his portrait of the Joconda. Surely Leonardo must have visited this part of Saxon Switzerland.

On arriving at Dresden I found it all *en fête* for the celebration of the octocentenary of the reigning house of Wettin, or Wittin. The streets were all hung with banners and triumphal arches, and decorations met the eye on all sides. Few capitals can lend themselves better or more effectually to street decoration than Dresden; the bridge is especially beautiful, covered with pennons. I put up at the Bellevue Hotel, where I stayed when here ten years ago.

The appearance of the town this evening, as seen from the steps which lead up to the Brühl Terrace, was a

fantastic one. The two green and gilt temporary obelisks, the gilded groups of statuary along their roofs, the classical and stately Opera House, the handsome outlines of the Palace with its pavilions, the broad river gay with craft, the fine old Augusta Bridge, all thronged with carriages and people, and bedecked with countless flags and streamers, with deep blue sky above all, made up a very festive scene.

To-morrow takes place the great show here, the *Fest Zug*.

19th June.

"Queen's weather" prevailed, fortunately, all to-day. By nine o'clock I was in the Alt Market, where I had secured a seat facing the Town Hall.

About 9.30 the fun began. The first procession was that of the King and Queen, in an open carriage and four, with outriders in the bilious yellow of the Royal livery. The King, a fine-looking, grey-haired, soldier-like man. The rest of the Royal family followed. The *Fest Zug* then appeared, and for the next two hours kept passing by; a really wonderfully beautiful and interesting show was this Festal Procession. Some thousands of men, women, and children took part in it, hundreds of horses, scores of chariots, bands, etc., etc. Eight centuries of German history appeared to pass before one. In all there were sixty-four separate groups—living *tableaux*—in which the history of the House of Saxony was displayed from the eleventh century to the present day.

One can always find something to criticise; certainly the warriors of the year 1089 looked odd when one saw them wearing, as many did, spectacles!

The first portion of the procession consisted of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century knights, all splendidly mounted; and the prettiest (among a host of picturesque sights) was the procession representing the Dresden, or rather the Meissen china ware—men, women, and children clothed like the little Saxe-coloured porcelain figures of the manufactory. The bands of students as they passed were much applauded, the wreaths of flowers with which the house fronts were decorated, being torn down by the sight-seers and thrown before them: the young men carried these wreaths triumphantly stuck on their banners during the remainder of the procession. One was much reminded of Jubilee Day in London by the dense and good-humoured

crowd, and by the general festive look of the beflagged and decorated city. In one respect there was a striking difference, and that was in the cheering, which here sounded feeble compared with ours, whenever our Queen appears amongst her Londoners; here the cheering sounded like a prolonged cry of "Hoo, Hoo," somewhat of an owlish sound. "Hoch," of course, is the proper cheer, and "Hoo, Hoo, Hoo," is not a sound suggestive of loyalty or enthusiasm. Certainly these two sights, Rothenburg with the representation of its siege, and the *Fest Zug*, are two of the most successful "revivals" I have seen anywhere; but it would not be fair to compare them. Rothenburg was complete in itself, keeping as it did to one period, and, with its perfect background, may be considered more thoroughly artistic than the gorgeous procession of the ages I witnessed here to-day; the one was a perfect *tableau vivant*, the other, a living kaleidoscope of the last eight hundred years of German story and habiliment.

Seeing the Sistine Madonna again after ten years, the picture in no way fell short of my first impression; there is a charm of simplicity about that divine work which exists in no other masterpiece. The broad-browed majesty of Mother and Child is sublime. I noticed, what I had not seen in print or photograph, that the Child Jesus has a very decided squint, the right eye looks toward the left, the left slightly to the right.

On the *23rd of June* I was at Berlin, where I remained but a few days, mostly passed in its Museum and Galleries. While there I received a letter from the Empress Frederick. Her Majesty again referred in her letter to the Shakespeare Death Mask. "What a pity it cannot," the Empress writes, "be executed in marble (Italian hands would do that so well) and then reproduced in plaster of Paris for institutions and schools, and many people also would appreciate having the most authentic representation of one of the greatest geniuses the human race and our country has ever brought forth. . . . I hope you liked Nuremberg and went to the Germanischer Museum, in which my beloved Emperor took so great an interest. It is a year now almost since the Guardian Spirit of Germany and the light of my life have fled!"

On the *30th of June* I left Berlin for Darmstadt; what

took me there was to see the widow (Frau Becker) of Herr Doctor Becker, who, some dozen years ago, brought over to Windsor Shakespeare's Death Mask, the so-called Keppelstadt mask of the poet's face; thanks to the kindness of the Empress Frederic, Count Seckendorff had written to the lady to say I hoped to be allowed to see the Death Mask.

I found Dr Becker's widow a most amiable person, who speaks English well. It appears that the Death Mask belonged to a brother of Dr Becker's, who died in Africa. After Dr Becker's death, some months ago, it reverted to his brother's nephew, a young officer, quartered at Freiburg. Frau Becker thinks he would not object to sell the Death Mask, and Dr Becker's intention in bringing it with him to England was his wish to sell it, but he only wanted the British Museum to purchase it, and the Museum would none of it. We agreed that it was difficult to put any price on it. To those who believe it to be genuine, no price would seem excessive, while to the unbelievers it has no value. My idea is, if possible, to get the Death Mask, and give it to the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon. Like many intentions, however, nothing came of this wish, and if I remember right, the owner of the Death Mask stated that he would not part with it for less than £10,000, so there the matter ended as far as I was concerned, but I still have hopes that some day this most interesting mask may be among our National Treasures, either in Bloomsbury or at Stratford-on-Avon.

I had again the privilege of seeing the Empress on the 1st of July at Homburg. By a most stupid blunder I took a later train than I should have done, and arrived at the Castle to find that luncheon was nearly over. I made my bow to the Empress and expressed my regret at arriving so late. "But did you not find the carriage?" asked Her Majesty. I replied I had not, and not till then did it dawn on my mind that I had come by a wrong train. However, there was no help for it. The three Princesses were there: the eldest, Princess Victoria, had just returned from England. It amused me to hear her speak of "Uncle Lorne." Count Wedel had accompanied her, his first visit to England; he spoke enthusiastically of the English, so different, he thought, from the French and Italians in character. "An Englishman you could rely on always, on the others, never," he said to me.

As on the previous occasion I had a very interesting

hours *tête-à-tête* with the Empress after luncheon in her sitting-room. On leaving, Her Majesty said she would be glad to see me at her own house at Cronberg whenever I returned to Germany.

Leaving Frankfort on the *3rd of July*, I stopped on my way North at Düsseldorff in order to see a young and talented American painter, Frederic Vezin (nephew of the actor, Hermann Vezin)—his wife a pleasing German lady. One day we visited the pretty gardens of the Artists' Club, called the "Mallerkasen," the scene of a pretty little picture by my artist friend, which I had got at the American Exhibition. He called it "Al Fresco."

Goethe's name is inscribed on one of the trees in this park-like garden, which belonged then to a Herr Jacobs—a friend of the poet's. Thence I returned to England, passing again through Holland, where I was joined by C. Bodley, who had returned from a long journey in America and South Africa.

I passed my forty-fourth birthday at Brussels. "There is little use in repining," I write, "but this anniversary most vividly recalls happy past years, and makes the contrast of the dreary present still sadder; but, as Shakespeare has it,

> 'Let determined things to destiny
> Hold unbewail'd their way.'"

The middle of the month saw me again in my little Windsor house, but only for a short time, for at the end of that month I was again on the Continent.

Crossing the Channel on the *28th of August*, with Count Herbert Bismarck, we remained on deck together during the passage, a pleasant fresh breeze blowing, the sea blue and sparkling. Herbert Bismarck is quite unchanged, he talks incessantly. He was in high feather, apparently delighted at being free, and being by himself in the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover. He asked me to come and see him whenever I was in Berlin; he talked with effusion of old days, and was as amiable and genial as possible. It was amusing on reaching Calais to hear him curse the French, their language, their waiters, and even their railway carriages. He returned to Dover by the same ship. He said it would be hardly safe for him to go now to Paris, although he was there in '84, when he had con-

ferences with Jules Favre; of Boulanger he has a very poor opinion, but he thinks the Government have made a mistake in not pushing forward the elections.

After twenty-four years I saw Lucerne once more, which I now revisited with E. ff. Mathews. "The beautiful full-toned bells," I write from the Schweitzerhof Hotel on the *30th of August*, "are clanging from the Cathedral and other churches, and throw long echoes over the lake, taken up and returned by the hills and mountains; certainly a fairer place can hardly be imagined or dreamt of."

I passed some pleasant days with Arthur L. Gower and his wife, at their Villa Bonstetten at Berne, where he was attached to the English Legation; this was a delightful house with gardens in the style of the latter half of the eighteenth century, probably built by Bonstetten, the friend of our poet Gray, and author of a delightful book of Memoirs. Here I passed some pleasant days, on one of which my host took me to his friends, the de Rougemonts, who were living at a beautiful villa at Thun, facing the lake. The place, a dream of beauty, made one think of Johnson saying to Garrick, when visiting his villa, "Davy, this makes death terrible," for to have to leave such a spot would indeed add another terror to death. The flowers, the Virginia creeper, which riots up to the water's edge of the transparent lake, the banks covered with gay villas and picturesque chalets, and, crowning all, the snow-capped Alps, all this seen on a perfect day, with a cloudless deep blue sky, made up a perfect picture.

I went on to Geneva from Berne, in order to pay a visit to the daughter, Madame Gonin, of my old friend, Pasteur Eymar, at whose house I passed some months in the early sixties.

Writing at Geneva at the Hôtel National, on the *17th September*: "Here I am after an absence of a quarter of a century. I left Villa Bonstetten on the *15th*, Arthur coming with me to Lausanne. The long tunnel, which opens out over the end of the lake of Geneva, recalled to me how much my dearest mother had been struck by the effect of suddenly exchanging exceeding darkness for light; she said it seemed to her like entering Heaven through the gate and the shadow of death."

I called on Madame Gonin at Colovrex. Both the good old Pasteur and his wife have died long ago, but Madame Gonin, who was a great favourite with us boys, being then

comparatively young, is of course much changed, after more than a quarter of a century, and the poor lady has had many worries and troubles to endure. Colovrex itself is quite unchanged.

I stayed on my way home to England a few days in Paris, to see the International Exhibition, then in full blast, and thanks to a friend, managed to get a room in a furnished apartment in the Rue du 29 Juillet, for the town was gorged full of people who had come to see that Exhibition of 1889. On the whole, I think this the most complete and representative of any of these gigantic bazaars which I have seen. What made this visit to Paris and its Exhibition additionally attractive, was that my old friend, Hamilton Aïdé, joined me, while in Paris, and we visited the art collections together, and saw them very thoroughly.

27th September.

I am grieved to hear that Lady Holland had died yesterday at Holland House. With her disappears the last of the *grande dames*, and in her I lose a dear, a true, and a constant friend.

On the *13th October* I paid an interesting visit. A little before 9 P.M., Bodley and I went to pay Cardinal Manning a visit at Archbishop House, Westminster. The Cardinal received us (Bodley is an old and attached friend of his) with much cordiality. He invited us to come into his sanctum, a large room in which were many books and papers. By the Cardinal's side stood a little table on which were four candles in a row, looking like altar lights, as Bodley somewhat irreverently remarked.

Manning is rather deaf, otherwise I see no change in him, since the night of that terribly long dinner to which he came when I was in the Chair, at some International Gallery in Bond Street. The Cardinal referred to that occasion with some humour. He spoke much of the time when he was in Rome attending the Ecumenical Council, and of the intrigues that went on there. Bodley told him of my wish to write a monograph on Joan of Arc; the Cardinal spoke with much approval of the scheme to sanctify Joan, and said that he had given his strongest assent thereto; that she was inspired by Heaven, he firmly believes. He spoke with much admiration of old Lady

Newburgh, of her wonderful pluck and spirits; she died during this summer, over ninety, and stone blind, but had kept up her spirits to the end in spite of much suffering.

Our visit lasted an hour, and the Cardinal did not seem to be bored; he asked me to return whenever I could do so. One felt all the better for having had some talk, and having listened to this truly grand old man.

A few days later I paid Mr Kempe (the great artist of coloured glass) a short visit at his delightful home, Old Place, at Lindfield. This is truly a "house beautiful," every room in it, even the bedrooms with their quaint old "four-posters," their tapestries, and stained-glass windows, artistic studies one and all. The creator of all this beauty I had first met in 1874, at Castle Howard, where he was then engaged in re-modelling and decorating the chapel. The outside of Old Place is as beautiful as the interior, the effect of crimson from the Virginia creeper on the grey stone walls, crowned by picturesque gables, harmonises with the wealth of colour within doors.

I had been asked by the late Lady Holland's nephew-in-law, Mr Atkinson Clarke, to choose something out of Holland House by her wish, and in memory of my dear old friend. Accordingly I went there—a sad visit to that dear old place. It was extremely sad to pass again through those well-known rooms, each of which was so associated with her, and pleasant old past times and happy days gone by. I chose a little French Louis XV. clock, that hung by her writing-table in her little sitting-room. I saw some of the old servants still there, and the old porter at the gate; all talked with much affection and regret of their old mistress, who was kindness itself to them, a kindness shown, for that matter, to all who came into contact with her.

At the end of October I was at Rouen, having determined on beginning a Life of Joan of Arc—it was my third visit to the capital of Normandy, and having an object made that third visit even of more interest than earlier ones. Passing through Dreux on the way to Orleans, I visited the Orleans tombs in the Church; my first intention had been to see these, and then go on my journey, but I remained the night at Dreux, having made the acquaintance in the train of young Vicomte de Reiset. We had entered into conversation, and on his telling me that his father interested himself much about Marie Antoinette, I guessed

he was the son of the Comte de Reiset; we exchanged cards, and he told me he had heard his father speak of me; and as they lived near Dreux, he said he was sure his father would be glad to see me. He left the train before reaching Dreux.

Of the tombs of the Orleans family in the Church at Dreux, I write, "The half aisle of tombs, most of which have recumbent figures, have a good effect. The great sculptor, Mercier, has achieved a *tour de force* in his group of Louis Philippe and his Queen—*que frise le ridicule*, but quite escapes it. The intolerance of the Roman Catholic religion comes out strongly in the tomb of the Duchess of Orleans, which, she having been a Protestant, is placed outside the chapel, but with her marble hand trying, as it appears, to reach that of her husband, whose monument is within, just out of her reach. As I was leaving the Church, young Henry de Reiset appeared, having ridden over from his father's place, the Château of Breuil, bringing an invitation for me to go there; so warmly and so friendly was this invitation worded that I felt it would have been churlish not to accept. Young Reiset then took me into the town, and introduced me to an old Marquis d'Adhemar, whom we found in his garden, at the back of a quaint old house; he too was invited to come to Breuil on the next day. I passed that night at the Hôtel du Paradis, reading "Ouida's" last novel, "Guilderoy," a decidedly clever novel. The "Inn of Paradise" a comfortable, old-fashioned one.

Next morning with the old Marquis, and an old local antiquarian, named Telot, who in an antique and dilapidated house here has a large collection of *bric-à-brac*, especially of pots and pans, plates, cups, and saucers. We drove through a pretty country by the side of the forest of Dreux, some half-dozen miles, till we reached the Château of Breuil, near which are the ruins of an ancient priory. The Château, like so many French country houses, is somewhat like a glorified farm-house, in the Louis XIII. style; within, the rooms are low, with heavily decorated ceilings, and full of old furniture and tapestries and cabinets, dating from the fifteenth century upwards. The old Comte, whom I had met once in Paris about 1873, received me most kindly. His wife was *née* de Parabère —I remember her mother in Paris, an old Comtesse de Parabère, a name smacking of the days of the Regency. The *déjeuner* was served in a room of which the ceiling was ornamented with medallions of Louis XVI., Marie

Antoinette, and Louis' brothers, in *grisaille*. There was no cloth on the table.

We afterwards were shown all the artistic treasures in the different rooms, also the church, a fine building, but tawdrily restored. The Church was also full of old furniture; on a wall hung a carpet, said to have been worked by Marie Antoinette and her daughter and Madame Elizabeth, when prisoners in the Temple.

It was at Breuil that the Duc d'Aumale and one of his brothers (Joinville, I think) and a nephew passed the days of the Commune, in hiding; no one but the Count and his family knew who they were.

Returning to Dreux, I took the train, stopping to see the Cathedral of Chartres *en route*, slept that night at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, and passed some hours of the next morning in its glorious Cathedral.

Thence to Orleans, putting up at the old-fashioned Grand Hotel. Visited the Cathedral. After that of Chartres, this one has a somewhat tawdry and meretricious look. The last time I came to Orleans was to call on Bishop Dupanloup, with whom I had luncheon at the Evêché; to-day I looked on the handsome, but rather over elaborate monument to him in the Cathedral; and yet, it seems to me only a year or two ago that I saw him here alive and well!

The 1*st November*, *All Saints' Day*, I passed in visiting the town; there was a splendid service in the Cathedral, the Bishop in full canonicals, mitred, croziered, and much pomp of ceremony, and much display of ecclesiastical mummery.

Here is a house, on the ground floor of which Joan of Arc is said to have slept after she relieved the town. Walked on the opposite side of the river, and tried to make out where the old bridge stood in 1427.

From Orleans I went on to Tours, where, not for the first or last time, I stayed at that most comfortable of hotels, L'Univers; here I began writing my "Life of Joan"; I made several visits in the neighbourhood to places famous in her story.

With the noble ruins of Chinon I was delighted; a grander ruin or a more interesting place I have seldom seen. The view from the castle has not been inaptly likened to that from Windsor. Chinon in fact was the French Windsor of the Plantagenets.

The Rue Haute St Maurice, with its quaint old houses almost unchanged since the days of Charles VII., was also full of interest. The sunset, with the light striking across the plain beyond the river Vienne, and the poplar trees with their few remaining golden leaves, looked like one of Corot's landscapes; the lovely harvest moon rose serenely in the purple sky, as I wended my way back to the station, returning to Tours.

Amboise and Loches were also visited, and a few days after I was joined by J. E. C. Bodley, with whom I went on to Arcachon, staying at Poitiers, in order to see the Palais de Justice, and the adjoining palace of the Counts of Poitou, in a hall of which Joan of Arc had been interrogated during her first examination. Belonging to this building is a tower, fortunately unrestored, in which the maid is said to have lived while the examination lasted; probably this building is one of the very few which externally, as well as internally, remain in the exact condition in which she saw it.

The fine old Church of Notre Dame, with its rich west front, and Romanesque interior, has been terribly and gaudily restored by the modern French Vandal of a restorer, whose sacrilegious hand is also about to restore, or rather destroy, the outside of the noble old building.

At Arcachon I passed the following two months, hard at work on the "Life of Joan of Arc" I was then engaged in writing.

In the spacious Grand Hotel I found what I most wanted, namely quiet, and almost the comfort of a home, and I was able in the two months I passed at Arcachon, to get through more work than I had done at any time before. After a few days Bodley left, and I had the big hotel almost all to myself; the huge sitting-room overlooking the bay made a pleasant work-room, and there were no distractions to keep me from working to the top of my bent.

Of Arcachon I write, "This is a delightful climate (*15th November*), the sandy beach, unlike that of the Mediterranean, swept clean by strong tides, a pleasant country of furze and pine woods, and of bracken, now of a deep russet colour; a comfortable hotel, and a cheap one, for a good bedroom, most clean and comfortable, on the first floor, only eleven francs is asked, and this includes meals."

One day I was taken to see the famous oyster-parks

(which are the chief industry of the place), in a naphtha steam launch. Many of these oyster-parks belong to Mr Johnston of Bordeaux, whose agent accompanied me. We waded about in huge waterproof boots, over the muddy beds on which myriads of oysters of various ages were reposing. Women in quaint masculine gear were raking them up. Arcachon appears to be the greatest place for the oyster harvest in Europe; many millions are sent annually from here to England and other countries, as well as all over France. The sperm of the oyster is first got together by its adhering to tiles which are placed in the currents. When sufficiently large, these oysters are scraped off the tiles and placed in various parks, which are enclosed by mud and sand-banks, over which the tide flows; as they increase in size they are transferred to other oyster beds, when attaining the mature age of eighteen months. When two or three years old, they are gathered, shipped off, or sent by rail to their destination.

Arcachon reminds me much of Japan, the clear sky, the fir-trees on the sandy dunes, and even the houses, many so alike to Japanese bungalows. It is these wooden houses which give this place so great a look of the Flowery Land. The other day I met a real live Jap, in a French sailor dress, which made the resemblance so complete, that I could have sworn I was back again in old Japan.

I received lately a very interesting letter from Cardinal Manning, with many kind words in it about my little book on Marie Antoinette, and the following interesting passage relating to Joan of Arc:—"I am glad you are writing of Joan of Arc. What I said was this: 'I had always looked on her and her achievements as true but legendary, till the ——' [here a word I cannot read], 'for her canonisation gave me her life with the historical documents.' I found that her contemporary Popes regarded her as a 'supernatural person.' Calixtus III. called her 'a martyr for her religion, her country and her King.' The documents convinced me, and I wrote a letter petitioning for her canonisation."

Owing to the kindness of Mr Johnston of Bordeaux (a cultivator of wines as well as of oysters, and a most amiable gentleman, who appeared to combine all that is best in both French and Englishmen), I saw something of the famous wine trade of that part of France, although not at the best time of the year for such a visit, for the fine, warm weather, which had been so pleasant during the first

part of my stay at Arcachon, had in the following month turned to cold.

After dining with the Johnstons at their pleasant villa named Lexauder in the outer part of the town of Bordeaux, I met him on the following morning, and went to his brother's place at Beaucaillon, about an hour's run in the train from Bordeaux, the line skirting some of the most renowned vineyards. The day (*9th December*) was a bitterly cold one, and this is not the proper time to visit Médoc. My host's brother had been at one time deputy for the department of Médoc; his house is a most comfortable one. We drove to Château Lafitte, a most pretentious and ill-kept looking place, within ugly furniture and daubs on its walls; both here and at some other famous *crus* the brothers Johnston did a good deal of what is known as "tasting"; this consisted of rinsing out the mouth with some of the new wine, that of this year being the one generally selected. Mr Harry Johnston appears to be the purchaser of nearly half the vintages in Médoc; we also visited the Château of Pauillac.

At dinner two of the guests appeared in blue coats with brass buttons and grey trousers, which my host informed me was the regular evening dress in this part of the world and had been that during the last fifty years or more.

The next day we visited Château Margaux, which now belongs to the Comte Pillet-Will, a large uninteresting-looking building of the end of last century, but with a handsome portico. It is a painfully dreary-looking building.

The day was a miserably wet one, which made the country around look most doleful.

After visiting a few more *crus* we returned to Bordeaux.

The next day Mr H. Johnston's son, a very intelligent youth who has travelled much, called for me at my hotel (de France), and we drove some two hours to the Château la Brède—the home of the author of "L'Esprit des Lois"; where his descendant in the female line, the Baron de Montesquieu, did us the honours of his house. La Brède is an interesting old moated castle but little changed since the days when the famous President, Charles de Montesquieu, inhabited it. The room he lived in contains his bed and some scanty furniture he used; by the side of the chimney-piece hangs his death mask. Opening out of this room, in the thickness of the wall, a flight of stone steps leads down into the moat, and I imagine beyond it

but Monsieur de Montesquieu will have it that this is an *oubliette.*

Besides Monsieur de Montesquieu, his wife, sister-in-law, and a daughter were in the château, of which the owner appears fully worthy of having had so famous an ancestor, and bearing so illustrious a name; he is now engaged in publishing some of the President's letters to his daughter. We went up a winding staircase to a large vaulted room, now used as a library, at one time the dining-hall of the Castle. The walls of this room were, in the memory of Monsieur de Montesquieu's father, painted with figures in fresco; new paintings now take their place representing groups of warriors and knights. In an adjoining room is some Flemish tapestry, which is said to have been given by Henri IV. to a Montesquieu. In the library there are some rare books and MSS.

I returned that night to my studious solitude at Arcachon.

1890

LEAVING Arcachon early in January, I went by Florence to Rome; at the former place I saw something of "Ouida," surrounded by her beloved dogs. I had had the honour of being named godfather to one of them.

While in Rome I saw much of the Dufferins, who were lavish in their entertainment to the English visitors in the Eternal City, as well as to native Roman society. An Englishwoman, who shall be nameless, had had the impertinence of calling at the Embassy to complain that she had not received an invitation to some reception at the Embassy. This "lady" flounced into the drawing-room of the Embassy, and asked Lady Dufferin, in an angry tone, why she had not been invited. It is intolerable that such people can flaunt their ill-breeding on the wife of the most civil and courteous of Ambassadors. Lord Dufferin has written a strong letter to Mrs —— informing her that he was not expected to invite all the English travellers in Rome to his house, that he has no obligation of that kind towards them. As a matter of fact, the Dufferins take particular pains to ask all the English residents here, and others that they can find out anything about; but there must be a limit even to their hospitality.

One evening at the Embassy I met that delightful and witty priest, Father Healy, of Bray; he gave me the impression of being a good Hibernian edition of Sydney Smith.

When at Naples at the end of the month, I found on my arrival the streets placarded with the name of "Buffalo Bill," who had come to astonish the Italians with his Indians, his cowboys, and his feats of horsemanship. The "Wild West" Show was located in an open space near the railway station; it was pleasant to meet "Buck Taylor" and "Bronco Charlie" once more; I made again the circuit of the ring in the Deadwood coach, which I had so often

been inside at Earl's Court, little dreaming then that I should repeat that drive under the shadow of Vesuvius. The Italians seemed delighted with the buck jumping horses.

It was during my stay at Naples that I made the acquaintance of Mr Neville Rolfe, a fellow Etonian; he was then living with his wife and daughters at Naples. Regarding its history and antiquities he was most instructive, and together we explored the town and neighbourhood. I was shown the fine private collection of antiquities collected principally at Cumae, of vases and rare antique gold jewellery, belonging to a friend of Rolfe's, Mr Stevens.

On the *1st of February*, I embarked on board the P. & O. s.s. *Chusan*, for a voyage which lasted two months. This consisted of going to Hong-Kong, and returning thence; at one time I had thought of prolonging my trip to Japan, but this idea was not carried out.

Regarding such a voyage there is little of interest to tell, and the most conscientious diarist can but note down occurrences and events that are generally unworthy of being recorded or remembered.

Arrived at Singapore on the *26th February*. Among some English passengers who came on board was a cheery-looking, dapper, middle-aged man, dressed all in white with a solar topee on his head, and carrying a Japanese umbrella. He had hardly looked a minute at me when he came up, and said he thought we had been together at Cambridge, which turned out to be the case, for on telling me his name was Goldney, I remembered him. He is now a Puisne Judge at Singapore, and has filled that place during the last three years. His wife was on board; she is a daughter of the great Liverpool ship-builder, John Laird. She shows the effects of the climate, but Goldney looks as if he had stepped out of a band-box. They invited me to their house to pass the afternoon and dine with them. A Major and Mrs Alexander, fellow-passengers, were also asked. Drove up to their place some three miles inland. The Goldneys' house is situated in a pretty spot called Mount Victoria, and they have a delightful one-storied building, which belonged formerly to the Sultan of Johore, surrounded by a large garden, and beautiful views on every side; the place recalled Ceylon and Kandy. We visited the beautifully kept botanical

gardens, in which is a large fern-house of splendid crotons. To dinner came the Military Governor, Sir Charles Warren, and Sir F. Dickson, Colonial Secretary and Deputy-Governor, whom I had met when in Ceylon. I was glad to meet Sir C. Warren, who is in many ways a remarkable man. He has a good presence, in spite of his eye-glass, and is a good talker. The evening was a very pleasant one, and I was sorry to have to leave early to return to the ship. The Goldneys had been a year at Demerara; they prefer Singapore. They have brought with them from Demerara a half-caste young fellow, who is most intelligent. Goldney told me what shows a rare delicacy of character about this coloured youth. On some occasion, when one of the Wallops was to be put into a small room, some one said that it was not good enough for him, Fraser (the coloured boy) said, "Oh, Mr Wallop, he won't mind, for he is the son of an earl." How few English flunkeys in or out of "Society" could, by a few words, have shown that a true gentleman is not particular as to trifles. I remember Goldney's father well in the House, which he was in the habit of constantly addressing. I remember vividly his ready flow of talk, his thorough mastery of his subject, and his genial, bright, dapper look. The son is the double of his papa, but I wish I could remember him as he was when we were together at Trinity College.

I find that after leaving Singapore, the most interesting of my fellow-passengers was an American named Newton Woodworth. Like most of his countrymen, he was full of go and intelligence.

After my short stay at Hong Kong, I returned to Europe by the French Messageries' steamer, the *Natal*. I had bought Carlyle's "History of Frederic II." at Hong Kong, and during my three weeks' sea voyage, read every word of that voluminous work, a feat, I think, rarely achieved. On the return voyage, I made the acquaintance of a Mrs Duff, the wife of a Naval Lieutenant, a most charming young Scottish lady, and of a young Scottish officer, Charles Wahab, nephew of an old General Pope of Armadale, in Sutherland, on whom and his old maiden sisters I used to call when visiting my constituents in Sutherland. Wahab, aged 23, is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and was quartered at Hong Kong, and is returning home on sick-leave.

A few days before we arrived at Marseilles, a Comte d'Imfreville, who had joined us at Sai-gon, showed Mrs

Duff a Wedgwood medallion plaque, which he said represented his ancestor, the famous Dupleix. It turned out to be that of Nelson, and I had the cruelty to point out to him the armless sleeve, and the Star of the Bath, to prove to him that it was not his illustrious ancestor, but the bitterest enemy the French ever had. The Comte is an excellent specimen of the best military type; he is an officer of Marines.

Early in April I visited the interesting towns of Nîmes and Arles, so full of architectural and Roman remains. I had just time before the darkness fell to visit the outside of the Arena (at Nîmes), which is impressive even after the Colosseum, and that most beautiful relic of antiquity, the "Maison Quarré," as it is incorrectly called; not even in Rome is there so perfect or beautiful a building; the setting sun threw out a roseate glow, painting with an exquisite colour the cornice of the old temple, making it look like a fairy casket fit to enshrine a divinity. No wonder that both Louis XIV. and Napoleon wished to take this building bodily to Paris, and that Cardinal Alberoni said it should be placed in a golden case.

Easter Sunday was a day that I should mark with a white stone—not only was it one of the most perfect of spring days, but on it I saw the grandest work of man in the engineering sense which probably exists, namely, the Pont du Gard. I see that Alexander Dumas admired it more than such *merveilles* as Westminster and its tombs, the Cathedrals of Rheims, of Florence, the Palace of Genoa, Pisa and its tower, Nemi and its cascade, Rome and the Colosseum, Naples and its Bay, Catania and Etna, the Rhine and its castles, and even the Rigi, with the sun setting behind Mont Blanc; nothing, with the exception of the Temple at Segesta, appeared to him so grand, so unique, *que ce magnifique epopée de granit qu'on appelé le Pont du Gard.* To reach this famous bridge takes one three hours from Nîmes, although along a good road, through a pretty country. I was able, after seeing the great Roman aqueduct and bridge at Tarragona, to compare them with the Pont du Gard. In some respects, namely as to colour and preservation, the one in Spain surpasses that in France; but I imagine the Pont du Gard is the larger of the two. The river, of a dull green colour, the rocky banks, and the distant hills, make an admirable frame for this noble Roman work. I visited it thoroughly, and walked along the aqueduct at the summit. No one

should omit visiting, when at Nîmes, the beautiful park "des Fontaines," which is like a small piece of Versailles, but with far finer water-works than Versailles ever had, for here are springs clear as crystal.

From Nîmes I went on to Avignon, and lodged at the old-fashioned Hôtel de L'Europe, close to the river, and almost facing the old Hôtel du Palais Royal, in which Marshal Brûne was murdered in 1815.

The old Palace of the Popes has been terribly spoilt by restoration; since 1882 it is used as a barrack. The Museum, in an old Louis XV. palace *entre cour et jardin* repaid a visit; I also visited the courtyard of the old Hôtel du Palais Royal, since 1865 it has been a *remise:* but I saw the balcony and the window through which the assassins of Brûne entered. After reading Dumas' account of that event, one could picture the bloody scene. French history is so full of blood and horrors, that it is almost strange any one can be found among that nation to write about it.

From Avignon I went to Geneva *viâ* Lyons. While at Geneva I received a message to Aix-les-Bains, where the Queen was then staying. My nephew Lorne and Princess Louise were also there.

I remained a few days at Aix; it was a most interesting time, as I had the honour of frequently seeing the Queen. As everything relating to that beloved Sovereign is of keen interest to her subjects, I will quote at some length from my diary.

11th April.

After breakfast, visited with Lorne the interesting Museum in what is said to have been a Roman temple dedicated to Diana; a fine Roman archway immediately opposite. Also to the hot springs which well out from the bowels of a hill near to this Museum, where we were nearly scalded by the heat. I picked up in a *bric-à-brac* shop a prettily painted miniature of Marie Antoinette, probably modern. Later we visited a collection of some lacustrine curios in a fisherman's cottage, things that had been dredged out of the lake, and we went to a farm of Angora rabbits, white and black bunnies, where some thirty of these little animals are kept; their coats are plucked (literally) every three months, the soft fluffy fur coming off them in handfuls; the fluff is washed and

converted into mittens, under-vests, etc., and is delightfully soft and warm. Lorne intends taking a pair of these rabbits to Scotland, and starting a manufactory of their produce.

Fine evening effects of light, as we drove by the lake shore, the Dent du Chat standing out in snowy brightness against the saffron sky, and the distant grey line of the Abbey of Haute Combe, where so many of the Royal House of Savoy rest, looked very picturesque.

That evening I was "commanded" to dine with the Queen. I had met Lord Lytton, who is in the Hôtel d'Aix, with his secretary, Austin Lee, the former out of health and spirits. Lord Lytton was the only other guest at the dinner, which consisted of, besides Her Majesty, Princess Louise and Lorne, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Lady Churchill, and Miss Phipps. We waited a few minutes for the Queen in a small sitting-room on the first floor, and then passed into a corridor, when Her Majesty came towards us, and gave me her hand to kiss. The Queen walks now with a stick, and although she still has some of that elasticity left in her walk, one sees with regret that any movement is now an effort, and it seems marvellous how she can support the fatigue of a Drawing Room. The Queen wore that splendid double row of orient pearls round her neck, and the diamond and pearl brooch that one sees so often in her portraits and photographs. The dining-room was quite a small one, and the nine places quite filled it. Its only pictorial decoration was one of the engravings of Angeli's Jubilee portrait of the Queen.

I thought Her Majesty very silent, only now and then speaking to Lord Lytton. The Queen spoke of a curious event which happened here. A family were drowned in the lake, and, after fifteen years, one of the corpses, that of a lady, was recovered; it had turned into a mass of salt.

After the dinner, which had lasted an hour, was over, the Queen retired with the Princesses to her sitting-room; the rest of us went into another room, in which a reception was to take place of some of the local bigwigs. An odd scene now occurred. The middle of the room had been left bare of any furniture, and only a few candles were in the room. Soon the Queen entered, and remarked that the room was dreadfully dark, upon which we all made desperate but futile efforts to light a gas chandelier,

suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room. In order to do this we had to climb on the chairs, but we had to desist in our efforts, for Her Majesty said there might be an explosion. Shortly after some more candles and a lamp appeared, and then it was discovered that there was no place to put these on; then a table was brought in, an oblong one. Some one then brought in some vases with what looked like artificial flowers in them, and placed these beside the lamps.

In a few moments after things were settled the guests began to appear, the Mayor of Aix, the local doctor and his wife (both Mayor and doctor came into the room looking as if they were ordered for instant execution), and an officer, half Austrian, half French, Captain Du Bourget, of the 10th Chasseurs, and last but not least, the Dean of Gloucester, Dr Spence.

One is always struck by the matchless grace of the Queen when receiving people. I am sure she must win all those people's hearts who are privileged to come near her; personally I feel such true regard, sympathy, and deep admiration for that most excellent lady. During the dinner the Queen referred with deep disapproval of the idea of Sarah Bernhardt acting in London in a part in some new so-called religious play, in which she is supposed to appear in the character of the Blessed Virgin.

The next morning I had a swim in the delightful swimming bath of the Etablissement with Prince Henry; and we visited a shooting gallery, where he and Lorne made some excellent practice with rifles. Luncheon with the "household," Sir Henry Ponsonby, Dr Reid, Major Bigge, besides the ladies of the Court, and Lady Emily Peel, who had arrived from Geneva.

The Queen's Messenger, whose name, I think, is Winter, and who succeeded Henry Callender, told me the following story. We had agreed that it seemed a pity there should be no decoration with us that could be given to hotel-proprietors and railway officials by the Queen, as is the case in other countries. This recalled to Mr Winter that when he was going through with despatches to St Petersburg, he met Lord Dufferin on the journey at the Russian-German frontier (Fehrbellin). The station-master interviewed Mr Winter, and said how grateful he would be to him if he would tell Lord Dufferin how anxious he was to have an English decoration; that all the other Sovereigns, with the exception of our Queen, had bestowed

decorations upon him. Mr Winter repeated this to Lord Dufferin, who told him to explain to the station-master that the English orders were given for military distinction, or to civil servants, such as the Bath, the Star of India for Indian officials, etc. "But tell him," added Lord Dufferin, "that there is also the Order of the Garter, which is given for no particular merit or office." On hearing this the Fehrbellin station-master said he thought he would accept that order.

"Si non e vero," etc.

PRIMROSE DAY,
AIX-LES-BAINS, 19*th April*.

I luckily remembered this day being St Beaconsfield's or Primrose Day. I bought a nosegay of that flower at the kiosque, which I took to the villa, and asked Sir Henry Ponsonby to present them to the Queen. There I was told Her Majesty had invited me to go and see the review on the Chambéry Road at eleven; accordingly I was at the villa entrance at that time. The Queen told me she was glad to have been so pleasantly reminded of the day by the primroses. "I had," the Queen added, 'for the moment forgotten that this was the day." Then Her Majesty got into her carriage drawn by the grey horses. Sir Henry and I followed the household, Prince Henry of Battenberg on horseback with three French officers. We drove some five miles; as our little procession of carriages and horsemen passed through the country-side the peasants turned out of their villages, all agape—especially at the four turbaned Indians. At a cross road, some four miles out of Chambéry and five from Aix, we stopped, and two regiments of the Chasseurs Alpins came briskly marching up the road, with brass bands. The men wore a dark blue uniform, with blue facings, with broad blue waist-belts, with thick walking-sticks stuck behind them; they were a fine-looking body of men, and looked up to much hard work, as they swung by us in quick time, in double file; in all some sixteen hundred men. Behind followed a mule train, some eighty big strong animals, bearing provision and ammunition. After the regiments had marched past, they were drawn up on the right of the road, and the Queen drove slowly down the line, while the band played the National Anthem. A picturesque sight

and an interesting one, made the more so by the fact of its being the only time since the Empire that the Queen has reviewed a portion of the French army.

In the afternoon I drove with Princess Henry and her husband to a picturesquely situated village called, I think, Mamier, close under the hills at the back of Aix. The more I see of Prince Henry the more I like him; he is such a thorough gentleman in the best sense of that term, thoroughly manly and unaffected.

That evening I had again the honour of dining with the Queen. It was a very wet night, and Dean Spence and I drove the few yards that separated our hotel from the Villa Mottet (or Victoria, as I believe it is now appropriately called), in order that the Dean's pumps and silver buckles should not be muddied. In the waiting-room on the first floor we found the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. I had not met them since Hughenden, when they were the John Manners'; they remembered that occasion, but had forgotten that it was "Primrose Day," and seeing that both the Dean and I wore primroses in our coats, the Duchess gathered some primroses for herself and husband out of a vase; for many primroses were placed conspicuously in the rooms and corridors of the villa. Sir Henry appeared, wearing his Ribbon of the Bath, but beprimrosed he would not be. Then Lady Churchill arrived, and soon after "the Queen" was announced, and we all bundled out into the corridor, and followed Her Majesty, after due bowing, into the dining-room. The Queen talked much more on this occasion than she had last week. The Duchess of Rutland wore a fine Garter round her neck, the legend in diamonds. It had been found at Belvoir after the late Duke's death. I enquired about the pearls, which had belonged to Prince Rupert, and after his death were given by Charles II. to Nell Gwynn. Lady Granby, the Duchess said, now has them. Talking of historical jewels, the Queen told us that the double row of orient pearls, which her Majesty wore last week, had belonged to Queen Charlotte; but the Queen added that she did not believe in the "ropes of pearls," quoting that expression of Lord Beaconsfield's, which appear in some of Queen Charlotte's portraits, but said that the jewels which had belonged to her were sold after her death "by her children," as they could not agree about their division.

On Princess Beatrice remarking how few jewels there were of historical interest now belonging to the Crown, I

was on the point of saying that George IV. had given many of them away to Lady Cunningham, but as I was sitting next to Lady Churchill, who was a Cunningham, I kept that information discreetly to myself. I asked the Queen if it were true, as I had heard repeatedly, that old Lord Huntley (who had danced a *menuet* with Marie Antoinette) had also danced with Her Majesty. "Yes," the Queen answered, "he danced in the same set as I did," which comes to very much the same thing, I thought. *A propos* of curiosities regarding dates, etc., I mentioned the fact of the present Lord Leicester having married a century to a year, after his father had. This statement made every one appear sceptical, but I succeeded in convincing my somewhat incredulous but select audience of the fact.

After dinner there was again a small reception; on this occasion all went like clock-work. The Straffords, Comte and Comtesse de Lafont, and a few French and English residents; Lord Edward Manners, the eldest son of the Duke by his present Duchess, was also among them. He is tall, and very like what his father must have been some fifty years ago; he is in the Rifles, just returned from India.

The following day was a Sunday. To the morning service at the English Church, the congregation packed like sardines in a tin. I thought how comparatively few would be there, had it not been for the hope of seeing the Queen. Dean Spence officiated, and preached a short and excellent sermon, in which he quoted Paschal's rather obvious platitude, "*je mourrai seul*," and a line in the original from Goethe's "Braut von Messina." I told him afterwards that after this there was no chance of his escaping being made a Bishop. The sermon touched much on death, and on St Paul's text, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." What he said of death, of the future state, and the certainty of meeting our loved and lost again, was excellent, and very touchingly put.

Prince Henry gave a dinner to some of the French officers, to wit, the Comte Niel, Comte de Lafont, and the Baron Henry de Lacoste. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Bigge, Dr Reid, and I made up the party. The dinner commenced at eight and lasted till eleven. Any one speaking English was to be fined a bottle of champagne; this kept our French up to the mark; it is curious to find how badly even such a man as Sir Henry speaks that language. We broke up at midnight.

The next day I left Aix for Italy. I stayed a night in Turin principally to see again the Vandyck in its gallery of the three eldest children of Charles I. To my thinking it is his finest portrait group of children, finer than any in England, even at Windsor. The tone and colour is masterful; the little Prince of Wales in scarlet and silver, the Princess in the centre in pearl grey, and the little Duke of York in sapphire blue, with a bush of roses behind, contrasting so well with the dark green of the curtains. It is a triumph of colour; how well, too, does the little tan-coloured dog, which also has a high-bred look, harmonise with all the rest of the surroundings.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE,
FLORENCE, *24th April.*

Called after luncheon on Ouida. I find the house, where she occupies the first floor, was formerly the English Embassy (where Lord Westmorland gave his famous theatricals in the days of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and where Charles Mathews made his as yet unprofessional *début*, and where two Lords Holland, and my kind old friend, Lady Holland, lived, one before, the other after, the Westmorland occupation). Ouida said that many of the English who come here remark on finding where she lives, "Why, my grandfather used to live here." This house is No. 6 Via di Seraglio, close to the Pitti Palace. Ouida invited me to drive with her to the Pagets, who are in Florence on a visit to their daughter, Lady Windsor, at a villa under Fiesole. Ouida was gorgeously attired, her carriage a victoria, built here after her own design. Away we clattered over the stones, and up the hill of Fiesole; our destination, the Villa del Angeli, is prettily situated some half way up the road to the monastery. From the terrace one has a beautiful view over the plain and distant hills, above which lay great banks of white clouds. No one was at home when we arrived, and we awaited our friends in the garden, which, were it decently kept, would be a pretty one, and sat under some trees listening to the nightingales which here sing in the full sunshine. At length Lady Paget, preceded by a scarlet dachshund, appeared. Although aged since I last saw her, she has still all her picturesque litheness and grace. I had not seen her since my sister-in-law's death, who was

one of her greatest friends. We spoke much of that sad event.

On returning to the villa we found Sir Augustus and his son, who is, I think, in the Artillery; also the Windsors. Lady Paget showed me where Walter S. Landor lived, in a villa below us to the right, and there he died. We also went up a lane to a natural terrace whence one has a splendid view all over Florence. The sun had sunk, and the crescent moon shone bright before Ouida seemed inclined to move; at length we drove back to Florence.

Ouida's new novel, called "Syrlin," is just out. She has been so good as to send me a copy with some pretty lines written in it, referring to the singing of the nightingales this afternoon.

At the end of that month, while in Rome, I saw something more of the hospitable Dufferins, and found in one of the attachés, Evelyn Grant Duff, a most pleasant companion.

Early May found me at Naples, when I made my first visits to the Monastery of La Cava, to Paestum and Amalfi—places one has longed to see all one's life, and the wonder is one has not done so before.

After Baalbec and the Temples in Egypt, one is somewhat disappointed with those of Paestum, and the cork-like effect of the material with which they are built is a drawback to their general effect. The most beautiful sight there was the view from the far end on the left of the Basilica, whence, looking through the vista of grey and brown-coloured columns, the distant Apennines shone out in opalescent colours. I read Roger's poem and devoured some sandwiches among the ruins; a clergyman named Fanshaw, whom I had met at the station, drove back with me along that lovely stretch of sea and hills and rocks, the whole way divinely scented by the orange blossoms that bloomed all around.

It is impossible, methinks, to be disappointed with Amalfi, or not to like its hotel perched at the top of its three hundred steps; and what a view that is from the terrace of the inn. The old monks' cells make delightfully cosy bedrooms; one can see from one's bed the fishing-boats far below. Amalfi was perfumed night and day with the scent of the orange flowers; sitting out on the terrace at night, the fire-flies blazed around as if they were tipped with electric light.

Next day I climbed up to Ravello, certainly one of the most beautiful places in this land of beauty.

Mr Rolfe, when I was back again in Naples, took me to see the "Miracle" of the liquefaction of St Januarius' blood. We found some two hundred persons, mostly of the poorest class, in the church. The priests carried round the phials containing the substance for the worshippers to kiss, which were pressed by the priest on the forehead and lips of those who knelt before him; it was a terribly tawdry exhibition of superstitious mummery, in which the paganish, image-worshipping Roman Church delights, to its shame.

One afternoon the Rolfes took me with them to see the interior of the Castello del Ovo, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the sea front of this city. A civil officer of the Bersaglieri, named Campo, did us the honours of the fortress, in which he lives. There are some curious old cells and prisons cut out in the rock; some of them have remains of frescoes on their walls, figures of saints and angels; the most notable feature of the place is the superb view over the bay from the top of the Castle, and from a terrace which opens out from the officers' quarters; our officer appreciates the beauty of this place, where he has lived during the last two years, and he told us that he would be loath to leave it.

I met at the hotel *table d'hôte* a young L——, one of Lord H——'s eight sons, on his way home from tea-planting in Ceylon; he has failed for the army, and has no idea of what to do with himself. On my asking him what was the family name of his father's first wife, he answered that he was "blessed if he knew"; this want of interest, I thought, even regarding his own family, did not promise well for making a career for himself.

At the end of May I crossed the sea to Messina, where I passed the night at the Hôtel Victoria in the Via Garibaldi. I visited half a dozen churches, many gorgeous, with peculiarly rich but *baroque* inlaid decorations of marbles and precious stones. The Cathedral horribly restored, but the double row of antique columns of dark red granite gave a striking effect to the building. Mr Rolfe had given me an introduction for the English Consul, Mr Rainford; I found that he was rather a character; he is a bit of an artist, and has seen much of life in India and other places, and could, and he would, give some curious experiences of life as seen in many places, and among queer people. He

seems also an agent for old pictures, and has dealings in these with Bute. He told me his son lives at a *pension*, at Taormina.

On arriving the next day at Taormina, I went to Mr Rainford's *pension;* it goes by the name of the Casa Inglese, formerly a monastery or nunnery; it is now converted into a comfortable boarding-house; in the centre is a cloister full of flowers in full bloom. I am in a little sitting-room at the end of the corridor on the first floor. On the ground floor is the chapel, now used as a lumber-room, with a large refectory opposite, in which is a faded fresco of the Last Supper. Young Rainford and his father do not seem to "hit it off" together; the son informs me that unless his sire "stumps up," as he calls it, it will be impossible for him to carry on this place.

I visited the town, a most uncommonly dirty one, full of dirtier children, and then went up to the ruin of the Greek Theatre, a prodigious mass of building, from which one has those two incomparable views—on one side Etna, and the other Messina and its bay. Much as I had expected, these views came far beyond all my expectations—sublimely grand and gorgeously beautiful. I was out by five the next morning, and stayed some time at a place below the house, which the Rainfords' called the Castello Catterina, from which there is a superb panorama over sea and hills; and later I again visited the ruins of the Theatre to impress the view well upon my memory. Old Mr Rainford had come over to see me, and we had much talk, as we walked about the place, and I trust I have a claim to some future blessedness, as I did my best to make peace and amity to reign between him and his son. Young Mrs Rainford told me she did not like Taormina. On my asking her reason, she said, "Because there are no trees and no lawn-tennis!"

At noon I left by train for Catania, and found there a good hotel yclept the Grand, kept by Ragusa. Catania is more quaint than interesting. The next day I visited Syracuse; here there is as little left of the city's former glory, as at Alexandria; one can only realise its former splendour by that beautiful silver coin, bearing the head of Arethusa on one side, a chariot on the other. The present Government are destroying all that was left to make the place of interest, by razing the fortifications built by Charles V.; only one of the gates now remain. However, the "Latonias" or Quarries are well worth seeing, the one

near the Church of the Capucins, where the seven thousand Athenian prisoners are supposed to have been starved, is the finest of these, like a Yosemite valley in miniature. One of these Quarries is called the Bath of Venus; this has been transformed into a garden, not unlike Rosherville, pretty but cockneyfied. The remains of the Roman and Greek theatres are disappointing after seeing those at Arles and Nîmes; neither is the Museum a good one, and the place, town, and surroundings have a most melancholy decayed look. There is a handsome Town Hall dating from the time of Charles V., and a pair of tolerable *cinquo cento* churches. The harbour is also disappointing, neat but of no beauty; we finished our sight-seeing by going through the Catacombs, and after that returned to Catania.

The day after I drove up to Nicolosi, which, had not Etna been cloud-covered, would have been worth the five hours' drive to and from Catania. I found Gladstone's signature in the old visitors' book, written on the 30th of October 1836, under which some Britisher has written, "Bravo, G.O.M." The landlord is very proud of having *il grande Ministero Inglese's* signature; it is surprising that some Vandal has not cut the page out of the book. The country we came by is very fertile; one met constantly carts laden with barrels of the rich wine of the hillsides of Etna; a crater on the right hand of Nicolosi was throwing out volumes of steam. I also visited the great monastery of San Benedetto, well worth seeing; its library is a very fine one, and there are good views of Etna from the neglected garden. Thence to Girgenti by an intolerably slow train, which took seven hours to reach my destination.

At the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, a wretched caravansary, I found no one who knew a word of English or French.

The new town consists of some ugly buildings and of a single street.

The temples, like those of Paestum, have the appearance of being cut out of cork, owing to the colour and texture of the sandstone of which they are made, but one prefers them in their present condition to what they must have been in their prime, when stuccoed all over and painted in brilliant colours. Two hours sufficed for seeing these temples, and I was glad to leave Girgenti, its dirt and the beggars who infested the whole place; one really beautiful effect there to be recalled, was that of the fields

all aglow with poppies, yellow daisies, and pale purple and white convolvulus.

Arriving late at Palermo on the *27th of May*, I found a room at the Hôtel de France, near the Garibaldi Gardens and facing the harbour.

The next day I received a visit from Mr Joshua Whitaker, for whom Rolfe had given me a letter of introduction; he belongs to a family of seven brothers, three of whom live in Palermo. Mr J. Whitaker was most kind in taking me to see the places I had not seen when here on my first visit, and in introducing me to his relations. A day or two after, I received an invitation from Mrs Joseph Whitaker, Mr Joshua's sister-in-law, to pay them a visit. They live in a splendid but unfinished house called Malfitano. I was received by Mrs "Tina" Whitaker, and her mother, Madame Scalia, a dear old dame, like an old friend. We found that, besides Hamilton Aïdé, we had many other friends in common; Percy Ffrench for one, and dear Lady Holland for another, who, although dead, is always fondly and gratefully remembered.

The father of Mrs Whitaker, General Scalia, lives with them; he was a Liberal before the Unification of Italy, and passed many years with his wife and daughter in England. We had a gorgeous luncheon of Sicilian dishes. While I was at Malfitano a letter arrived from Hamilton Aïdé, full of enthusiasm on Henry Stanley being engaged to H. A.'s cousin, Dorothy Tennant.

I was shown the house, which is most luxurious, a set of splendid tapestries on the staircase, which had been recently brought from the Colonna Palace in Rome. I was invited to return some day and pay a longer visit, and although I told them I was a regular Bohemian, I think I shall manage to do so.

I carried out this hope the next, and many a succeeding year, and my kind hosts of Malfitano have ever proved the most kind and hospitable of friends, ever dearer as the years roll on.

The day after this visit to Malfitano I left Sicily and returned to Naples. The night was a perfect one, the fine promontories of the hills, which form the Bay of Palermo, and look like huge lions couchant, faded away in the pink haze, and the rising moon threw over the sea a silver track, etc.

The next day Mr Rolfe and I called on Mr Rendell at his beautiful villa at Posilippo, going there by boat. He

was out, but we visited the garden, admirably laid out on the hillside, with its chapel, its temple, and summer houses; we went over his pretty little 100-ton yacht, the *Layra*, of which the Scotch captain, Ronald Currie, did us the honours.

In the beginning of *June* I passed a few days in the neighbourhood of Naples with a young Neapolitan landscape painter, Angelo della Mura, one of whose clever landscapes had attracted me at an exhibition in Naples. He lives with his uncle, also a painter, at Maiori. We visited Capri, where he painted some views. Capri we thoroughly explored. On one exceedingly hot afternoon we climbed up the hills to Dr A. Munthe's (author of "Letters from a Mourning City") villa at Ana Capri. The doctor, whose acquaintance I had recently made in Rome, is much beloved by the Anacaprians, as one saw by the way he is greeted wherever he goes by the poor people of the place. He took us to the studio of an English sculptor, Mr Thomas, in a house next his villa, for which Thomas pays £20 a year, a good house and studio, and such a view over the Gulf of Salerno.

When again in Naples, Mr Rolfe took me to see some interesting excavations being made for Mr Stevens, at Cumae, whose collection I had seen in the town. On arriving at Pozzuoli, we drove for one hour along a road, the hills of which are lined with ruins of Roman villas. When we reached the hill on which had stood the Acropolis of Cumae, we turned and drove some distance through vineyards, and got out at a farm building, close to which the excavations are being carried out. These consist of pits dug some twelve feet or more into the vineyard; some stone slabs were found, containing the remains of the Cumaeans buried in this Necropolis some two thousand and odd years ago. Half-a-dozen labourers were here employed by Mr Stevens; they were brothers, sons of an old bailiff who lived in the neighbouring farm. Half-a-dozen of these graves were opened. In the first were only a few fragments of bones, and a little red and black vase, with a painting of a seated lady playing a lyre on it; "Euterpe," quoth Rolfe. The next was the grave of a child, with nothing in it except a few vine roots; the third contained two or three archaic vases, painted a pale red tint on a buff-coloured ground; these were very gracefully shaped. It was then noon, and pretty

hot, and we adjourned to luncheon, when several mangy cats and dogs assisted us to stow away our cold collation.

We then returned to the graves; the next one opened contained quite a little museum of treasures—half-a-dozen vases, of all sorts and sizes, some very corroded silver ornaments, a handsome bronze bracelet, two glass beads, and several bronze shawl pins. Mr Stevens, who is the most *donnant* of antiquarians, very kindly gave me three of the vases. All the graves, with the exception of the child's, were choked full of loam, which had silted into them through the interstices of the stone toppings of the coffins. We returned to Naples, after the best day's treasure-hunting that I have ever had or am likely to have again.

Soon after this grave-digging expedition, I visited my friend delle Mura's uncle, the Cavaliere Caponni, at Maiori. I found his studio crammed with clever figure and landscape paintings. At Maiori I put up at the Hotel del Torre, a pretty castellated house above the road, kept by a jolly Boniface, named "Soldieri." I had the place all to myself, and enjoyed this freedom, and also in having a turreted room to live in, which recalled Dunrobin, from the windows of which one had a view over the Bay of Salerno, the hills near Amalfi and Ravello, and the pretty little harbour and fishing town of Maiori below.

Passing through Rome, I stayed on my way north at Perugia, to see that interesting place, and also Assisi, places far too well known by all who know Italy to need any quotation from my diary concerning them. I was shown the churches of Assisi by a most dignified-looking young priest, Fra Felice Maria Spee; this very distinguished-looking brother of the Order of St Francis, with a head worthy of a medal, is a Dutchman, a native of Amsterdam. Although only thirty-two, he has already been in Orders sixteen years. He speaks enthusiastically of his profession; and he told me that not for all the gold in the world would he change his place. His devotion to his patron saint is intense; he says that it is an unspeakable happiness to be near him, *i.e.* St Francis. At first he confessed that the change as to food, and the habits and dirt of Italy, after the cleanliness of Holland, was what tried him most. He spoke very bitterly against the Government, which has confiscated the library of the Monastery, and sold all the truckle beds of the monks, and substituted in their place iron bedsteads. I could not help saying I

could not see in this a grievance; a cleaner or more comfortable room than his, for a monastic one, I never saw elsewhere; "But it is not what we were accustomed to," he complained. He had taken the Dufferins on their recent visit here over the churches, and he spoke of Lord Dufferin's amiability and charm.

The upper church is undergoing restoration, which it has been suffering for the last sixteen years, and as only one man is at work, probably it will take another sixteen to accomplish. A stout little lady was copying one of Giotto's frescoes in the lower church, whom Brother Felice told me was Madame la Princesse de Croy; she was making this copy for her daughter.

I went on to Ravenna, remaining only a few days in Florence, where the heat was terrific. Although the mosaics in its churches are all worth coming to see, of Ravenna itself I write: "A drearier or duller town cannot be imagined; it has none of the picturesqueness of most old Italian cities, for its streets are built at right angles, like some American town. Byron must have been very fond of the Guiccioli to have been able to pass two years in such a place, especially after living in Venice."

At Ferrara too I was much disillusioned. It is, if possible, a more intensely dreary place than even Ravenna, and little to see in it. The huge old Castle-Palace is a fine mass of building, and the Cathedral has a striking west front, but within it stinks of the *baroque*.

Venice was my next halt; there the bathing in the Lido was in full swing. That, and a day's sight-seeing at Padua, were the pleasantest parts of my stay during that hot time in Venice, whence, on the *9th of July*, I went to Vienna.

Sir Augustus, our Ambassador, and his talented wife, were at the Embassy, Sir Augustus most good-natured, and Lady Paget amiable. It is a curious fact that Sir Augustus' father, Sir Arthur Paget, was Ambassador here just ninety years ago.

In the Cathedral of St Stephen I noted the following inscription in the little Chapel of St Catherine, which struck me:

"Fui. Abbas. Episcopus. Princeps. Sum: Pulvis. Umbra. Nihil."

No name or further record.

By the middle of *July* I was at Munich. Munich, after Italy, strikes me as dull, ugly, and uninteresting;

and the poor imitation of ancient temples and mediæval buildings are somewhat melancholy. I called on the English Minister, Mr Victor Drummond; he and his wife, an American, extremely agreeable. She has filled their rooms with *bric-à-brac* of all sorts, especially old silver. I have also met the young Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, Count Jean Lónyay, and went with him to some galleries and exhibitions of modern painters in the Crystal Palace.

On the *23rd of July* I was at Ratisbon, or Regensburg, as it should be called. Why we should call Livorno, "Leghorn," and Regensburg, "Ratisbon," passes comprehension. The Cathedral a noble building, with beautiful towers, and stone foliated steeples, with some splendid old, and some very bad modern, glass. In the centre of the nave is a noble kneeling bronze figure of a Prince Cardinal of the house of Wittelsbach; there are some fine cloisters, and a curiously carved well within the church. The view of the town, and its many churches and steeples from the bridge over the Danube is very striking; so is the old Scottish Church—the "Scöttischer Kirche," dedicated to St James of Scotland. It belonged formerly to the Scotch Benedictines. The name of Arbuthnot appears in the modernised cloisters, with the date, 1820.

I devoted that afternoon to visiting the Valhalla, a name familiar to me from early childhood. The Temple is an hour's drive from Regensburg. It stands in a commanding position on a hill overlooking the Danube and the fertile plain beyond. The interior of the building forcibly recalled the Chamber of Horrors at Tussaud's Gallery. Why the busts of Vandyck and Van Tromp should find a place in a German Valhalla is not clear. However, the exterior of the building is the finest imitation of an antique temple that exists, and is a noble idea grandly carried out. There is a beautiful piece of sculpture in this temple of fame, the seated Victory, by Rauch, which was such a favourite of my dearest mother's. Visited the ruins of the Castle of Stauf, destroyed by the Swedes; from the top of this ruin the view is finer than that from the Valhalla.

My next stoppage was at Nuremberg, where I stayed again at the Bayrischer Höf. This time my room does not overlook the Pegnitz, but opens on the inn-yard, a most picturesque one, with its quaint adornments;

altogether I think Nuremberg one of the most attractive places in Europe; for here there is a delightful feeling of rest and repose, after the noise and heat, stir and bustle of Vienna and Munich, and here I hope to pass a few days of peace and quiet. I know the place so well that I need not "do the sights," except to revisit them as old acquaintances, and I have no need to rush round like most travelling folk think it necessary to do.

In this haven of rest I passed my forty-fifth birthday.

One day at the end of *July* I visited a ruined fortress called Rotenberg, some half-hour by rail from Nuremberg; it was formerly considered as impregnable as Gibraltar, but it fell into the hands of the French and Austrians, and was finally abandoned and dismantled.

On the *3rd of August* I went to Würzburg, where I received a telegram from Count Herbert Bismarck, asking me to go to Kissingen on the next day.

4th August.

Left for Kissingen at ten. On arriving there at twelve, I drove about a couple of miles to the north-east of the town, passing by villas and houses on the road-side, many of which were beflagged. After a five-and-twenty-minutes' drive I reached my destination, called, "Ober Saliner." Prince Bismarck had kept the good people of Kissingen in suspense during the last two days, as he was expected last Saturday, and crowds flocked to the station on that, and on the two following days, only to be disappointed, but when at length he did turn up, he received a great ovation. It had begun to rain, and the Prince told me he found it rather an inconvenient thing to be *en civile*, as he kept his hat off almost the whole way from the station to the house; for as I noticed, he invariably, when saluting or returning a bow, takes his broad-brimmed wideawake right off, remaining bare-headed.

Ober Saliner is a building half palatial, half farm-house; it has a tower, and a high red-tiled sloping roof. Formerly it belonged to the Prince Bishops of Würzburg, who used it as a kind of hunting lodge. A helmeted policeman in a green uniform stood below the wide arched entrance. Passing under this arch I entered a narrow staircase, the walls hung with portraits of the last century, and was shown into

a handsome drawing-room with a gaudily painted ceiling; this room with its large windows took up the entire width of the house, on one end looking out on the high road, on the other the garden and the wooded hills beyond. Although I was only a few minutes late (12.30), the luncheon had begun. Count Herbert came out almost as soon as I arrived and cordially welcomed me, and we passed into the dining-room. I found the Prince had risen and was standing in the doorway; he shook hands as if I had been an old friend, and turning, introduced me to his neighbour, Count Stolberg Werngerode, whom Herbert Bismarck told me is the owner of the famous Bröken Mountain in the Hartz Mountains. The Count has been Ambassador at Vienna; he looks about forty, although he is a good deal older. Two other men were at luncheon, one, a dark-bearded, spectacled Italian-looking man of about forty-five, who is the Prince's doctor, Schweningen. The other, a younger man, also a doctor, and who acts as the Prince's secretary, named Crysander. I sat between Bismarck and his son, and at first had more talk with the son than the father, the Prince being engaged in chatting to his neighbour, Count Stolberg. The luncheon was a frugal but substantial one; there was beefsteak, veal, cold meats, and "Rindfleisch," washed down with beer; also potatoes in their jackets, and bread and cheese. I could not make out what the Prince drank; he said his doctor was a tyrant, and limited him to a very small allowance of any liquid. The other guests left as soon as luncheon was over, leaving me alone with father and son. Herbert gave me a cigar and the Prince began smoking out of a long cherry-stick pipe filled with mild tobacco; he continued smoking as he sat talking in the gentle, quiet manner which reminded me of the very last person whom one would expect Bismarck to remind one, namely Dicky Doyle, but he did remind me of Dicky, strange though it seems.

The Prince had still a fresh healthy tinge of colour on his cheeks, but naturally since I last spoke to him in June of the year '70, when I saw him at Potsdam at the Royal Christening, on the eve of the war, he is greatly changed in appearance; those twenty years of intense strain and anxiety have left their mark on him; and he now appears a far smaller man; when standing before him I had not that feeling of being a pigmy that I had twenty years ago. He stoops now; being in civilian dress, wearing a loose-fitting black frock coat, may account in some

measure for this altered look in build. His hair, the little that is left, above the ears, is steel grey. He wore a black tie tied tightly round the neck, and a white rose in his button-hole. The room was full of beautiful bunches of roses, the gifts of his admirers. The traditional three hairs which all caricaturists place on the top of his head I could not discover, but there is quite a fringe of short grey hairs that rise at the back of his head. The moustache has a dash of yellow in it: this tinge may be from tobacco juice. The Prince spoke to me in English very well, if not fluently; he pronounces some words oddly, for instance, a word which he used constantly, "especially," which he pronounces "espēcially." I got him to speak about himself, the most interesting subject to hear him talk about. He alluded to his twenty-eight years of incessant work, and of the anxiety of those years. They had quite obliterated for him, he said, the things he cared most for previously, riding and shooting, and he added, music and painting; but especially riding, he said again, of which he was once passionately fond; now he only regarded it as a healthy exercise, and no longer delighted as of yore in his horses. The tremendous work he had to go through had, he said, driven all these things away from him; his work had been like gambling on a vast scale, and the stakes the prosperity if not the very existence of his country. Other ministers were, he said, content with holding their portfolios, but he had all the State work on his shoulders. The old King ("King," he always called him, and never Emperor) had often said laughingly to him, "I would not be in your skin for all the world." He then told me in a somewhat involved manner an anecdote of General York, whose desertion from Prussia to Russia had had such an effect upon the deserter that his hair blanched in a single night, "and I," said the Prince, "have had not only one such a night as that, but dozens." He spoke of the old Emperor with more esteem than admiration, "a grand soldier," he called him, and "a most gentlemanlike old man," but not remarkable as a statesman. Up to about ten years ago before his death one could not, he said, have seen anywhere a finer specimen of an old man. "I was," said Bismarck, "probably the only person who saw the old King *en robe de chambre*, when I was sent for by him late at night;" and he described what a change it made in the appearance of the venerable Monarch to be minus his wig and his *râtelier*, for the white locks which

appeared on his head in the daytime were fastened to bands. Latterly he was quite bald. Referring to Heligoland, the Prince said: "I hope with all my heart that we shall not have a war with France; but if we do I should have preferred that Heligoland belonged to a neutral power," and he added that that island could only be a source of danger, in the event of a war with France, to Germany; and that it would cost between two and three millions to fortify it. "Not much for Germany," I said, to which the Prince answered, "On the contrary, it is an enormous sum, forty millions" (of marks, I suppose he meant). The only naval encounter that had taken place in the war between France and Germany, he said, occurred when a German and French man-of-war fought one another in the West Indies; the German vessel received a shot in her boiler. The Prince said he had had the intention of coming to England this autumn, but it was now too late in the year to do so; he never, he told me, made plans for even a day in advance; perhaps some fine morning he might feel inclined, and then he would start; he has been twice in England, the first time in '42, the second time in '62, "for the Great Exhibition," he said; it was of course not the Great one, but as he called it so, I let it pass. Talking of his cure at Kissingen, he said he only came here in order that his family could not reproach him, if he fell ill later on, for not having done so, but as for any good he had obtained from the baths, he thought his rides at home would have done him as much; at Kissingen he could not get a horse that would suit him to ride. The Prince had now visited this place fourteen times. "I am now nothing, only a soldier." "A Field-Marshal," said Herbert. "Although," said Bismarck, "both the Emperor and I forgot it, I still retain the Presidency of the Council." This he said without any note of bitterness, neither did the Prince once give me the least impression of bitterness in his manner or in what he said for his loss of place and power, as so many newspaper writers have so often and maliciously stated. We spoke of old Countess Pauline Neali (an old lady of the Court of Queen Louise, and a friend of my father's in the early part of the century, when he was in Prussia). "Her parties," the Prince said, "were the pleasantest in Berlin." "Perhaps," he added, "because there was no dancing at them;" and of a still older Berlin lady, the Frau von Voss, who boxed the ears of Frederick the Great, when in his youth, meeting her on a staircase, he tried to kiss her. Of Menzel's Illustrations

to the life of Frederick II., the Prince expressed his great admiration, and agreed with me that it was a pity that artist had not illustrated the last great war. The Prince said that he had become quite unused to society, and that for the last ten years he had gone nowhere;—that he was excused from going to Court; he took his exercise in his garden at Berlin, but only rode occasionally in the Thiergarten.

All this time his big dog was lying under the dinner table. "Tira" is his name; a gift of the Emperor, for which the Prince has had to discard another and a much handsomer dog; being, as he said, a good courtier, he felt obliged to do so. Of Motley he spoke with great feeling. "We lived," he said, "for years together in Berlin when we were students, sharing the same rooms." He said Motley was constitutionally melancholy, and always looked at the dark side of things. Of Dizzy, he also spoke with much appreciation, and said what pleasant evenings they had passed together, when he used to come and dine quite alone with the Prince and his family; they used, the Prince said, to talk together for hours, and never mention politics.

At half-past two I thought it was time for me to leave, although I should have gladly sat talking there, or rather listening all the afternoon, and all night, for that matter. The Prince said he regretted he had not more opportunities of practising his English. "I have only your Ambassador," he said, "to speak with in English." He asked me, when I took my leave, to return on the following morning. I left quite charmed with the sweetness and amiability of "the man of blood and iron."

Walking back to Kissingen, I engaged a room in the small hotel near the railway station, called the Hotel Zandt; and next morning (*6th August*) I was off again by ten o'clock to Ober Salinen. I found Count Herbert in the saloon; he took me into the Prince's study, a cosy room, full of *bric-à-brac*, belonging to the owner of the house; beyond this room is Bismarck's bedroom, with a large bed carved in dark wood; the windows of this room look out on the valley and hills beyond—a view which reminded me a little of that part of the Thames valley near Marlow, but instead of the silver Thames, here is only a sluggish browny-yellow little river meandering along the flowery meadows. I noticed some splendid swan quill pens on the Prince's writing-table, and one of

them, with which Bismarck had signed his name on a photograph, he gave me.

The Prince joined us while we were in his study. After signing his name on the photograph, he asked me to write mine in a huge visitors' book, which has the appearance of an old family Bible. The talk turned on Shakespeare. I had asked the Prince if he still read him. "Yes, indeed," he answered, and turning to his son, he said he would like a copy of "Hamlet," which he had seen in his room. I asked whether I might write down a quotation from Shakespeare, and being allowed, I wrote down on a great sheet of the Prince's letter paper these dozen words:

> "Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace
> To silence envious tongues."

The Prince, after he had read them, smiled, nodded his head, and said, "I have done my best to maintain peace, and shall, as far as I am able to, continue to do so."

Then he talked of his homes, of Varzin, Schönhausen, and Friedrichsruhe. Varzin is his favourite; there he said, among his old trees, which he has loved all his life, he is happiest. Schönhausen is the old family estate, also in a wooded country. Friedrichsruhe lies in a flat plain; the latter was a gift from the "old King." He spoke of the late Emperor with a tone of real affection, and with great regard; how marvellous was his patience during his terrible illness; how much he had been struck by his sweet manner when, speechless and half strangled, he had wished the Prince to ring one of the five bells by his bedside; how, when the Prince placed his hand on the right one, the Emperor had with his kind look expressed his thanks. I could wish that those persons who say that Bismarck behaved so unfeelingly to the late Emperor could have heard him tell this anecdote of a man he so honoured. At eleven a servant in the white and blue livery of the Regent entered, and announced that the Prince's carriage was waiting to take him to the bath. Herbert Bismarck and I followed on foot. We went to the Saliner Bath, a building which has a central hall, where you can see the hot saline water bubbling and fuming below; this water ebbs and flows like the sea. A crowd of Germans and tourists were waiting about the entrance to see the great man pass to the bath; in about twenty minutes' time after we had reached the bath building, out marched first the big dog, followed by the

Prince. As soon as the crowd saw him, they set up a loud shout, "*Hoch! für Fürst Bismarck!*" A lady handed a bouquet to him, and a little eager American lady rushed up to him and seized his hand. We then walked back together through the meadows and woods. Alluding to the incident of the American lady, the Prince said: "It was also yesterday that the American lady said something which I did understand, and who asked me to-day to shake hands with her, to which I answered that I should gladly do so, she was a little dark *bitch*." Both the Prince and Herbert Bismarck use this somewhat derogatory term of the other sex, and quite in a casual way. Nothing can exceed the courtesy of the Prince in his manner of returning the salutations of the people; he takes off his light brown coloured wideawake even to the children who salute him. We were amused at a shout of "Hoch!" proceeding from two peasants who passed in a cart, and the wideawake was also lifted. Nothing can be more spontaneous and hearty than the greetings of one and all to the Prince. As he passed, all stood up; the ladies who had been seated on the benches rose, and made low curtseys to the Prince as he went by, and all the men stood bareheaded. This homage, as I told the Prince, reminded me of the universal reverence shown by the English people to the Duke of Wellington. "I remembered," said the Prince, "when I was for the first time in England in '42, seeing the Duke riding from the House of Lords, and how he was saluted by all, English, foreigners, by all."

After leaving the people shouting "Hoch!" in front of the Saliner Bath, near which is a good bronze statue of Bismarck, we crossed a little bridge, and then walked along a path over the meadows, and entered by our right into a wood of beeches. Under a clump of these we sat down for a while, till, on seeing some people coming towards us, he marched slowly away towards his house. "It pains me," he said, "when the police interfere with the people, and prevent them from following me, but of course I do not like a crowd at my heels. But now," he added, "it is not as formerly, when I could not go out without having four policemen marching in front of me, and four behind, to protect me." He then gave me a most interesting account of the two attempts made to assassinate him—one at Kissingen, in '74, the first at Berlin, in '66, I think. "Then," as he naïvely remarked, "I had no wish at all to die." It was here, at Kissingen, where the

Prince was then staying, that, as he was just starting for a drive, and thinking he recognised some one, had turned his head (it was a Count Donau, I think he said, whom he thought he recognised in the street, but it turned out to be a stranger); thanks to this face which he thought he knew, the Prince said he owed his preservation, as just at the moment that he was saluting his supposed friend, he felt the muzzle of a pistol placed against his neck, which, when fired, scorched his face, cut his nose, and his wrist below the right-hand thumb; the latter wound he still feels, and it prevents his writing for any length of time. Meanwhile, a priest had stopped the carriage by crossing the street in front of the horses' heads. "Seize the priest!" shouted a woman, who was looking out from a window of Bismarck's house. "The priest bolted like a hare," said the prince, "and was caught, but nothing was done to him." The would-be assassin got fourteen years' imprisonment; he is still in durance, as just before his term expired it was renewed, he having insulted an official of the prison. The other attempt made to shoot the Prince was at Berlin, and there he had a still more extraordinary escape. The first shot was fired from behind; Bismarck thought it was only a cracker, but on the report of a second, he turned and saw a man aiming point-blank at him, at about three yards' distance; he rushed up and seized the man, who, however, again fired his revolver at the instant Bismarck laid hold of his right arm, the assassin having transferred his revolver from his right to his left hand; this last shot set the Prince's coat on fire, and the bullet hit one of his ribs as it grazed his side. When he unbuttoned his coat he found a bruise as large as a chestnut on his side. At the time he thought he had been seriously wounded; as he felt a violent jar on the vertebræ immediately behind when the bullet struck him.

On entering the garden of the Ober Salinen, the Prince pumped vigorously at a pump for his dog to have a good long drink, after which he said to him, "*So, war das nicht schön!*"

I parted with the Prince under the archway, he stepping forward to open the door. Nothing could have been more kind, more courteous and amiable than his manner to me on these two memorable visits which I have had the good fortune to pay the greatest of living statesmen. I returned to Kissingen along a pretty path under the

shade of a long chestnut avenue, by the side of the sluggish stream.

On such a day as this Kissingen is quite a lovely spot. My first day there was dull and wet, and it gave me the impression of being a damp hole of a place; but the sunshine of the next day quite took away that unfavourable first impression, and Kissingen will now be always associated to me with my two visits to Bismarck.

I left Kissingen that afternoon and returned to England; stopping on the way at Achen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, as we English incorrectly call Charlemagne's old city.

In the middle of *September* I paid a visit with Lorne to the Island of Mull. We had met at Stirling, whence we went to Oban, vastly grown since I was here in far-away days. I think it was in '55 that I was here last, having come in my father's yacht. It is now a town of hotels. We walked up to Dunolly Castle, where we were shown the famous "Brooch of Lorne" by its owner, Colonel MacDougall. Dunolly is very finely wooded. We left Oban by steamer, and landed at Aros, in Mull, the sea as blue as the Mediterranean, with beautiful lights and shades. A drive of four miles brought us to our destination, Knock House — undergoing alterations. The views from it of hills and lochs decidedly picturesque. A very old friend of the Argylls, Dr W. Cumming, who is always called the "Long Doctor," owing to his height, lives during the summer months in a little lodge which Argyll built for him half a mile from Knock. We dined with him that evening. I had not seen the dear old man for twenty years; he is now eighty-seven, very infirm, and paralysed all down one side, but he still fishes in the loch from a punt. He is wheeled into the dining-room, the walls of which are covered with paintings by Archie Campbell. Nothing can be kinder than Lorne and all his brothers to the old Doctor, who was Argyll's tutor fifty years ago. The Glyns came to Knock while I was there—Mary Glyn and her husband (the Rev. and Hon. E. Carr Glyn and his wife, my niece). We left Knock together; on our last day there we took a drive under the dark cliffs; from this road one has beautiful views of distant Staffa and Iona. I would have liked to have visited those interesting places, but I had to return south.

After a few days passed at Gower Lodge (Windsor), I again went abroad; it was the last time I was to be at my little Windsor house. I had taken a house in Earl's Court, and this being settled on, I left London on the *11th October*. Whilst in Paris with Mr Lee Bateman, we made some trips together with reference to my work on Joan of Arc; going one day to Compiègne, where we first photographed the so-called Joan of Arc Tower in that town, and others across the river at Clairvaux, where we tried to make out the position of the two armies during the siege of 1429.

Later on we went further afield. We visited the grandly situated Cathedral of Laon, and paid a visit to Rheims, where we took photographs both of the exterior and interior of its Cathedral. These photographs were later on used as illustrations for my "Life of the Heroic Maid," and form the most valuable portion of that book.

From Rheims we went to Tours, and at Chinon more views were taken both of the Castle ruins and of the old houses in the town, some of which are certainly as old as the fifteenth century. I find the following tribute to my companion's amiability and patience during this artistic expedition at the end of our tour. "He is very amiable and good-tempered even over failures, which make this kind of work so intensely irritating when unsuccessful, as it cannot fail to be sometimes."

At Rouen, where we passed some days, we had more photographing of churches—some of the exterior of St Ouen were most successful; in that beautiful church the guide told us he had often been over it with "*le fameux Monsieur Ruskin, un homme bien instruit, mais bien singulier!*" A more amiably willing and good-tempered man than my companion has proved himself during the last two weeks that we have travelled about France together, it would be hard to find.

Letters from England tell me that the Queen has accepted my statue of "The Old Guard," which is to be placed in the Orangery at Windsor. Her Majesty will see it on her return next month from Scotland.

In the first week of *November* I was at Naples, my third visit to that place in that year. Here I made the acquaintance of the Duca d'Eboli (a Doria); his palace is on the Via Toledo, in which Garibaldi lived after the occupation. We (Rolfe and I) found the duke in a room

full of books, maps, etc.; he is extremely intelligent, far superior to most of his class. He spoke with much admiration of Garibaldi, and pointed out a couch in the study which had been the General's bed. He told me the following trait of Garibaldi, namely, that when he arrived at this house, he would not occupy any of the best rooms, but lodged on the third story, nor could he be induced to take even a cigar from the place, although everything the house contained was at his disposal.

Lady Halden's acquaintance I made that month in Naples; she lived at that time at the top of the hill in a villa overlooking the Bay.

I passed the winter in Rome; socially it was made delightful by the presence of the Dufferins. I find many notices of being often at the Embassy, and of those whom I met there; among these was Randolph Churchill on his way to Egypt.

I had called on the *1st December* on Mrs Terry, sister of "Uncle Sam" (Samuel Ward) and the mother, by a former husband, of the author Marion Crawford. She lives in the Odescalchi Palace. I liked her for her own sake, and still more for the loving way she spoke of Uncle Sam.

Thanks to Lord Dufferin, I was able to see a collection of ancient statues which are rarely shown, belonging to Prince Torlonia, who jealously guards them in sheds in which they do not appear to advantage. With the Dufferins came a young Oxford student, H. Stuart Jones, whom I had met one evening at our Embassy. He is on his way to Athens, to join the English Archæological School there. We lingered long in that matchless collection; one room, that of the Athletes, is alone worth the journey to Rome to see.

On *Christmas Day* I had a regular plethora of Church services, beginning at St Peter's, then going to the Ara Coeli, where the children were preaching, and the Doll of the Miraculous Gifts was placed in a kind of peep-show in a side chapel, and later after going to the English Church, I went to the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, most theatrically illuminated, ending the day at the English Embassy.

One evening at the end of the year I met Cardinal Rampolla at a big dinner at the Palazzo Venezia, a tall, common-looking young priest; he was treated with immense

distinction, candles being carried before him when he arrived and departed, which, seeing the palace was brilliantly illuminated, seemed to me somewhat unnecessary. The beautiful Marchesa Teodoli was there, an American by birth. It is said that after her wedding the people who saw her leaving the church fell on their knees, thinking the Madonna had appeared. Two *grande dames* I saw something of that winter, the one, Madame Appony, Princess Borghesi's mother, whom I remembered very long ago, when she was Austrian Ambassadress in London: and Madame Minghetti—Donna Laura, as they call her here, whom I knew twenty years ago when she was in England, then Princess Camporeale; she has retained her beautiful great eyes, and her charm of manner.

1891

ROME, *15th January.*

LOOKED in at the Dufferins after dinner; the Duke of Cambridge had dined, but there was no party after. It seemed rather strange to see Lord Dufferin showing the Duke the portraits of the three last Stuarts, namely, the Old and Young Pretenders, and the Cardinal of York.

"Lord Culloden" (by this name and title the Duke of Cambridge was known when travelling about *incognito*), of all people, gazing at these portraits in the English Embassy in Rome! He, the great-great-nephew of the man who got the nickname of "the butcher Cumberland" from the field from which he gets the name of Culloden.

It seems strange that in our Embassy here there should not be a portrait, print, or bust of our Queen.

On the *8th of March*, I left Rome for Greece.

BRINDISI.

Arrived here this evening. After dinner, while waiting for the Austrian Lloyd steamer I watched the huge P. & O. *Rome* gliding out of the harbour with its numberless lights, looking like some floating city fading into the darkness. At midnight I was on board the *Vorwerts*, a fearfully crowded steamer. A fine passage to Corfu—the coast of Greece with its snow-clad mountains looking beautiful.

On the *10th of March* we reached Patras. Read all day Count C. de Movis' "Lettres Atheniens," which is full of good art criticism.

Early next morning I saw the hills around Athens stand out over the sea in amethyst colour, Hymettus with snow on its upper heights, and Pentelicus; gradually one discerned a small reddish hill on which stood some yellow coloured

ruins; this was my first sight of the Acropolis. It was hard to realise that that little mound of rubbish, as it looked, contained so much of art and of history. We entered the Piraeus at eleven. An old German professor told me he could hardly realise it to be the same place he had known nineteen years ago, now so altered and improved. Drove up to Athens through clouds of dust. The sun shone over the "City of the Violet Crown," and bathed it in gorgeous light. In the afternoon, Stuart Jones walked up with me to the Acropolis; I was in nowise disappointed with that glorious ruin.

HÔTEL ALEXANDRE LE GRAND,
ATHENS, 14*th March.*

A new, and, for Athens, a comfortable caravansary; I have the advantage of being with my friend Stuart Jones and four other Oxford youths, who all belong to the English School of Archæology here. They are Sikes, Loring, Richards, and Milne, all pleasant and clever. H. Stuart Jones has particularly distinguished himself both at school and college. He was at Rossall School, and at Brasenose and Trinity College, where he took all possible honours and degrees. Milne and Loring are excavating the Theatre at Megalopolis.

On arriving, I found a card for a ball at the Embassy, from Sir Edmund Monson, "to meet their Majesties the King and Queen of the Hellenes." Stuart Jones went with me to the Embassy, where we found a small house, a big crowd within. The Royalties arrived late, and I left early; the fuss and form of the royal reception in so small a house made the effect somewhat ridiculous. There I made the acquaintance of a young American diplomatist, named Francis MacNutt; he has come here from Constantinople. He has a Montenegrin soldier-servant, most magnificently caparisoned, named Stephano, who walks a few feet in front of him, the admiration of all who behold him.

The days of my stay in Athens passed swiftly and pleasantly by; it was a great good fortune to be with Stuart Jones, who, though less appreciative of the beauty of Greek art than its interest from a scientific point of view, added by his society much to the pleasantness of visiting the museums and ruins.

Dr Waldstein, whom I knew at Cambridge, and with

whom I had stopped for a few days at King's College, when he was the Curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, was then at Athens; he had a house next to the English Archæological School, where we found the venerable architect, Mr Penrose. Stuart Jones and I called on Miss Tricoupis, the ex-Prime Minister's sister, a lively, agreeable old maid; she won my heart by the way she spoke of her recollections of my dearest mother, whom she had known in the fifties. She has passed the last nineteen years in receiving visitors in the afternoon, and has never left her house during all those years, she said, but to call on the Queen, and visit the cemetery; this existence seems to suit her admirably.

There was a wedding in our hotel one evening, the Landlord's brother being the bridegroom; the wedding ceremony took place in a room in the hotel; this was followed by a ball, at which we watched the guests dancing their native dances, the men sometimes standing up in rows and dancing together, and the women also by themselves, and then both sexes together.

16th March.

We (Stuart Jones, MacNutt, and I) left early for Olympia. It was a perfect day; the scenery as far as Patras is as beautiful as one can hope to see anywhere; especially beautiful are the coast views between Corinth and Patras, where the line skirts the sea; the opposite hills across the Gulf, of which Parnassus is the highest, were the colour of amethyst, and the sapphire-coloured sea in which the purple shadows lay made a perfect picture. We reached Patras at four that afternoon—a squalid place; there we changed trains, reaching Pyrgos after seven; our inn, L'Hôtel d'Olympia, not a bad one, with one exception —that of the *locale*, which was decidedly objectionable. We drove away at six the next morning; an uninteresting road is that from Pyrgos to Olympia, up and down hills for some dozen miles. On arriving we visited the new Museum which, in the form of a temple, overlooks the historic plain; it contains all the sculpture found here during the German excavations. In a large central room are the pediments from the Temple of Jupiter—a faceless Victory fronts you as you enter the building. In a room beyond this hall stands the famous Hermes, a god-like work. Both its position and light are unfavourable, but

nothing can diminish or lessen the divine beauty of the statue itself. There are traces of colour on the hair, the lips, and on the sandal of the right foot. We wandered over the ruins, and saw the spot in the Temple of Juno in which the Hermes had stood, and close by, the place from which it was unearthed. There is nothing striking in the scenery of Olympia—low hills rise around it, but the general effect is tame. The Temple of Juno is the most ancient in Greece, but only the lower shafts of the columns, which are composed of a kind of tufa, remain.

On 18*th March*, we were back again at Athens.

HOTEL DE LONDRES,
CONSTANTINOPLE, 24*th March*.

Our party, which consisted of Stuart Jones, Cheetham (another of the Oxford youths), and MacNutt, with his friend Stefanovid Schilizzi, met in the Khedivial s.s., at the Piraeus, on the 20*th*. On the 21*st*, we arrived off Smyrna; in that harbour we visited the iron-clad, *The Inflexible*, and were shown that wonderful mass of floating iron and steel by Dr Atchinson and Lieutenant Grenfell, and we steamed away for Constantinople that evening.

On *Palm Sunday* (22*nd March*) we saw the plains of Troy from our steamer. Another Oxford man had joined us at Smyrna, Farnell, full of archæological and historical information; he is on his way to Constantinople to see the famous sarcophagi. There we arrived on the following day. We lost no time in visiting the Museum, where we found the director, Hamdy Bey. Giving him our letters of introduction, we were most courteously treated, and shown the wonderful archæological "finds" from Sidon, placed in the newly-built Museum. These are the famous sarcophagi, four of which are probably the finest in existence. One of these four has a wonderfully spirited group of hunting and fighting men and horses sculptured on it, reminding one of Leonardo da Vinci's "Battle for the Standard." The finest, however, was a huge sarcophagus covered with the most extraordinarily spirited alto-relievos of scenes from the life of Alexander, vividly coloured even to the eyelashes, and apparently now as fresh as when they were finished

Most of these sarcophagi were found in pieces; they have been admirably restored by Hamdy Bey, and he deserves great credit, not only in having discovered them, but for the way in which he has cared for them. So frightened is he of exposing these treasures to the light that one was only allowed to look on them for a few minutes, after which they were covered over, and hidden from our eager sight. Hamdy told me that he was so excited and delighted when he discovered these treasures, that he thought he would have gone out of his mind.

The day after we had luncheon with our Ambassador, Sir William White, at the Embassy close to our hotel, L'Hôtel de Londres. Lady White is a German by birth. A daughter and son-in-law, a Swede, besides young Hardinge, son of Sir Arthur, were the party. Sir William White, a genial, jovial, grey-haired, rotund old diplomat. We talked of all manner of things and on all manner of subjects; it would be impossible not to like him.

The day after we saw from the house of a nephew of Mehemet Ali's the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca. The prettiest sight was the crowd in the narrow street; the thousands of fezes looked like a moving bed of poppies. Gorgeously caparisoned camels and mules bore the boxes of tribute and the Sultan's presents. Another picturesque sight was one we saw the following day, or rather evening, when from the Ambassador's steam-launch we witnessed the illumination of the Bosphorus, in honour of the Sultan's birthday. The scene, as we steamed into the harbour, was quite fairy-like; both sides of the Golden Horn and Seraglio Point were all ablaze with fireworks and rockets, falling on every side, and reflected in the waters. One was reminded of some beautiful begemmed windows of Persian workmanship in one of the mosques here. We steamed to Terapia, and landing, drove to Yildiz, where we watched the illuminations, innumerable lights all around; the whole population seemed to be out in the streets.

On *Good Friday* we saw the ceremony of the Selemlik, which I had seen when here six years ago.

On the *1st April* we were back again at Athens, and after some more expeditions to the neighbourhood of that town, I left for Nauplia with Stuart Jones on the *18th* of that month. While in Athens the sad news

of my niece's death, Alexandra Gower, had reached me; much sorrow had brought on a rapid decline in her once vigorous constitution; she knew she was sinking into the grave, but she made no effort to live; it was a most sad ending of a very sweet and amiable character.

HÔTEL ST GEORGE,
CORFU, *24th April.*

I arrived at this beautiful island two days ago, having left Nauplia on the *21st.* To return to Athens; we visited Colonnos, and paid a last visit to the Acropolis—a place that one finds it hard to tear oneself from—and one could hardly do so had one not the hope to see it once again.

On the *18th* we left Athens, Stuart Jones and Mr Guillemard being my companions. We arrived the same evening at Nauplia, a beautifully situated place, with a fine bay and hills beyond. Myers, one of the Oxonians, turned up here, and made our little party into a quartette.

The next day we visited Tyrins, Argos, and Mycenae; the first beautiful as to its situation, and full of interest; the second disappointing, and Mycenae, with the exception of its huge walls and Lion Gate, somewhat disappointing too. It was a long and tiring day, and Stuart Jones, who had but recently recovered from an attack of fever in Athens, felt too ill to continue the journey, and to my regret returned to Athens. While Stuart Jones went back to Athens, and Guillemard to Delphi, Myers and I visited Epidauros, a fifteen-miles' drive there and back. Leaving Nauplia at eight in the morning, we reached our destination at noon. There we visited the huge theatre built on the side of the hill, and the remains of the Temple of Æsculapius, and others; what is left of these gives one the impression of much beauty and grandeur, but there is not much natural beauty about the spot.

The following day we left Nauplia, reaching Corinth at noon, and arriving the same evening at Patras, where we went on board the Italian s.s. *Mediterano*, and made Corfu at noon on the *22nd of April.* Of the beauty of Corfu I write that "except for Taormina and Broussa, and parts of Majorca—Miramar, for instance—I have never seen anything lovelier than the views on the coast here, and from the hill of Pelleka on the western side of Corfu, and

that from Canone, with the lovely little cypress-clad island of Ponti Konisi (the Mouse Island) in the bay below, and the promontories of verdant hills, stretching out into the deep blue sea, is one of the loveliest that one can hope to look upon.

24th April.

Drove across the island to a place called Palæokastrizza. The road lay through a lovely country, a carpet of wild flowers, along hedgerows of roses in full bloom. On arriving on the western side of the island huge cliffs rise above the sea; under these are bays worthy to be the spot in which Aphrodite sprang from the sea. Palæokastrizza is certainly a lovely place; it reminded me of Capri, but its rocks are even finer in colour, and the purple and blue sea, with patches of pale green and aquamarine colour in the shallow bays, is indescribably beautiful. Other beautiful places in the island were visited besides—the lovely island of Pontoi Konosi, and Monte Pantaleone, among other beautiful places in that most beautiful of islands.

At the end of *April* I left Corfu, arriving at Rome two days after; just in time to see a Socialistic demonstration on the *1st of May*. The town looked in a state of siege, few carriages about, and most of the shops shut. I drove in the afternoon with E. Sherson to St John Lateran, where the scrimmage was at its height; a few stones were thrown at us, and our cabman galloped off in great terror; so we saw but little of the demonstration, but some wounded passed us, and one of the Socialist leaders is reported to have been killed.

MONTE CASSINO, *2nd May.*

I have always envied Lorne having visited this grand old place with Gladstone; the latter helped to save it, when in danger of being suppressed by the Italian Government, and his name is still gratefully remembered. Father Vaughan, a brother of the Bishop of Salford (now Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster), has been most kind and courteous to me here. The drive up the winding road to the Monastery from the station takes an hour to ascend. The views are splendid, one of the best is one near the

ruined castle, which, with the hills beyond, forms a perfect picture. The lights on this landscape were beautiful; I felt I was gazing at one of the most beautiful scenes in Italy. On arriving at the Monastery, one of the monks took me through a series of long corridors to Father Vaughan's room, who received me with much cordiality. So careful was he for my "inner man," that he insisted on staying me with eggs and wine, for fear I should be exhausted before the supper at eight that evening. We wandered through most of the building, the inner courtyard with its handsome loggia and antique pillars in the centre is architecturally fine, but the church is disappointing, as the lavish use of marble and the rococo painted ceilings and altar-pieces are altogether out of place. It is a marvel how two centuries ago, when there was no road to speak of to this place, all this quantity of marble could have been transported and placed here. At eight o'clock we marched into a huge refectory, the walls of which were painted apparently some twenty years ago, in a rather feeble ecclesiastical pattern. Some score of Benedictine monks stood with their backs to the wall, and one Franciscan made, with his brown garb, an excellent contrast to the black- and white-frocked brethren. We stood with our backs to the tables while a very long grace was intoned, after which the meal commenced in solemn silence. It was difficult to keep one's peace sitting next to Father Vaughan, who is a jolly, talkative, agreeable man of fifty, with good features, a bald head, and an inclination to *embonpoint*. One of the monks read, now in Latin and now in Italian, passages from the New Testament and selections from the Lives of the Benedictines. The room was lighted with oil lamps. The dinner consisted of a plain soup with eggs, veal cutlets with salad and finocchi, washed down with a good plain red wine; the meal lasted twenty minutes. At the end there was another long grace, and then we returned to our room, Father Vaughan, an Italian Prior, named Amelli, who was formerly the Archivist at the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and an English clergyman, Brightman by name, who comes from Pusey House, Oxford. He and Vaughan discussed their different views of religion. Father Vaughan gave me his experiences of a meeting he had had with Brother Ignatius. Next morning I saw the Abbot confirm some children in the chapel, the oldest part of the building, sadly modernised by recent wall paintings. I also saw the

library; there is in that room a porphyry seat, said to have been used by the Popes in the Middle Ages. A tradition relating to Pope Joan belongs to this antique marble seat. (It probably came from an antique Roman Bath). At the mid-day meal I sat by the Abbot, a courteous old gentleman of sixty-five; he drinks only water, and of course during the meal we had no conversation, as strict silence is the rule. This silence during the meals is, I think, a mistake, and although it may sound ungrateful to the hospitable monks, I am thankful that I shall have but one more silent meal. The three principal drawbacks to life at Monte Cassino are these: first, no baths; second, no fish; third, having to rise every morning at half-past four.

In a letter written to me by Mr Gladstone on *30th May* 1891, he says with reference to Monte Cassino:—"It is true that through a very happy conjunction of circumstances in 1866 and a good deal of enquiry and labour, I was able to do something for Monte Cassino. Ricasoli and the Italian Government of that day behaved as well as it was possible for men to do. I do hope the community have attained to something like a secure position. You do not name Tosti, but I hope he was there and well."

In the middle of *May* I was sight-seeing in and around Siena.

GRAND HOTEL,
SIENA, *19th May*.

Two interesting expeditions, one to San Gemiano, the second to Monte Oliveto, are to be made from Siena. San Gemiano is perhaps the best specimen of a mediæval town left in Italy. The drive is a picturesque one, through a rich country with hedgerows bordering the road, and with none of those hideous stone walls, which make the roads about Florence so uninteresting. The Town Hall contains some curious frescoes, also paintings brought from some suppressed convents. The Cathedral much spoilt by the evil taste of last-century decorations, but it has a lovely little chapel dedicated to the patron saint of the town, Santa Fina, whose death at the age of fifteen is represented in a painting on one side of the altar, and her lying in state on the other, both excellent.

In the Church of San Antonia are a number of frescoes

relating to the life of St Augustine. The worst of this hurried sight-seeing is that one confuses all one has seen, and the next day one retains only a vague recollection of things which it would be well if one could study for days together. The quaint high towers of the old town are little changed since the days when Dante walked beneath them; there are some dozen or so of these towers left.

The next day leaving Siena by the nine o'clock train to Ascanio, where a cattle market was being held, the place full of beautiful white and grey mild-eyed oxen; thence by carriage over an arid country, up and down hill, till the Monastery of Monte Olivetto is reached, once a hive of industrious Franciscans, now with only an Abbot and one white-cowled monk to keep him company; however, visitors are allowed to lodge at the Monastery; some remain but a day or two, but some for weeks and even months; of the latter lodgers were two elderly maiden sisters, the Misses Lucas, who come here every summer on their way to and from Rome; they have comfortable rooms for which they pay five francs per diem. The mid-day meal was going on when we (E. Sherson and I) arrived. The Abbot, Del Nero, a pleasant old man of seventy; he has been here nearly fifty years. The Misses Lucas did the honours of the place. The frescoes in the Cloisters by Signorelli and Sodoma, of the life of St Benedict, are most interesting. These Cloisters have been glazed, and are tolerably well preserved. Only a short time ago the Abbot discovered in one of the upper rooms of the Monastery some frescoes, representing the Fall of the Angels, by Sodoma. The place is full of that painter's work; he lived during two years in this Monastery; he certainly made a good use of his time.

In the grounds are some little chapels, and the monks' laboratory, a delightful old building still full of the earthenware medicine jars used for centuries by the monks, and all kept in the most perfect order. It took us four hours to get back to Siena.

At the end of that month I was again in Venice, where I found my cousin, Lady Bagot, and her eldest daughter staying at the house of Sir Henry Layard, which had been lent her, they themselves being in London. Some of the pictures, mostly by Venetian masters, are excellent. The gem of the collection is Bellini's splendid portrait of the Sultan, which was given to Sir Henry by the present Sultan, when he was Ambassador at Constantinople. It is

a bust portrait, a little under life size; one glow of glorious colour, the painting of the turban is a marvel of skill and patience.

Another day we paid "Pen" Browning a visit at his palace, the Rezzonico, on the Grand Canal, which I remember a dilapidated tumble-down old place. The Brownings have made it into the finest private house in the whole of Venice, comfortable as well as splendid, with a lift, and all "modern conveniences," as the advertisements to hotels have it.

Yesterday (*28th May*) was one of the most gorgeous days I remember even in Venice; it was also a great *fête* day, the Corpus Domini. I was in St Mark's Church soon after 8 A.M., to see the function there. The cathedral was all lighted within, and crowded both inside and out, even the galleries where stand the horses of bronze were full of spectators. A huge procession passed through the church and out again, round the front of the church, bearing images and banners, and under a *baldachino* the Host was carried. With the radiant sky and sunshine and holiday crowd, the effect was most gorgeous; certainly no place in the world lends itself so well as Venice to such a display. There was little reverence in the crowd as the Host was carried by; most of the men uncovered, but few of them knelt; only some of the women did so, and these belonged to the poorest class. That evening I called on John A. Symonds (the author), who is staying with Horatio Brown at his house on the Zattere. The latter is the author of a charming book on Venetian life, called "Life on the Lagoons."

I have ever since regretted leaving Venice for Vienna the day after this evening, for I missed seeing any more that summer of Symonds, whose life, alas! was so short a one; but I went off to Vienna the day after. When I returned to Venice Symonds had already left it, but my friendship with Horatio Brown, which had commenced during those last days in May, has continued since, and many a pleasant day have I passed under his roof with his delightful mother and himself at the Ca 'Torresella, on the Zattere.

Of my cousin, Lucia Bagot, I write when about to leave Venice: "Her being here has made my stay more pleasant, and she is now nearly the last of our family who remembers and who loves to talk of old times; she is one

of the dearest of one's friends, and she has a most loving heart."

I travelled north, *via* Brixen, where I put up at that quaint old hostel, "The Elephant," where I saw some engineers one night throw a pontoon bridge over the river, under the orders of a young Austrian officer, Captain C. Hlavas. I also called on an American lady, the wife of Count Schönberg, at their castle, a high-roofed, many-towered *schlöss*, with a fine view over the valley and town of Brixen. Stopping there was a Miss Howitt, a daughter of the authoress, Mary Howitt. Miss Howitt lives close to the Schönbergs. At Brixen I met C. Dallisson, and we went on to Innsbrück by the Brenner Pass. I was glad to see that grand bronze figure of Arthur of England near Maximilian's tomb again. At the Castle of Ambras I found much armour there still, although much has been taken to Vienna. One afternoon I visited the old town of Hall, close to the mountains, a very Prout-like looking old place, famous in the war of 1809. Thence to Paris *via* Basle and Nancy. My first visit to Nancy was in the war of '70. I could not find the house where Billy Russell and I had been so comfortably lodged. To a most comfortable hotel, the Grand, one of the palatial Louis XV. buildings recently converted into an hotel on the Place Stanislas. It was there that Marie Antoinette lodged on her way from Strasburg to Compiègne, and the room is still called after her on the first floor, looking out on to the Hôtel de Ville, little altered since her day. While at Nancy, where I remained two days, I visited Joan of Arc's birthplace, Domremy, and Vaucouleurs—little left of Joan to see there except the crypt of the Castle Chapel —where is to be placed a huge monument. Only a few walls of the castle remain, as the place was destroyed during the Revolution. I was also at Vaucouleurs during the war, but could not find out where our quarters had been.

While in Paris early in *July*, the Bodleys took me to see some friends of theirs, the Franquevilles, who live in that beautiful palace villa, "La Muette," associated with Marie Antoinette's happy days. I think it even more beautiful than "Bagatelle." The owner, the Baron de Franqueville, and his wife, *née* Erard, were most courteous, and showed one all over the beautiful house and grounds; he took me up to the roof where the view towards Mont

Valerien over the Bois de Boulogne is one of the most wooded near any capital.

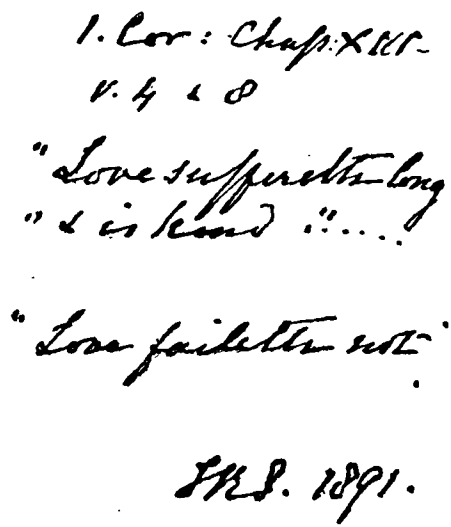
The Baron is a middle-aged senior, a very well-informed person. There are some pleasant daughters. The rooms are decorated in the best Louis XV. style, with some good paintings, a set of four Albonos in the entrance hall are especially fine, and there is a beautiful small Holy Family by Murillo.

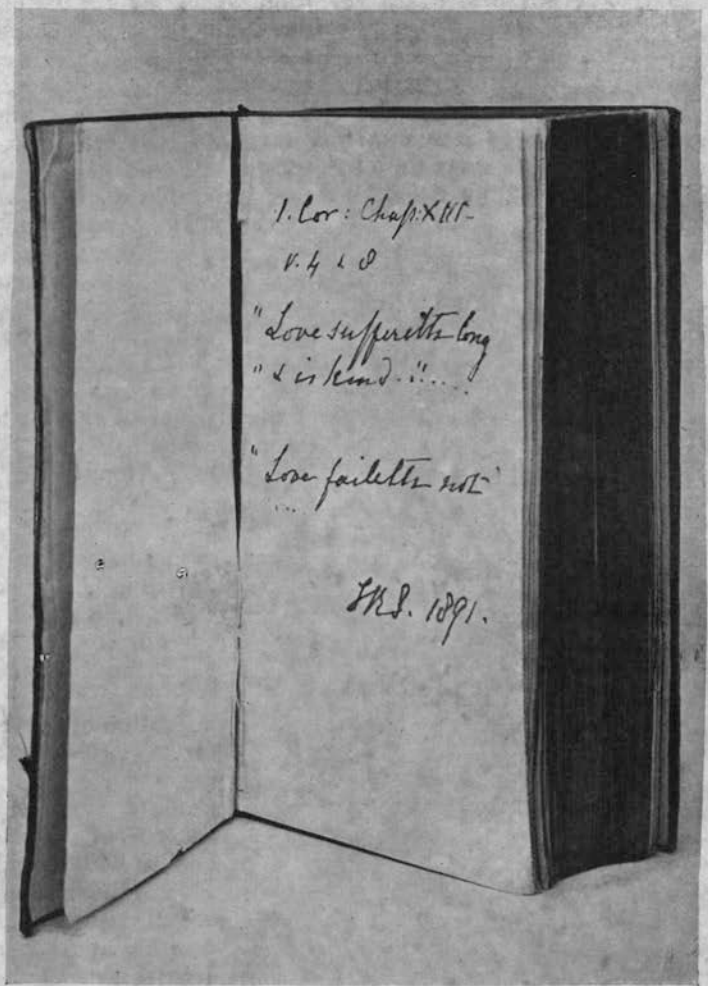
I passed some days with the brothers Amor, young Mexicans, and their mother, whom I had known in Rome, in a delightful villa near Dieppe, Varengeville, whence we visited the Château d'Arques, "Arques la Bataille," of which little is left, but the situation on a hill overlooking a wooded country is beautiful. Near Varengeville is a fine old manor house, called "d'Ange"—although now turned into a farmhouse, it has remains of splendid Renaissance architecture, as fine as some of the Loire castles. In its palmy days its owner, I was told, made war on his own account with the King of Portugal! An Englishman named Edwards lives with his wife, a French lady, and a daughter in a cottage near this old manor; he was at Eton about my time; he has a passion for constructing lawn-tennis courts. While at Varengeville I heard the sad news of the death of my nephew-in-law, Willy Gladstone, a sad loss to his wife, who was devoted to him. I had seen but little of him of late years, and hardly anything of him since his illness began; he was always most amiable—an affectionate son, husband, and father.

One day that *July* in Paris I had my first experience of a steam-motor car. An engineer named Serpalet came to the entrance of my hotel, with a steam carriage that he has invented, which he calls a "steam phaeton." It is worked by steam and runs on three wheels. Six people can be seated in this carriage; the boiler is at the back. We went up the Champs Elysées, and into the Bois at a good pace, rather surprising but not alarming the horses when passing them. The carriage can be turned with ease, and can be slowed down, or stopped without difficulty; but whether this will be a gain to locomotion is doubtful; it was De Lesseps who recommended me to see this new invention.

During the month of *August* I was laid up for three weeks in the Luisen Hospital at Aachen, after undergoing

an operation which necessitated perfect quiet. During that time I write: "One very pretty and kind trait of the Queen's invariable kindness I must mention. Just before coming into the hospital, I sent off to Lorne a little pocket Bible that I have had by me some time, and asked him to beg the Queen to write in it her favourite text. (I knew the Queen's favourite hymn was 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and was curious to know what her favourite text or chapter might be); in a short time I got the little book back with a letter from Lorne, dated Osborne, 2nd August; in it he writes, 'I asked the Queen before chapel to put something in your book, and she said what she liked best was the text about "Charity" or "Love"; this was just as we were walking towards the Church. The Bishop of Ripon, Boyd Carpenter, preached, and lo and behold, the text was exactly that of which the Queen had just spoken. The coincidence was very odd, and she was much struck by it.' So that the Queen's writing on the fly-leaf of this little Bible must have been written on the afternoon of the 2nd of August, my birthday. 'Love suffereth long and is kind.' 'Love faileth not.' V.R.I., 1891, and above these texts (1 Cor. Chap. xiii., v. 4 and 8. The Queen's alteration of 'Love' for 'Charity,' is a decidedly better rendering of the sense of these beautiful texts." During those wearisome days in the hospital at Aachen I write this of the kindness of an old friend, Alfred Haggar: "The last ten days I had passed nearly entirely in reading, receiving twice-a-day visits from Alfred Haggar, whose kindness to me and attention throughout the whole time I was at the Luisen Hospital I can never sufficiently thank him for. We have passed some days together at Dubigh's Hotel, where we have rooms opening on a wooden gallery, which,





INSCRIPTION IN NEW TESTAMENT WRITTEN BY H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA.

[*To face page* 152.

like a big Swiss chalet, runs nearly entirely round the inner court of the hotel; in the court of the building is a prettily laid out and well-trimmed garden, now bright with flowers. Creepers run all around, and are festooned along the wooden galleries; their bright green leaves contrasting effectively with the high old red-tiled roof of the buildings; the landlord, Herr Henrion, is civility itself. He has a bushel full of nice, clean-looking, cheerful, grown-up daughters and sons. Altogether, one could find many less attractive places to remain in than this."

At the end of *August* I was joined at Aachen by Lorne, and on the *2nd of September* we left it for Southern Germany. We went by Bonn, to Coblenz, whence we visited an old castle well worth seeing.

4th September.

Yesterday we made a very interesting expedition to see the Castle of Eltz, a place I have long wished to see, and have been more than once on the point of visiting, but till yesterday there was always something that prevented me from doing so. Lorne had wired to the Gräf Eltz for leave to see his castle, and an answer to say we might do so duly arrived. Accordingly, we started from Coblenz, going by rail as far as Hatzenport, a station on the Moselle, about an hour out of Coblenz; thence we drove up many a hill, and through some villages, till we reached a plain. Crossing this, we descended into a wooded valley, and after about an hour's drive, reached a little chapel on the road-side, from which we walked down a steep path, for carriage road there was none; this path brought us in front of a deep and richly-wooded valley, that of Eltz; beneath us, rising precipitously above a winding stream, on a rock, was the wondrously picturesque Castle of Eltz, looking more like one of Doré's or Robida's imaginary castles than a substantial and real building. It is faced by a ruined fort, rising on a hill on the right of the castle, but except for this pile of stones no building interferes with the loneliness of the old castle, which with its high walls, lofty towers, and picturesque gables, rises abruptly from out the valley, as if suddenly started into shape by the imagination of a poet or artist. The approach to the castle is of the roughest, the steps by which the courtyard is entered are cut out in the castle's rocky base. There was

no sign of life till we entered the inner court, when at last a maid appeared, followed shortly after by a little gnome-like looking man, named Nackfüs, who is the general factotum of Schlöss Eltz, and, as he afterwards informed us, the father of a well-known writer on art. All the family being away, Herr Nackfüs did us the honour of the castle. The old Count, we were told, seldom inhabits Eltz; his son, who has recently married a Princess Lobkovitz, is, however, expected soon to arrive with his wife at the castle. It is difficult to imagine a lady with all her packages and impedimenta at this old place; unless they use pack-mules to bring up their luggage, it is not easy to see how they can reach the castle. The interior, which is somewhat over-painted and modernised, is, however, almost as interesting and picturesque as the exterior, with many rooms full of quaint old furniture and many family portraits. There is a handsome baronial hall, with many suits of family arms and armour, a chapel, and an oratory of great beauty in one of the bedrooms. The beauty of the views from all the windows over the wooded valley is worth alone coming all the way to see. Our old cicerone took us into his study and showed us photographs taken from paintings by his two sons, one of whom is a Professor at Cassell and has written a History of German Art, profusely illustrated.

At Frankfort my nephew left to go to Evian, where his aunt, Lady Emma Macneil, and his sister Victoria, were staying.

10th September.

Received a telegram from Baron Reinach (the Empress Frederick's Master of the Household), summoning me to go to luncheon with Her Majesty at Homburg. I left by the noonday train; at the station at Homburg I found a carriage waiting, in which, with an old grey-haired gentleman, Dr von Wegner, I drove up to the Schlöss. Dr von Wegner had been the late Emperor's doctor since '52, and is now doctor to the Empress's household.

There were three ladies in the drawing-room, Countess Perponcher, her sister, Frau von Jagow, Frau von Perpignan, and Baron von Reinach. The Empress soon appeared; with her came her youngest daughter, Princess Marguerite, curiously like the early portraits of her great-great-grandmother, Queen Charlotte; she is very shy and very silent. The Empress, as always, was most amiable, even affec-

tionate in words and manner; she has a most delightful and vivacious look and expression, but seemed to me thinner than when I saw her three years ago. At luncheon I sat on Her Majesty's right; we talked much of Schlöss Eltz, which the Empress had visited, and with which she was as delighted as we had been; she said the Eltz family are a delightful one, and excellent people, and she spoke highly of both the old Count and his son. Then Her Majesty spoke of poor Alix, and the tragedy connected with her death. After luncheon we went into the garden, a nice old-fashioned Scotch-looking place, on one side is a fine cedar which was planted by Princess Elizabeth of England, George III.'s daughter; this garden has also a fine row of walnut trees; these and the elm are the most flourishing trees here. The Empress had invited me to go with her to her new house now being built near Cronberg; the house or castle is generally called Cronberg, but its right designation is, I believe, Fredrichshof. We were four, the Empress and two of her ladies in a victoria, drawn by a pair of black Russian horses. Cronberg is about an hour's drive from Homburg, the road, a pretty one, running by the side of chestnut, fir, and beech woods, and by rich meadow-land and cornfields, with the soft line of the purple Taunus hills skirting the western side. About half a mile before reaching Cronberg the Empress stopped the carriage, and for the next two hours we walked incessantly. Her Majesty is said never to tire, and certainly the way she walked that warm afternoon made one believe in the truth of that statement.

The new castle is rather heavy in outline, and is only saved from squatness by the high roofs and towers; it stands on gentle sloping ground; the view on all sides is extremely picturesque. On one side stretches a broad valley, beyond which rise the towers of Frankfort, while the old Castle of Cronberg makes a fine feature standing on the brow of a wooded hill a mile or so away from the new Castle; on the northern side the view is bounded by the range of the Taunus hills. We went all over the building, Her Majesty explaining the future destination of all the rooms. Cronberg promises to be a very comfortable house, and although it has some good-sized rooms, it has no very large one, which I think a fault in the home of a Sovereign. The outside of the building is a conglomeration of many architectural styles—Tudor, German, Renaissance, and here and there a turret or gable which resemble some of the old

castles in Rhineland. The grounds are picturesque, and are all planned and laid out by Her Majesty's gardener, Walter. The flower garden, about half an acre in size, is on the side of a hill, with rough stone steps leading up the middle; it is now a delightful mass of sweet-scented old English flowers, "such as your dear mother would have loved," the Empress said. We had tea outside a little cottage near this garden; while walking in the garden after tea Her Majesty spoke much of her father, of his incessant toil, "never even had time for luncheon or dinner," of his wonderful order; she said he was literally worked to death. On leaving, Her Majesty said she hoped that I might come and stay at her new home. Altogether, nothing can be more kind and gracious than she is, and always has been. Talking of the sad present and happy past, I said that I felt the memory of that past was occasionally so painful in the present that one felt willing to lose such memory. "No," said the Empress, "I never could wish for that." But I said others felt as I did—Dante, for instance. "Yes," she answered, and repeated his sad and touching lines. I was struck by the beauty of her accent while repeating these, as well as by her ready memory. She is indeed a most remarkable and attractive being, and would be always one of the most remarkable of her sex, had she been born in humble life, as my mother used to say of the Empress's mother, our Queen.

At the end of *September* I passed some days in Venice, where I saw a good deal of Horatio Brown and his mother. At the beginning of *November* I had the good fortune to find J. A. Symonds in Rome. For three days we were inseparable. I have seldom had a more interesting companion to be with than J. A. Symonds, and his conversation is always fresh and delightful; he is unflagging in energy in spite of such precarious health. His faithful gondolier, "Angelo," is always with him, a fine, rough, rather hulky-looking Venetian, who follows him like his shadow.

By the middle of the month I was at Malfitano, the beautiful home of the Joseph Whitakers at Palermo. I left Naples by the s.s. *Candia* at 5 P.M. I had luckily secured my ticket a few days before at Cook's, or would not have got a berth, for the ship was terribly crowded, and many first-class passengers had no place but the deck to lie down on; what made matters worse was that,

although the sea was calm, the passengers behaved as if it had been blowing great guns, and many were miserably sick everywhere, except over the side, a most unsavoury exhibition. I only found one other Englishman on board. I believe most of the hundred and odd passengers were servants of the Royal household. At six the next morning we entered the fine bay at Palermo, whose rocky headlands were of a deep amethyst colour, the grand mass of reddish rock of Monte Pellegrino towering above in proud calm, and steeping its base in the blue waters of the bay.

On reaching Malfitano I was welcomed by mine hosts, and Mrs Whitaker's mother, Madame Scalia. The other guests there were Count and Countess Riccardi, and their daughter "Fede." The Count is a Colonel in the Italian army, and a Chamberlain to Victor Emmanuel, and also to the present King; all three are great talkers, and speak Italian, English and French with equal fluency. The Whitakers' little girls, Norina and Delia, are bright little creatures, of about eight and ten. Nothing can be more comfortable than this place, a huge white stone building surrounded by gardens commanding beautiful views of the distant hills, the town, and the harbour. My windows look out over the famous plain of the Conca d'Oro, and Monreale perched on the top of a distant hill. The next day the King and Queen arrived; great crowds in the streets, but little cheering; what interested me most was a small handful of Garibaldi's veterans, the remnant of the famous "Mille" of Marsala, who led the way in front of the Royal carriage. Then followed the ceremony of the opening of the Exhibition, which had brought the Royalties to Sicily.

Among the most interesting persons I met during that time at Palermo was Professor Salinas, the Director of the Museum — one of the most interesting in Italy, and admirably arranged by its present keeper.

Among the sights of Palermo is the garden of Sperlinga, a creation of the Joshua Whitakers; till three years ago Sperlinga was a waste piece of land; now it blossoms like the rose, and the views from every side are beautiful. There was a court function one evening at the Palace, a "Cercolo," as it is called, at which the Royalties receive. We went to the Palace about nine, and marched up a huge marble staircase to the top of the building, and then filed through a series of large rooms, all very hideous as regards their

furniture and decorations. In the farthest of this suite of rooms, in an immense gallery, a large crowd was waiting, the ladies standing on the left, the men on the right; in the centre of the gallery a wide lane was kept open. The King, Queen, and Prince of Naples soon appeared. I had taken my place behind the Whitakers and the Riccardis, but General Pallavicini dragged me out of my retirement, and led me to the end of the room, where he presented me to the King. His Majesty was most affable, he asked a quantity of questions, and seemed in no hurry to proceed further up the room. The King is only forty-seven, but he looks sixty; he speaks in short sentences and rapidly; there is a decided charm about his manner, and one feels in the presence of an honest man, a *homme de cœur* (not *de cour*), as he has always proved himself to be. He said that after being absent from Palermo ten years, he found many changes, old friends dead, and others grown old, and that it was not an easy thing to recollect those he had known on former occasions here. After His Majesty had finished speaking with me I was introduced by General Pallavicini to the Prince of Naples, a very short little youth, with a weak mouth and retreating chin, but with a pleasing manner.

The Prince speaks English as if it were his native tongue—he said he objected to the soldiers appearing, as they did that evening, as torch-bearers or rather lamp-carriers, alluding to some of the military who were drawn up below the palace, bearing *flambeaux*. To see these torch-bearers the Court went on to the balconies. A crowd had collected, and soon a brilliant serpent-like illumination spread itself in a long train among the trees, and performed evolutions, crimson, white and blue and green lights twinkling beneath like a huge jewelled serpent. The massed bands played the Royal March atrociously, while the people shouted "*Evviva il Re!*" vociferously. It was a pretty sight, the town in the middle distance with its towers and domes standing out black against the moonlit sea beyond. At 11.30 the Royalties retired, and the "Cercolo" was a thing of the past.

The day after I saw in the *Times* that my old aunt, Lady Westminster, had died. She was to me a link with the past (although I had seen her but a dozen times or so in my life); nearly a hundred years old, she bridged the centuries—the last of the old generation that had seen George III., and had sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

On the *23rd November* there was a charity concert at the Opera, at which my hostess sang. Mrs Whitaker took the lion's share at the concert, sang admirably, and was much applauded by a full house, and by the King and Queen. This was followed by a ball at the Princess Baucina's—the house, a curious jumble internally of Arab-Morese and early Italian, the decorations very florid. Some of the floors are of mosaic and very beautiful in design. A good deal of old crockery in one of the rooms, among this a superb majolica plate, painted by "Master Giorgio," representing Mary Magdalene washing the Saviour's feet.

7th December.—Prince Fitalia, a descendant of the famous Roderigo, whose achievements are seen painted on all the market carts in Palermo, took us to see an interesting establishment, a school of horticulture and agriculture, which a great uncle, I think it was, of his had founded early in the century, and presented to Palermo. The place is just beyond the Villa Sophia of Robert Whitaker—the grounds are beautiful; the approach is by a splendid avenue of old cypresses. We saw some of the lads, of whom there are some sixty, at work in the grounds, and visited the lecture-rooms, etc., the stables, farm, oxen, and English (Yorkshire) pigs. The variety of orange and lemon trees here is unique, now laden with ripening fruit—some kinds were quite new to me.

Another day I was taken by my host to the Villa Belmonte, just such a place as one could think Shakespeare had imagined when he wrote of Belmont in his *Merchant of Venice.* It stands high, and overlooks the town, and is immediately below the glorious rocky Monte Pellegrino. This is one of the loveliest places in this supremely beautiful place, "The Happy" as it has so justly been called in days of yore.

11th December was one of the most beautiful of a series of superb days. We profited by the beauty of the day by making an expedition to San Martino, a fine old monastery among the hills beyond Monreale. The monastery is somewhat like Monte Cassino, full of endless corridors, with a fine chapel with superb carved choir-stalls, and many vast halls; in one of these a concert was improvised by the boys, for this old monastery is now a huge reformatory. Some sixty boys, out of two

hundred who are kept here, all belonging to the criminal class, were the musicians; the leader of the band, which is a brass one, is the son of the famous brigand Leone. This lad is said to be one of the best boys in the place. We picnicked on the slope of the hill close to the monastery, where a little circular building, surrounded by cypresses commands a superb view over the hills, the valley below, and the sea beyond. We rattled back at a hard gallop, under a fine sunset; later a glorious moon rose in the purple evening sky.

On the road to San Martino is the wonderfully picturesquely situated village of Bocca de Falco, built on a steep incline, with precipitous rocks overhanging the village, the streets so narrow that there is barely room for the carriage to drive through, and crowded with men, women, and children, in brightly coloured costumes.

Accompanied by my kind host I paid on the *21st of December* a visit to Marsala, putting up at the wine factory of that place, which belongs to the Whitaker family. It is under the management of Mr Gray, who, with his wife, occupies a comfortable English-like house standing inside a courtyard, the outer gates and walls facing the sea, more like a fortress or prison than a wine factory. Besides the Grays several English *employés* live in or near the main building.

The *22nd December* was a bright day, just suited to the expedition that we made to the little island of San Pantaleo, formerly called Moti, on which formerly stood, small as the place is, an important Carthaginian town. We drove half a dozen miles towards the south-west. We then walked across some fields to the shore, which is here so shallow that only a boat drawing less than three feet of water can navigate on it; we rowed out to the island, which is joined to the mainland by an ancient causeway of stone (grown over with seaweed), some two feet below the surface. Over this carts still pass between the shore and the island. San Pantaleo is barely twenty acres in extent; the third of it belongs to Mr Whitaker; a few remains of ancient walls are still standing. From the top of the island one has a fine view over the sea and the adjacent islands; these islands, which in some instances rise sheer out of the sea, are

dotted with little white clusters of houses down their sides. Some of these are like miniature Venices, for they appear to be standing in the sea itself. We walked over the island, which is principally a vineyard, with a tiny village, from which a few peasants—there are about sixty all told—stood in a row; a few had coins and little odds and ends of antiques to sell. These Mr Whitaker insisted on my accepting, keeping only for himself a little terra-cotta box with two griffins sculptured on it. Schlieman excavated on this island, and remained here a fortnight, but I believe without finding anything of much interest.

The next day appeared at Marsala, Signora Jessie White Mario. She has been visiting some sulphur mines, and she gives a terrible account of the over-worked children in them; "Jessie" is full of good qualities, but much too aggressive and too positive.

I made two interesting expeditions yesterday, by water and land, the first in a sailing-boat with young Clark, to see the remains of Lilybeum below the sea. These consist of stones below the water, and by some are thought to be the town walls of the ancient city, but are probably its breakwater, or mole; these remains are about a quarter of a mile to the west of Marsala, and are distinctly visible on a calm day. In the afternoon we visited the grottoes and the Phœnician graves, some two miles from Marsala.

We began by seeing the underground church of the Madonna della Groti, a fine church, much spoiled by having been restored early in the last century. The side chapels are cut in the living rock. We then walked for an hour over and under ground in what I believe were the quarries of some prehistoric city, later used by the Carthaginians as their place of burial. Here one sees hundreds of tombs cut out of the rock; in one of them are some mural paintings of figures half life-size, and a figure of a shepherd bearing a kid on his shoulders. The grottoes, which are said to extend for miles underground, are connected by subterranean passages, and not many years ago were the living and hiding places of gangs of brigands. A most appropriate place for such tenants is one of these large caverns, dimly lighted from holes in its rocky roof; one of these our guide told us was the brigands' kitchen, and the marks of fire cover roof and walls. Only a very few years ago, men who had in a moment of excitement

committed murder found a secure place of refuge in these underground hiding-places.

On *Christmas Eve* I went with young Clark from Marsala to visit the ruins of Selinunto; the most extensive group of temple ruins in Europe. In the morning I had visited the principal churches in Marsala; the Cathedral is dedicated to St Thomas à Becket, and in it tradition says a portion of his skull is kept; these churches are fearfully and terribly *baroque* in style and decorations; Marsala has a very Spanish aspect in its streets and buildings; and this is so marked, that one could hardly realise that one was not back in Spain, with the numerous churches, and old prison-like, barred and grated windows of monasteries and convents on all sides.

Leaving Marsala at three by train, Clark and I arrived at five at Castelvetrano, where we passed the night at 'a *baglio*, as the houses connected with the Marsala wine trade are called. This house is kept for the visits of those employed by the Whitakers, and is lived in by a caretaker and his family—the mother, a remarkably handsome, dignified dame of fifty or so, named "Donna Cecilia." The Whitakers' agent, who served the next day as our guide over the temple ruins, is a fine dark Saracenic-looking individual, named Don Filipp.

The town of Castelvetrano is a deserted-looking place, with one wide street and nearly half-ruined old houses, and a miserably poor-looking population. Don Filipp dined with us, but as he cannot talk a word of anything but Sicilian, the conversation was limited.

On the morning of *Christmas Day* we were up and away early. It was a gloriously bright morning. We drove across the plain, the "piano," the country fertile, covered with oak, olive, and orange trees, distant blue hills to the left, and the sea glittering ahead of us. It was nearly noon before we reached the ruined temples of Selinunto—at first sight one might naturally feel some disappointment, as from some distance all that one sees of these temples is one solitary pillar rearing its height in lonely grandeur from out a shattered mass of ruins, but on entering one is amazed at the vast size of the fallen columns, and the hugeness of the capitals which lie scattered on all sides. These huge temples, of which that dedicated to Apollo is the vastest, lie within a few yards

of one another; to get an idea of the size of these columns Clark measured the width of one of the drums of the Temple of Apollo, and found that it measured ten feet across. Like Dominie Sampson, on looking at these columns one feels impelled to cry out "Prodigious!"

We found, on returning to Marsala, that Jessie White Mario was still there. I like her, although she talks far too much of herself and of her works; but she is kind-hearted, and works hard amongst the poor wherever she may be, whether when at London in Whitechapel, or when in Naples in the slums of that most slummy of cities—which, by the way, she avers, is not in the least improved by the new buildings there. Before leaving Marsala I visited a delightful villa of the Whitakers, some six miles out of Marsala, called "Rocalia," in a beautiful situation, commanding a view towards the Island of Favignano. The villa is a long rambling building standing high, with pretty shaded "pergola" walks, terraces, and clear fountains; the sunsets from this place are glorious. This was the place Mrs Lynn Lynton, the novelist, fell in love with, and where she said she would wish to end her days.

On the *28th December*, visited Trapani and Mont San Giuliano, the ancient Eryx; young Clark accompanied me. Leaving Marsala by the seven o'clock train in the morning, we reached Trapani in an hour and a half—a much larger, handsomer, and more civilised place than I had expected, apparently a century in advance of Marsala. At the Albergo di Trinacria we engaged a guide and a couple of donkeys, and started off for the ascent of Mont San Giuliano. It takes a couple of hours to reach the summit—the carriage road leads in easy gradients along the side of the rock-crowned hill. The view increases in beauty at every step, till the whole plain of Trapani lies beneath, and one can almost fancy that through the sea mist you see the coast of Africa—indeed Cape Bon is sometimes visible from this rock: but although there was sunshine and the lights were beautiful, lights and shadows racing across the blue campaign, the view seawards was hazy, and the big isles loomed indistinctly in a sea of soft purple and sapphire.

There can scarcely be any more beautifully situated village in Europe than that on the site of ancient Eryx, on the topmost point of Mont San Giuliano, now a mere

cluster of ugly modern houses with a *baroque* church within the old walls; in spite of this the place has a look of venerable antiquity. Passing through the gate of the old fortifications you enter a narrow street, paved with a regular diaper pattern; very rough and uneven is this old pavement. A tower, apparently of Norman date, half watch-tower, half campanile, rises on the left of this street. Over the eastern doorway of the Cathedral appears the "dog-tooth" pattern of Norman date. Leaving our donkey mounts at the entrance of the town, or village, we walked through the narrow streets, looking in vain for the traditionally beautiful women of Eryx, but we only saw some old hags or bedrabbled wenches, wearing long black coifs; the men have blue hoods drawn up to their ears, for here the air is always cold, and sea mists are constantly passing over the place, shutting out the view.

We visited a restored castle at the end of the town, overlooking the still older castle-prison, where in ancient times stood the great Temple of Venus. A Baron A. Pepoli sometimes lives in the modernised castle, a most romantic but I should think uncomfortable place to inhabit. From here the views looking seawards, with the bold capes of San Vito, and that of Cofano, which stands out like a petrified ship into the sea, are superb. But few fragments of antiquity are to be seen. Beneath the old castle are remains of the walls of the Phœnicians. Within the old castle is a huge well, traditionally said to have been the bath of the Temple of Venus; the old guide called it the place of the "Dance of Venus"! Leaving Eryx at three, we reached Marsala that evening at seven o'clock.

1892.

ON *New Year's Day* of 1892 I was back again with my kind hosts at Malfitano.

On the *2nd of January* I rode up Monte Pellegrino, in this wise, young Clark and Mr Whitaker's nephew, A. Morrison, walked up, accompanied by Mrs "Effie" Whitaker, who although not a sylph, walked up and bounded down the hill with wonderful agility. My donkey was a first-rate "moke," and carried me up in good style. We visited the Chapel of S. Rosalia, which is scooped out of the rock with a pretty rococo marble image of the saint, all bedecked with jewels, reclining as in sleep beneath the altar. We reached the top of the hill, where is a ruined chapel with a headless statue of Rosalia, whence the view is glorious. Etna lay like a white cloud in the blue hazy distance, its cap a dark spot, with snow all below.

At the end of that week I started for Tunis. We remained in the harbour of Trapani all one day owing to stormy weather. When the weather mended, the fat and senile captain ventured out. As we steamed out Mount Eryx looked well in the stormy sky, with its crown of towers now in gloom and now in sunshine. We called to land some poor prisoners at the Island of Favignano, and had tumbling sea to Marsala, where I landed, and dined with my friends at the Whitakers' *baglio*. The next morning we reached Panteleria, where we shipped cattle, and by two that afternoon we were off Cape Bon, and two hours later in the harbour of Tunis; after some delay at the customs at La Galette took train to Tunis, and got a room at the Grand Hotel.

The streets of the native city are far more Eastern and picturesque than those of Algiers; altogether, this place strikes me as preferable to the latter. Going through a courtyard and passages full of squatting natives waiting in the precincts of the Law Courts, I was shown the Palace

of the Bey, now no longer occupied by the reigning Prince; some of the ceilings here are beautiful, intricate patterns beautifully carved in white stucco. The Prince's room has a most noticeable domed ceiling looking like a beautiful cobweb. I also visited, the day after arriving at Tunis, the Versailles of that place—this is the Bardo. A tumble-down row of forts and hovels leads to the huge gate of the Palace—all around it squalor and neglect, but within the Bardo are remains of former splendour. Two halls are formed into museums, admirably arranged by French *savants;* these halls are fine in proportion; the ceiling of the inner one is decorated with carved wood all aglow with gold and colour. Here are a collection of mosaics, mostly early Christian, also antique terra-cotta lamps, and a superb marble bust of a youth, or perhaps a Minerva. In this museum are also portrait daubs of former Beys and their brother Sovereigns.

12th January.

Leaving Tunis at 9 A.M. by train, one reaches the village of Malka, where one leaves the train; if one cares to visit the huge and ugly new cathedral built by Cardinal Lavigerie, one walks up a hill called Byrsa, where probably stood one of Ancient Carthage's Temples; it was surely a great folly to build so huge a church, which is said to have cost two millions of francs, in a place only peopled by a few monks. Below this church are some Punic tombs cut out in the rock; these are being excavated by the Abbé Delâtre, the keeper of the museum. Half a dozen Arabs were shovelling away the damp clay, the strata of which was full of human bones; a few little vases were lying by the side of the bank, some beads, and some pottery. Near here is an ugly church built by Louis Philippe on the site of the spot on which St Louis is supposed to have died.

The museum contains but little of interest, but there are some good specimens of that beautiful iridescent glass —one large vase of pale amethyst colour I longed to possess.

At the foot of the hill at Byrsa is a lately discovered cemetery, in which the ashes of the dead were placed in amphoras, which were let into the centre of square pedestals hollowed out in clay some four feet square. It seemed to me an excellent and economical way of disposing

of the dead, for a whole family could easily be packed into that small space. These graves are mostly on a level with the former elevation of the soil.

On the *14th of January* I left Tunis by sea for Sousa, arriving at dawn on the following morning; when I went on deck at six the moon was still shining, while the rising sun was turning the long line of white buildings of the town of Sousa into a lovely pale rosy tint. From the sea Sousa has quite an imposing look, not unlike Algiers.

Landing at seven, I roamed about the place. Passing through the town I saw the camp where the Turcos were exercising. About a couple of miles beyond the walls is the spot where the excavations have been going on which have proved so prolific in the mosaics which are now in the museum of the Bardo at Tunis. After breakfasting at the little Hôtel de France, I took the *chemin de fer Decauville*, as the tramcar is called which connects Sousa with Kerouan; it consists of a long car capable of holding some sixteen persons, run by a couple of horses; the rate those poor beasts go is really extraordinary. I don't know the distance between Sousa and Kerouan, but I imagine it to be about sixty miles but this journey is done in four hours and a half. We reached the "Holy City of Kerouan" about four; it is an uninteresting drive, the first part through a country with olive trees, the latter part a dreary plain. I put up at the Hôtel de la Poste, a miserable caravansary outside the town.

The following day I visited all that could be seen of the "Holy City"—to do this I had to get a permission from the French Consulate. Kerouan is considered by the Mohammedans as the second most holy place in the world, and although one is allowed to visit the mosques there, at Tunis and at Sousa one is not. I began by visiting the Great Mosque; the courtyard is striking from its immense size, not unlike some large cloister in an Italian cathedral. The mosque faces the town, it has a succession of richly sculptured wooden doors. Within the building is an amazing collection of ancient and rare marble pillars, some hundred and eighty, I believe; two of these are superb monoliths of the finest porphyry—one of the columns forms a cluster with two other pillars, with an opening between which a slight person can pass. If he can squeeze himself

between these pillars he may hope to enter Heaven, if not, not. I tried in vain to squeeze myself between these columns, so I fear that if there is any truth in the legend I have but a poor chance of Heaven before me! Some of the capitals of the columns, which are all highly ornamented, are beautiful; one is shaped like a palm waving in the wind. Guy de Maupassant alludes to this bit of sculpture in his account of Kerouan. From the tower there is a good view of the city. I visited seven of the mosques—one is called after the Barber of the Prophet; it has nothing remarkable about it, except a beautiful inner courtyard all aglow with tiles, but these are not to compare with those in the Green Mosque at Broussa. Near this mosque was an encampment of Bedouins. These Bedouins were very anxious to sell me some very poor-looking steeds—which I had to decline.

The following day I returned to Tunis.

At Sousa I saw in a little weekly paper published there on Sundays, called, *L'Avenir de Sousa*, the news of the Duke of Clarence's death. How quickly the orange blossom has been changed for the cypress spray!

Before leaving Tunis I visited the Roman ruins at Ud'na, as the French call that place. One drives by the ruined Palace of Mohassedia—a Bey of Tunis had died there, and it was afterwards deserted—by some splendid aqueducts, built by Hadrian; these extended from Zaghouan to Tunis, some forty miles; their grand arches seemed to me finer than those on the Roman Campagna. The ruins of Ud'na consist of vast piles of stone. There is an acropolis and a ruined amphitheatre; in the latter a Bedouin family were installed, in a square building, of which the floor is coated with animal manure; there is a subterranean chamber below this upper one.

At the end of the first week in *February* I was again at Malfitano.

19th February.

These last nine days have passed pleasantly in this delightful house, made still more agreeable by the society of Hamilton Aïdé. He is writing an Anglo-American novel, of which he read the first

three chapters the other evening—all made up of the talk on board ship and in American trains, brightly and cleverly written, but rather too long. (This novel was called "A Voyage of Discovery.")

25th February.

I am sorry to see in the *Times* that Henry Doyle is dead, of whom I saw a good deal a year ago in Rome—a most delightful man, and invaluable as Curator of the Dublin Gallery. He died of heart disease in London.

While in Naples in *March* I heard the news of the murder of my friend, George Gower Robinson, who was killed by an American naval officer named Hetherington in Japan. It was a most deliberate murder, and although the assassin escaped punishment at the time, he died some time after the commission of the crime. According to the paper "jealousy was the motive assigned for the crime." His tragic death will always be to me a source of deep and lasting sorrow. I see by the latest accounts of the murder that the dear fellow forgave his murderer in a letter written when he was dying to the American Admiral—that was just like him.

During that summer I was much with my learned young friend, H. Stuart Jones, both at Naples and in Rome; at the latter place he had been laid up with rheumatism, and was advised by an English doctor to try hot sun and sand cure at Viareggio. On our way thither we visited Corneto, with its high old towers and walls rising from the live rock, with its Etruscan tombs on the site of the ancient Acropolis—full of more or less barbaric paintings.

HÔTEL KULM,
ST MORITZ, *10th July.*

After taking my last bath at Viareggio, I found myself par-boiled, arms and neck the colour of a lobster. The *7th of July* was my last day with H. Stuart Jones. We had been two months together in Italy. I came by Milan to Como, whence a pleasant three hours from the end of that lake brought me to Colico, thence by rail to Chiavenna, where I put up at the excellent Hôtel Conradi.

A beautiful place is Chiavenna, half Swiss, half Italian in scenery, with a fine church and solemn old cloisters, and a rushing torrent foaming down between the old houses. On the following morning, in a carriage and pair, leaving Chiavenna at 6 A.M., brought me by a beautiful road to St Moritz, where I was met by J. A. Symonds, who had driven over from his home at Davos. He had come partly to meet me, and partly to see a "Turnfest," an annual exhibition of sports which takes place every year at one of the towns or villages of this country. The houses are gay with bunting, and the pretty place is all *en fête* for this festival. These sports I find proved rather tame, and on the *11th of July* J. A. Symonds and I walked to Pontresina on a glorious day. Passing by the end of the lake we struck into a path among the firwoods, and reached Pontresina at noon. The porter at the hotel, the Kröner's Hof, is one of J. A. Symonds' innumerable friends in this part of the world. "Johnnie" has described his friend's adventures when in service in England in one of the chapters of his new book, "Life in the Swiss Highlands." Then we rambled to the village of Samoden, where at the Hotel Bernina I found that Herbert Bismarck and his newly-wedded wife were staying.

The Bismarcks were leaving the next day for Kissingen. Herbert Bismarck seemed glad to see me, as I think honeymooning people generally are pleased to see a friend during the period when they try hard to imagine themselves thoroughly happy.

The next day we left St Moritz by the post diligence, and drove by the Albula Road through splendid scenery. After twelve hours we reached Weisen, where we put up at the Belle Vue Inn, above which rise steep rocky crags, down which in the spring months many an avalanche comes hurtling down. We reached Davos at noon, where I was the guest of the Symonds' at their comfortable home. At the Symonds' I have a pleasant pine-panelled room in a corner of the building, which is full of prints, books, and photographs. Mrs Symonds and one daughter, Miss Katherine, and Symonds' sister, Mrs Green, the widow of the Oxford philosopher and writer, form our little party.

At Davos I passed two days, with certainly one of the most interesting and delightful of mortals—alas! a few months only then lay between him and his lamented death in Rome. The weather was wet and stormy, so

I did not see Davos to advantage, but the days passed only too quickly in talk with mine host; his time was taken up with work, the evenings were his only leisure, when, after dinner, we would adjourn to his study, where we would sit far into the night, when his talk, as it always is, was delightfully free and happy, washed down by some of the excellent wine he takes such pride in. The daughter, who was at Davos (for there are two others), is a handsome, tall young person of sixteen, in appearance like her Aunt (J. A. Symonds said), Marianne North, whose biography Mrs Symonds has lately edited. Mrs Green, after her husband's death, two years ago, became a professional nurse in a London hospital. Last year she nursed Jowett through a serious illness, and, according to him, saved his life—this Mrs Green denies. She told me Jowett was a bad patient, as he had never been ill before, and could not be made to understand that he was to act and behave as an invalid.

I had a pleasant long walk with J. A. Symonds along the opposite side of the valley to where the ugly town-village of Davos lays its long length across the fields.

After leaving Davos I stayed a day at that beautiful place, Wesen, on the lake of Wallenstadt. A year or more ago I had been struck by the beauty of the scenery as I passed by Wesen on my way to Venice, and determined, if the opportunity occurred, to go there for a few days, and I am not disappointed with it on a closer acquaintance, nor do I remember anything except Thun to compare with it, with its views of lake and mountains and foliage so happily blended.

A beautiful line of railway is that from Davos here, first skirting the lake, and then running through the rich valley of Klosters to Landquart, near which it passes through a fine rocky gorge, with the river dashing beneath. Mrs Green had recommended me to put up at the Schwert Hotel, which stands close to the lake, and a more beautiful view from the front of that inn cannot be imagined. The hills and rocks on either side, with the calm blue lake below, recall some of Claude's paintings. A splendid group of huge poplars on the left of the inn rustled all day in the breeze yesterday; the next was too wet to allow me to go to Glarus, as I had hoped to do. It was while staying at the Schwert Hotel at Wesen that I at length finished my "Life of Joan of Arc." By the end of *July* I was in my new London home, 27 Trebovir Road, Earl's Court.

"Thanks," I write in my new house on the *1st of August*, "to Robert Tuff's (my butler-valet) trouble and care in moving and placing my furniture, books, and *bric-à-brac* from my house at Windsor, my new home has already the comfortable look of a house that has been lived in—it is as bright and looks as clean as a new penny. The lightness, brightness, and roominess of this place compared to poor deserted little Gower Lodge is very marked, and I feel I can say with Nero, when he took possession of his Golden House, "Now at length I feel lodged like a man!"

While paying a short visit to a place called Trensham, near Farnborough, taken that summer by Princess Louise, I had another glimpse of the Empress Eugenie.

25th July.

Princess Louise drove me over some eight miles to Farnham, passing by Aldershot. As we turned the corner of the approach to the house, out drove the Empress; she soon returned, having espied the Princess. We found Madame le Breton in the drawing-room. Her Majesty looks older; she wore a black wideawake-like hat with a veil. She seemed in excellent spirits, full of talk and gossip. We sat out under the verandah; the house rather like a glorified cottage outside; quite a collection of Napoleonic portraits on the rooms.

30th July.

Having had an invitation from Lady Ponsonby to pass Sunday with them at Osborne Cottage, Isle of Wight, I went there on Saturday evening. I found mine host's family consisting of Sir Henry, Lady Ponsonby, their son Arthur, and daughter Miss Maggie. We drove into West Cowes, the place gay with people, and the harbour alive with yachts. A quiet dinner, Lady Ponsonby is a host in herself.

On *Sunday*, *31st July*, to East Cowes Church; the Vicar, Mr Burnaby, preached, an extempore and a good sermon. He is fluent and forcible, but he has mannerisms, which detract from the effect he might otherwise make. After church we went to see the new Indian, or banqueting room, at Osborne House, which the Queen has had lately built. The Indian artist, Ram Singn, who has done most of the

decoration himself, showed us this room, which, in its way, is magnificent—it is all in white, except where the light-coloured mahogany of the doors and some of the decorations relieves the whiteness. A huge terra-cotta peacock crowns the central fireplace, the ceiling is a mass of elaborate fret-work; this room, were it lighted with electricity, would be like fairyland; now it is only lighted with ordinary lamps. In the afternoon Mrs North Dalrymple came with her fox-terriers to tea on the lawn—also Lord Rowton—the "Monty Corry" of former days, now old and grey, and Miss Emily Loch. We talked of happy old days, when she lived with her family at Uppat, near Dunrobin, and at Tittensor near Trentham. At 9 P.M. the carriage took me up to Osborne House, where in the drawing-room I was soon joined by the Dean of Llandaff, Dr Vaughan, formerly Headmaster of Harrow, and still Master of the Temple. I had not seen him for a score or more of years—he reminded me a little of the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce), but with all the verve and humour wanting. Then came some ladies—Miss Hughes, a new Maid of Honour, and Lady Downe. Then the Queen—Her Majesty walked straight up to me, sadly lame, and using a stick. I knelt and kissed her hand.

We then went into the dining-room, next to the one we had been in; the walls of this dining-room are covered with Winterhalter's portraits of the Royal Family, most of them hard and crude in colour. We were ten at dinner—the Queen decidedly aged since I saw her two years ago at Aix-les-Bains. At first Her Majesty spoke little, but later on she talked a good deal. I was too far off from Her Majesty to hear much that she said, or to do more than answer a question now and then, but after dinner we followed Her Majesty into the sitting-room, where she sat at a table by the entrance door, and here she kept me quite a long time in conversation, and touched both on politics and domestic matters. Her Majesty seemed to take interest in my "Life of Joan of Arc." "I am afraid," the Queen said, "we treated her very badly." "Yes," I answered, "but not so badly as did the French," at which Her Majesty laughed.

After about half an hour's talk the Queen told me to call the Dean to speak with her, and with that ended my interview. I wish I could recollect more of what Her Majesty said to me, but I have a wretched memory.

The next morning I returned to London. As we were

crossing the Solent we saw the great white *Hohenzollern* man-of-war in which the Emperor William was cruising round to Cowes.

On the *3rd of August*, I went to Stratford-on-Avon with J. A. Symonds and Hamilton Aïdé; the former had his gondolier Angelo with him. Johnnie joined me at Oxford, where he had been lecturing on the Renaissance to an audience of over a thousand. At Stratford we were the guests of Edgar Flower, at his pleasant house on the "Hill." Neither J. A. Symonds or Hamilton Aïdé had been at Stratford-on-Avon since their boyhood; which confirms me in what I have often noticed even among the most cultivated of Englishmen, the apparent lack of interest they take in what is surely the most interesting place in their country. In the afternoon we did much sight-seeing, visiting the Memorial Building, the Church, Grammar School, etc.

The following day Johnnie and I, after visiting Anne Hathaway's cottage, left Stratford for the north, *viâ* Birmingham to York, and on the same evening to Castle Howard, where we found G. Howard (Carlisle) and his sons—Morpeth and Oliver Howard—some Dillon cousins, and visitors from Scarborough, who had come to play a match against Castle Howard; Rosalind Carlisle and her married daughters are scattered about England and the Continent. I was glad to find myself once again in my dearest mother's beautiful old Yorkshire home. I had the same room as when here two years ago, with many family prints, some fifty in number. How full Castle Howard is to me of the old days, going back to the fifties, when my dear old grandmother, Georgiana Carlisle, daughter of the beautiful Georgiana of Devonshire, lived in the rooms which J. A. Symonds and I now occupy. My room is that in which my grandmother died, in '57. Here too, in '74, I passed the best part of the summer copying the old French chalk drawings by the Clouets, which now belong to the Duc d'Aumale.

The next day I passed going over the place with Johnnie Symonds; strolling about the beautiful woods and lawns, and watching the cricket match near the stables. The park was looking its best; especially fine were the great clumps of Spanish walnuts.

The following day there was a flower-show to which came Harry FitzWilliam and his chatty little grey-haired

black-eyed wife, Lady Mary. J. A. Symonds read through the type-written copy of "Joan of Arc," and gave it high praise, which is very encouraging; he has written to Nimmo, the publisher, about it. While at Castle Howard I had looked over some old family letters from the Duchess Georgiana to her eldest daughter, my grandmother—they are full of interest.

J. A. Symonds' gondolier, Angelo, is a thorough impediment to his master on his travels, but is occasionally a source of amusement, as, for instance, when he told Johnnie of his horror at finding himself alone in the house with five-and-twenty maids! Old Duthie, clerk of the works and attached to the place for the last half century, is the only male in the household, and only appears in the day-time.

On the *8th of August*, J. A. Symonds and I left Castle Howard, and stayed that night at York. We parted at noon the next day, after a long visit to the glorious Minster; J. A. Symonds *en route* to Scotland, I to return to London—and that was, alas! a final parting with my friend; for I never saw him after that August afternoon, when we wished each other farewell at York station.

From London in the middle of *August* I paid two visits in the country—the first to Buxsted, the second to Woolbeding.

16th August.

Paid a visit to Arthur Gower at a beautiful place —Buxsted, near Uckfield. The place belonged to one of Mrs Arthur Gower's aunts, Lady Catherine Harcourt, a daughter of the last Lord Liverpool. The grounds are beautiful, stately avenues of splendid elms, and glorious stone pines; Buxsted was left by Lady Catherine to her niece, the present Lady Portman, but the Portmans never live there. The house is ugly without, comfortable within; there are some good Romneys in the dining-room, and the fine half length, by Lawrence, of Lord Liverpool over the fireplace. There is a handsome old church in the park, with a sadly neglected churchyard, also a grand old yew-tree.

The next day I visited Titsey Place with my host. Titsey belongs to Granville L. Gower, Arthur's eldest

brother. Titsey was originally Gresham property, with which family these Gowers are connected. The house is mongrel Gothic, of about the year 1820; good rooms within. Some family portraits, none of much merit, with the exception of Antonio More's splendid seated portrait of the great Sir Thomas Gresham. Visited the gardens and the church, in which is a monument by Noble to Arthur's mother; the idea was given Arthur on seeing that of my dearest mother in the Church of Trentham. All the sons of the house—there are six or eight—were away cricketing. One daughter, Catherine, a lovely child of about fifteen, with beautiful wavy fair hair, came to luncheon. Granville L. Gower is a great antiquarian, principally engaged in local antiquities.

20th August.

I fulfilled a very long deferred promise of paying my aunt, by marriage, "Di" Lanerton, a visit. I had not been to Woolbeding since my Uncle Edward Howard's (Lord Lanerton) funeral there in 1880.

To Midhurst; half an hour's drive thence to Woolbeding. I found my aunt little altered in looks, but quite an invalid from rheumatism, which obliges her to live entirely on the ground floor. No one there besides "Hal" Lascelles, now Colonel Lascelles, who is to succeed to the place, and who looks after it now; his wife, a daughter of Charles Gore and Lady Kerry, a nice, amiable, pleasant person; they have three sons, varying from three to seven years. Besides them, there was a Miss Campbell, a relation of my aunt's, and her companion. Woolbeding is one of the very prettiest places, on a small scale, that I know in England; a good lawn, with lovely grounds, covered with splendid old trees. It was here that Charles Fox often came, when M.P. for Midhurst, the owner at that day of Woolbeding, Lord Robert Spencer, being a good Liberal and a great friend of Fox's. Fox's bust is in one of the passages, with a very laudatory inscription, probably written by Lord Robert.

Sunday, 21st of August, was a most perfect day, and made the charming old place look, if possible, still more so. The Church is close to the house. The Rector, Mr Stephens, was a college friend of Johnnie Symonds'.

I made his acquaintance later; he has written some good, but very dry books, among others a life of his father-in-law, Dean Hook. In the cool of the evening, Hal Lascelles and I walked over to see the ruins of Cowdray; we first visited the fine Montagu monuments in the Church of Eastbourne, moved there from the Church at Midhurst by Lord Robert Spencer, but why he moved them I could not discover. Cowdray Park is splendid, a glorious avenue, the finest in England, of Spanish chestnuts, opens out on the left as you enter the park. The ruins of Cowdray are also superb. We met their owner, Lord Egmont and his wife, at the nick of time, they appearing just as we made up our minds that, being a Sunday, we should not be admitted. There never was a more regrettable fire than that of 1793 at Cowdray, or more gross negligence after that disaster which allowed precious relics to lie about for half a century uncared for. Luckily at Woolbeding in the garden is a beautiful bronze and marble fountain, which stood in the courtyard at Cowdray; on the top of this fountain is a statuette of a youthful Neptune, holding in one hand a trident and a dolphin's tail in the other. We walked back through the town of Midhurst; it was a beautiful starlight evening, Venus and Mars both resplendent.

Before leaving Woolbeding the next day I went with the Lascelles to Mr Stephens' lovely rectory, about a five-minutes' walk from the house. Both the rectory and its gardens are delightful. Mr Stephens told me that his next book would be a life of the historian Freeman, who was a great friend of his.

At the end of that month I paid my cousin, Admiral Frank Egerton and his wife Louisa, a short visit at their pretty place near Weybridge, St George's Hill. The only guest was Mrs Georgy Grenfell, another first cousin, and the daughters of my host, Blanche and Dorothy Egerton, nice, quiet, ladylike, unaffected girls. The house, comfortable and unpretentious, full of good water-colours, most of which had belonged to my uncle, Francis Ellesmere, Frank's father; many landscapes by Daniel Roberts, views of the Holy Land, and clever sketches by an artist named Miskovitz, like Horace Vernet in style.

On *Sunday afternoon* (*28th August*) I wandered among the pinewoods, and had a long walk with Frank all among the delightful woods; there are beautiful views from out

the glades; Windsor Castle looked in the soft afternoon haze like a mighty rock. I left the following day. My cousin Louisa is an affectionate and cultured woman. Frank Egerton might, I think, if he had taken the trouble, have been a good artist; some of his sketches are excessively clever, and he had inherited a good deal of his father's talent and taste. It is always one of my regrets that I was too young to have known that father, my uncle, Lord Ellesmere, who must have been a thoroughly delightful individual.

At the end of that month a French painter friend, Louis Beroud, came to London, and remained a week with me; during that time he painted a large panorama-like view of Venice, taken from a sketch he had made for me when there some years before of the view from my balcony, looking out on the Riva del Schiavone; this painting formed a companion to the three large pictures by Beroud, representing the reception of Henry III. by the Doge Mocenigo, that I had bought from him. In a week's time the clever little French artist had finished the picture, some fifteen feet long by six high—the Church of the Salute is in the centre, the Doge's palace on the right, with a glowing evening sunset sky above, of pink and purple, and purple-flecked clouds. Beroud worked generally on this canvas from eight till twelve in the morning, and from five to seven in the afternoon; it is most successful, and makes one feel in Venice itself. In the foreground Beroud introduced some figures taken from life. He has represented me presenting him to Princess Louise; unfortunately, although he made a sketch from Lorne from life he had only a photograph of Princess Louise, and that an old one, taken when she was in Canada; however, the little group is full of character.

In the middle of *September* I went to Oban, where I stayed a few days with the Archibald Campbells at the Alexandra Hotel. "We lead," I write, "the life of a country house, with the independence of an inn added." The Northern Meeting was going on, and we attended concerts and Highland games; one concert was all in Gaelic, and two ladies played on harps made expressly for the occasion, and eight pipers piped strenuously, accompanied by a large and little drum.

OBAN, *19th September.*

We were storm-stayed here all the latter part of last week—"we," being the Archie Campbells, myself and Alphonso, my Italian travelling servant. I was glad to meet with my niece, Ellen Baird, whom I had not seen for years; she had two daughters with her, Hilda, gigantically tall, with a charming face and winning manner, and the eldest son David, a youth of five-and-twenty, in the Black Watch. Princess Louise left for Balmoral, a two days' journey from here. Lindsay M'Arthur, son of the landlady of this hotel —the "Alexander"—drove me over to a place called Garrasan, where he has built a house, from which there is a superb view of the sea and the neighbouring islands; he is an artist of real merit, and his landscapes are excellent. He is a friend of Black, the novelist, who often pays him visits at this charming place.

On the *17th* to Dunstaffnage with Archie Campbell and his daughter; a beautifully situated ruin; from the upper walls of the old fortress, a panoramic view of sea and hills lies before one; there is a picturesque little ruined chapel in the woods near the castle.

IONA, *24th September.*

On the *19th September* I finished my week at Oban. The A. Campbells with an old Scottish body, named Mary Macpherson, and known as the Skye poetess—and who had won "Janie" and "Nickie" Campbell's hearts by reciting Gaelic songs, which she sings to a crooning accompaniment —left for Iona. I went to pay Lorne a visit in Mull. After a couple of hours steaming in an awful tub of a vessel named *The Pioneer* we reached Salen, whence we drove four miles across the island to Ben More Lodge, where formerly the "Long Doctor" lived. When I came to Mull in the autumn of '90 the good old man was then living in the house now occupied by Lorne. Only two other guests were at Ben More, MacAllister, the artist, and young Clark of Ulva. We had three days of perfect weather at Mull; we walked or drove all day, and on one had some sea fishing. While at Mull I heard of the death of my Aunt Mary (Lady Taunton), who had died in London on the *17th of September.* She had been in failing health for some

time—she is the last of my dear mother's family, now all free from life's troubles. Lady Taunton was sixty-nine, the youngest of a family of twelve.

On the *23rd September* I left Ben More, catching the boat from Oban at Salen; thence to Iona, visiting Staffa on the way. A troublesome climb over the rocks led by a rough path to the world-famed cavern. I was somewhat disappointed by the cave being a good deal narrower than I had expected. Half an hour later we lay off this "sacred isle."

I found the only hotel on the island entirely filled by the Archie Campbell party, and the poor old Gaelic poetess has been, I fear, turned out of her room to make way for Alphonso. Archie did the honours of the cathedral and ruins of the monastery, and he took me to see the granite cross which his father placed here, to the memory of his first wife, my sister, "Elizabeth Sutherland," as her name is inscribed upon it. It faces the sea, and is appropriately placed; for my sister loved the walk, called the Abbot's Walk, by the side of which it stands.

The day following we visited the so-called "spouting" cave, which, however, refused to spout, and White Sands Bay, where the Archies bathe when the weather permits.

On the afternoon of the *24th* I received two telegrams announcing my brother's death. One was from Lorne, saying, "Sutherland died suddenly at Dunrobin," the other from London, sent me by my butler, Robert, "Duke died last night." Thus within a short week has disappeared the last of my mother's family and the last of mine. I am now the only one left of a family of nine.

On my last day at Iona I walked with my nephew to the White Sands, where he made a sketch of a view of Staffa, a foreground of richly-coloured grounds, with a crystal clear pool, a scene such as Brett would have made a beautiful picture.

The next day, although blowing half a gale, the s.s. *Grenadier* took off passengers from Iona, amongst them, besides myself and my servant, was the old Skye poetess. I gave her Sir Walter Scott's "Journal," which seemed to please her.

The next day I was in Edinburgh, where the Duke of Cambridge was then holding his annual tour of inspection. The day after I watched the inspection of the Argyll and

Sutherland Highlanders in Queen's Park, and that of the Sixth Dragoons at Duddingston. The men in their glittering helmets, blue uniforms, and mounted on their bay horses, formed quite a picture in the well-wooded park, and when they galloped by they were loudly cheered. While in Edinburgh I received a letter from my cousin, Admiral F. Egerton, in which, alluding to my brother's death, he writes: "You and I are now the last of our respective sets of brothers. There is nothing very strange in that in my case, but you might have expected it not to be in yours."

On my return journey to London I stayed a day at Durham, to revisit its glorious cathedral; put up at that comfortable old hostel "The Three Tuns." By the beginning of October I was again in what I then called "my haven of rest" in Earl's Court.

October.

Tennyson, after a few days' illness, died at one o'clock this morning. A grand life departed, a great and pure genius lost to us. He ended his life with the same quiet dignity as he had lived it; a Shakespeare in his hands, and the full moon streaming in on to his death-bed.

While paying a visit to H. Stuart Jones at Trinity College, Oxford, I called on my great-nephew Warkworth, in his lodgings in the High Street, his sitting-room elaborately panelled, with a handsome ceiling of the time of Charles I. I had not seen him since he had come of age, and won the Newdigate, the subject "St Francis of Assisi," a very creditable composition. There is something very pleasing about this youth, quite unaffected and unpretentious.

Called on J. A. Symonds' sister, Mrs Green. She lives here with her aunt, a dear old lady, Miss Sykes, aged eighty-three, a benign old dame. I had been asked by Mr Woodall, M.P. for Hanley, to give a lecture to the School of Art at Hanley. Young Cartlidge, master of that school, had called on me to arrange about this; he had been a pupil of the French sculptor Dalou, and I have promised to deliver a lecture, and to give the prizes.

18th October.

Wrote some notes for the address at Hanley; I chose for my subject Michel Angelo's drawings; Symonds' life of Michel Angelo, which had just appeared, gave me the idea of taking this up for my subject. On the following day I went to Hanley. Met my host, Mr Woodall, at Euston; we travelled together to Stoke. On arriving we drove thence across endless streets to his place at Hanley, called Bleak House. Cartlidge, M. Solon, the ceramic artist at Minton's, and some other men connected with the potteries, dined. The next day was passed in visiting Mr Woodall's works, and other places connected with the potteries. We had luncheon with the Solons. Madame is the daughter of an old French artist, M. Arnaux, who has been for a quarter of a century employed at Minton's. We also visited Wedgewood's works, of which young Frank Wedgewood did us the honours, the works but little altered since the time of his great-grandfather, the famous Josiah Wedgewood; and as every one knows, they still make use of the same designs and moulds as in his time.

To dinner came the Mayor, Mr Gilbert Wedgewood and half a dozen others.

The Victoria Hall is an immense building, with room for some three thousand people; it was rather an alarming place to attempt to speak in. Armed with some notes on the desirability of art students studying the drawings of Michel Angelo, I delivered my so-called address, and ended by reading the concluding words of Sir Joshua Reynolds' last "Discourse" to the Royal Academy, in which he refers with so much enthusiasm and eloquence to the great Master. I hoped I had been fairly well heard; however, after the address was finished, and after I had given my notes to some of the newspaper reporters, Mr Woodall told me that I had been very imperfectly heard by the reporters, and that my notes were illegible!—so the only thing I could do was to read them all over again to the reporters in the Mayor's parlour. What rather consoled me was Alphonso, my Italian valet, telling me that from the place where he was sitting, at the very furthest end of the Hall, he had heard every word, but perhaps this was said to please his master. The next day I went to Ireland.

CARTON, IRELAND,
23rd October.

It is five years since I was last here; my visit then was to attend my dear sister's funeral, in May '87. The first thing I did this morning was to go to the place hard by the house, where in a sheltered spot surrounded by trees are her and her husband's graves, covered by a beautiful cross with Iona-like ornaments carved upon it. At Carton are the new Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Houghton, with his secretary, young Trevelyan, Sir George's eldest son; Lady Feversham (Hermione Leinster's mother), with snow-white hair, but still beautiful, and her youngest daughter, called by her friends and family "Mouche"; also Mr Armstrong, the new Director of the Dublin Art Gallery, successor to poor Henry Doyle, whom I used often to meet here in old days. Houghton is somewhat precise and formal, good-looking, and very gentlemanlike in presence and manner.

The next day was a Sunday. We went to the church near the ruins of Maynooth Castle in the morning, and in the afternoon visited the beautiful Roman Catholic church in the College Buildings, which contains splendid stained-glass windows.

The woods at Carton are now all ablaze with autumn colouring, scarlet, maroon, copper, and gold. The young generation has furnished up the inside of the house at Carton, and made it most luxurious in all matters of comfort, but alas! for the old familiar faces, which no re-decorating or re-furnishing can in any way make up for; and how terribly one misses them.

VICE-REGAL LODGE,
30th October.

I came here from Carton two days ago. My few days there were uneventful and pleasant, Hermione Leinster being most kind and affectionate, and he the same. I also much liked Lady Feversham, still so handsome and attractive. I used to walk, generally in the morning, by the lake, where the trees reflected their crimson and golden and russet glories in its still waters; recalling old autumnal days at Trentham. It is more

than thirty-five years since I was last here. I remember coming here one summer's day with my dear mother in '57, when we were staying with "Uncle Morpeth" (Lord Carlisle) at Dublin Castle. There is no one here besides His Excellency, young Trevelyan, and Colonel Jekyll, Lord Houghton's private secretary, and a son of Sir Bernard Burke's, now in the army, whom I remember a handsome young page to the Marlboroughs, when I was at Dublin Castle in the sixties.

The Lodge is a comfortable dwelling, but looks as if it required a thorough cleaning, both outwardly and inwardly. I wandered in the grounds in the gloaming, and copied these pretty lines inscribed on a stone monument in the garden. They were written by my Uncle Carlisle when living here, and allude to the death of Lady St Germains, who had here planted a tree, which died at the same time that she herself died. They bear the date 1856.

"Poor tree, a gentle mistress placed thee here,
To be the glory of the glades around:
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
And she, too, sleeps beneath another mound.
But mark, what diff'ring terms your fate allow,
Though like the period of your swift decay;
Thine are the sapless root and withered bough;
Her's the green mem'ry, and immortal day."

A dinner of twenty the next evening—a capital band played during and after dinner. Lord Houghton's three daughters are here, the eldest a pretty girl, aged eleven, the two others are twins; all admirably brought up.

On *Sunday, 30th October*, we all went to a Harvest Thanksgiving Service in St Patrick's Cathedral; the State pew is a roomy one, a large corner box-like erection; the building was crowded, the service lasted two hours; an interminable amount of singing; another big dinner that evening, at which were the Wolseleys; he was most cordial, and invited me to pay them a visit at the Royal Hospital.

Father Healy, a delightful specimen of the almost extinct type of the humorous Irish priest, came for dinner, and stayed over breakfast on the following morning; I had met him at the Dufferins two winters ago in Rome.

A young couple named Peel arrived in the middle of

dinner; they had had a drunken Jehu to drive them, whence their unpunctuality.

On the *31st of October* my visit to Erin came to an end. I visited the Portrait Gallery in Dublin in the morning, and the Vice-Regal stables at the lodge in the afternoon, where the head coachman, Harris, reminded me that he had been in Westminster's service in my sister's lifetime. Houghton, when I was leaving, gave me two of his books, a translation of "Beranger," the other some poems by himself.

At the beginning of *December* I went to Rome, socially made poor by the Dufferins having left the Embassy, they having exchanged to Paris for Rome. The society here (Rome) seems more frivolous and drivellous than ever, and I have kept clear of it.

News reached me that Christmas of the illness of a friend in London, and I hurried back. I was in Paris on New Year's Eve and dined with the Dufferins at the Embassy, and on the *2nd of January* (1893) I passed the day at Chantilly. The day was a bitterly cold one; on the lake near the castle there were skaters. Among other guests at Chantilly I met the Duke's nephew and great-nephew, the Duc d'Alençon and his son. The Duc d'Alençon told me he remembered me in Edinburgh, when he attended the High School there in the sixties. We had luncheon in the great gallery, at the end of which is Baudry's painting of St Hubert; after luncheon visited the picture galleries. I found many of the Clouet drawings, formerly at Castle Howard, which I had copied in the summer of '74, scattered about the rooms and galleries. The Duke showed us his collection of drawings by Raffet, amongst which he himself figures in the thirties or early forties. He looks much older than when I saw him last, some half dozen years ago, but the face is still full of fresh colour and the blue eyes undimmed.

One evening I met at Mr Woodall's dinner-table at the hotel where I was then staying—that of the Deux Mondes, in the Avenue de l'Opera—Mrs Crawford, by far the most interesting of the guests. She is the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* and of *Truth*, a lively grey-haired Irish lady. She won my heart by telling me how much she admired in Trentham Church the monument

to the "Great Duchess." A day or two after I paid her a visit at her apartment at the top of a house in the Avenue de Courcelles; besides her literary skill she has much talent for painting, as a very Rembrandt-like portrait by her of a brother of hers proves.

In the middle of the month I was back at my London home.

1893

In the early part of the year I paid some visits in England, staying at Trinity College, Oxford, with my friend H. Stuart Jones, and visiting Trentham, and early in March I was staying with Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby in the Norman Tower at Windsor Castle, the dungeon room of which Lady Ponsonby has turned into her study; it is the only part of the interior of the castle that has not been spoilt by restoration; there are beautiful views from its narrow windows. Lady Ponsonby deserves all the credit of having restored this room and those adjoining it to their former state, for the old walls with the inscriptions by prisoners confined here in Cromwell's time had been hidden by lath and plaster and wall papers.

The Empress Frederick was then at Windsor, and on the *5th March* I was told by Count Seckendorff that she wished me to meet her at the Schröders' place, near Bishop's Gate Lodge. I accordingly went there with him. On arriving, we found the Empress had already come; she was with the Schröders in the picture gallery. Old Baron Schröder, an amiable old German of seventy, showed us with much pride his many treasures, pictures, all modern, also gems and china. We had tea in the gallery. When we left the Empress said she would walk part of the way back, and she did, and expressed regret at not being able to walk all the way to the Castle, but said she must be back at tea with the Queen, and that she could not keep her waiting. But we had at least a two-mile walk, and we were half-way down the Long Walk before she got into her carriage. The Empress spoke with much pleasant recollection of having seen a good deal of Johnnie Symonds lately in Venice. She is looking remarkably young and well, and one could imagine her about thirty, so fresh and juvenile does she appear.

On the *10th March*, I met at my nephew Sutherland's,

George Curzon—just back from Siam, and from a voyage in the further East, that has lasted seven months; he is much thinner, but as fresh and pleasant as in the old days.

On the *11th of March* I paid the Duchess of Cleveland a visit at Battle Abbey. At Battle were the Reays and the Phillip Stanhopes—the latter is the Duchess's nephew, and his wife is Countess Tolstoi. Lord Reay I have known since my first visit to Holland in '74; Lady Reay I had not met before—agreeable, handsome, and a beautifully dressed person in the evening, glittering with splendid Indian jewellery bought when they lived at Bombay, of which place he was Governor between '80 and '85. The Duchess full of interesting and pungent talk. The house most comfortable, with a fine old hall and a new library, a charming room with large light windows, looking south-west. There had been a beautiful pink sunset that evening, which we saw as we came near to the Abbey, and the fine old towers on the terrace, built by Sir Anthony Browne, stood out well against the deep amber-coloured sky as the night fell. My room was panelled with tapestry; figures on it of the sixteenth century; the borders of this tapestry had been sacrificed to fit the walls—a Vandalism. In the dining-room hangs a superb Titian, "The Last Judgment." It belonged to the poet-banker Rogers; the Duchess thinks it the identical painting that Charles V. had with him at Yuste.

To the church next morning, *Sunday, 12th March*, a fine old building, just outside the great gate of the Abbey. Within the church is the noble Renaissance tomb with the figure of Sir A. Browne and his wife. After service I went to the top of the old gateway, which Hawthorne so much admired. The ruins of the Abbey buildings are most interesting—the refectory and the crypts beneath it. Battle itself is beautiful and most interesting, but the country around is not; all the old oak trees were felled about a century ago by a Sir Something Webster. I read Freeman's account of the battle here while at Battle Abbey.

I met Mr Lucy—of *Punch*—one evening that month at a dinner given by Mr Woodall in the House of Commons. It is nineteen years since I set foot in that place (the House), and it was a peculiar sensation to return to that familiar but unloved scene after that long interval; all seemed unchanged except (and that is a large exception)

MEDALLION OF EMPRESS FREDERICK, WITH AUTOGRAPH.

[*To face page* 188.

March 23. 1893 27. TREBOVIR ROAD. S.W.

Victoria Dsch. Empress
Frederick
& Queen of Prussia

the members; but the porters and doorkeepers seemed the same as in '74. The last time I had met Mr Lucy was in Bombay in the winter of '83–'84. Two M.P.'s and their wives were at Mr Woodall's dinner. After dinner I got an order which allowed me to watch the familiar scene of a sitting of the House from the Ambassador's place; it was a dull evening, naval and army estimates being discussed: and the G.O.M. not back yet from his bed in Downing Street.

On the *17th of March* I called on Millais, who showed me his new pictures for the Academy, a "St Teresa," and three portraits of children, all delightful and splendidly painted, and an admirable half-length portrait of Hare, the actor-manager.

"I am getting an old man," said the great painter to me, "and am only now beginning to learn how to paint." A remark which I told Millais reminded me of a similar one attributed to Titian.

On the *22nd of March*, the Empress Frederick honoured me by coming to my house in Earl's Court. The Empress, escorted by Lorne, came at one o'clock; the morning had been very foggy, but luckily just before they arrived the fog faded away, and the sun shone brightly. Her Majesty was delighted and enthusiastic about a bust (an antique I had bought from Evelyn Ashley some time before), which she says is finer than any in Greece—she thinks that it is not an "Aphrodite," as the German *savants* do, nor a "Hera," as I do, but "Athena." Perhaps it is so, but who can tell? nor does it matter by what name it is called. Next to the bust, what the Empress most admired was Arthur Severn's painting of a moonlit wave, the Downmans, and the Holbein drawing. She saw the contents of the lower rooms, but rather hurriedly, as she wanted to be back at Buckingham Palace before two o'clock. I gave her my book "Stafford House Letters," and a medal struck to commemorate the wedding of Queen Louise in 1793, which she had not got, "but I want to give you one too," she said, referring to one of herself.

There is a very great charm and attraction about this excellent, gifted, and illustrious lady, so simple in appearance, almost childlike; and it is always a privilege to talk with her. I was able to show the Empress the first copy

of my "Life of Joan of Arc," which Nimmo had just sent me on the previous evening, and which has occupied me for so long a time.

24th March.

Left London at ten; met Lorne and Princess Louise at Victoria Station; with the Princess came Miss Bulteel, Lady Ponsonby's niece. Old Lord Revelstroke, with his lovely daughter, Lady Castlerosse, came to see her off. A fog in town, but a gloriously hot sun at sea, which was as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond. In Paris we stayed at the Hotel Choiseul in the Rue St Honoré.

On *Palm Sunday* we went to Notre Dame, and watched the services from the gallery above the choir—a splendid place of vantage. The old Cardinal Archbishop was in full canonicals, and the clergy held long yellow palm branches.

One morning, with my artist friend Beroud, I visited the Thêatre Français—which I had never seen by daylight. Beroud is engaged in painting a group of the principal actors of the Maison de Molière, whom he has grouped in the foyer. He has promised me a sketch of the foyer in which Houdon's statue of Voltaire is placed. Standing before it in that beautiful room, flooded with sunshine and the fresh crisp spring air, I had a recurrence of that indescribably delightful sensation which one can only put into Gainsborough's dying words: "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyck is of the company!" Molière's keen face seems to follow you wherever you turn in the house called his, and the foyer is fuller of dramatic art than any other room in the world. We inspected one of the actress's dressing-rooms, Mdlle. Marsy's, a little gem of a room; the walls all panelled with Louis XVI. wainscotting, the furniture to match.

One afternoon I had luncheon *tête-à-tête* with Mrs Crawford at the top of No. 60 Avenue de Courcelles; the clever, talented little lady made a capital hostess—and talked, and talked, and talked. We had a delicious *caneton de Rouen.* Mrs Crawford told many anecdotes of her political friends—Gambetta, Jules Ferry, and others.

On another afternoon to a luncheon at the Embassy, with Lorne and the Princess. Besides the Dufferins and their son Basil, only two "dips" present—Clark and Townley.

From Paris we went to Lucerne, where we passed *Good Friday*. We were on the lake that afternoon, and we watched sunset and moonrise over the Rigi—the moon rose like a divine balloon through the purple ether.

We left Lucerne on the *1st of April*, on to Milan by the St Gothard route, the most beautiful railway line in Europe.

During our stay at Milan we lodged at the excellent Hôtel de la Ville.

To the Duomo for the morning and evening services on *Easter Sunday;* in the evening to the Scala, to hear Verdi's new opera *Falstaff*, a somewhat heavy performance.

On the *9th of April* we were in Florence, at the Hôtel de Russie—recommended to the Princess by a Mons. Woltkoff, a Russian artist, who lives in Venice. Its situation on the Lung Arno seemed its chief merit; my room faces the river; it was delightful to watch the sunrises and sunsets gilding the Arno under the bridges.

The day after arriving at Florence we went to the Villa Palmieri—where the Queen had been staying during the last two or three weeks—about two miles out of the town on the road to Fiesole. We walked in those gardens in which Boccaccio is supposed to have placed his immortal and immoral story-tellers. The trees, especially the cypresses, are superb, as is also the view of the town from the terrace in front of the house. The Queen's donkey-carriage was waiting for Her Majesty, so we did not go far afield, but looked from the outside into the sunny court of the building, in which is a fountain with flowers and plants, which all looks delightful. We visited the Galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti in the afternoon, and saw favourite pictures in both of these galleries. On returning to the hotel we were told that the Queen had invited us to meet Her Majesty at the Uffizi Gallery after closing hours. On arriving at five o'clock we found a crowd outside the entrance of the Gallery, and soon after the Queen arrived with Princess Beatrice and Miss Phipps. We waited in the doorway, and, on arriving, Her Majesty gave her usual kindly greeting and little hand to kiss. The Queen wore a circular straw hat. She ascended to the Gallery in a lift to the left of the entrance. We climbed those steep and endless stairs, and arrived at the top as soon as Her Majesty, who was wheeled in a chair into the gallery by an Indian, in a yellow turban. There was something curious in the

effect of this procession passing through the rooms and galleries of that noble old palace. Two Italians, connected with the Gallery, attended the Queen, and our Consul, Sir D. Colnaghi, the son of old Dominic Colnaghi of Pall Mall from whom my father bought the Lenoir Collection of old French portraits, now at Chantilly. "You know this place well," said the Queen to me. While in the Tribune one of us recalled the Zoffany picture of that room, which is in the corridor at Windsor, and I felt regret that no picture could be drawn of that chamber at that moment with the Queen in her chair, her Indians, and her little court around her. The Queen evidently loved to look on the Raphaels in that room, and hurried through the other rooms; having finished the inspection of the other rooms, the Queen returned to the lift; and, after seeing Her Majesty back again in her carriage, with a large and respectful crowd around it, we returned to our hotel. We dined with Lady Ponsonby, who is living at 34 Viale de Principe Amadeo, or rather in a flat of that house, which has been lent her by Sir James Lacaita. We had a very merry dinner—"we," being Princess Louise, Lorne, our hostess, her daughter, and son Arthur (whom I met lately at Oxford, where he was acting the part of Launce in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*), and Miss Bulteel.

The next afternoon we went at five to the Church of the Annunziato, to meet the Queen. This was an even more interesting visit and event than going to the Uffizi with Her Majesty. The Queen was received by some half-dozen of the friars, one of whom, a good-looking, dark, young priest, did the honours of the church (I see in the Italian paper that his name is Bedford). He acted the part of interpreter. What the priests seemed to regard as most holy in this church is a very dark, almost invisible twelfth-century fresco of the "Annunciation" at the back of a gaudily decorated altar on the left of the entrance. A great to-do was made by the priests before this painting was uncovered, prayers mumbled, and candles lighted; while Her Majesty, who was in her chair, with the Indian attendant, sat patiently till what Albert Smith would have called the moment when "The Dissolving Views are about to commence" arrived, and when at length the picture, which the priests avow is the work not of mortal, but of heavenly hands, appeared, one could only detect a blurred female profile, with a crown of incrusted gems over it. As the Queen was wheeled in her chair near where I stood, Her

Majesty said, "Ronald, can you see anything, for I cannot?" and smiled when I said that all that could be seen was the glitter of the jewels. The Queen, as she also had done when in the Uffizi Gallery, would now and again leave her chair, and have a walk, leaning on her cane; but it is an effort for her to do this. While we were in the cloisters one of the priests brought up to the Queen that beautiful head of our Saviour, painted by Andrea del Sarto, with which she was much struck, as she was also with the splendid fresco of the "Madonna del Sacco," which seemed to me much more the work of angelic hands than the wretched daub the priests so highly venerate. By the way, the young English monk said to me of that painting (the so-called supernatural one) that it is reported that Michel Angelo remarked that he thought he knew something about painting, and he was convinced that no mortal hand could have painted that work!

I succeeded in buying, next day, an admirable copy of the Saviour's head, after Del Sarto; it is rarely copied, unlike so many of the pictures in the galleries here. This copy is said to have been made for the Grand Duke Constantine.

A lovely sunset that evening, seen from below San Miniato. The town lay bathed in a violet light, all the ugly modern part of Florence invisible. One could imagine one was looking down on Florence in the days of Dante, or at any rate in those of Savonarola.

Very early on the morning of the *13th of April* I was awakened by cheering in the streets below the hotel. From my window I saw the King driving across the bridge of the Trinità, on his way from the station to the Pitti Palace, followed by a cheering crowd. The King had come from Rome to pay a day's visit to our Queen.

On the *15th of April* we went in the afternoon to the Palazzo Riccardi (that glorious old Medicean palace, which has witnessed their greatest days), to see a rather poor spectacle—a "*Bataille des fleurs*"—got up, it was said, in honour of Princess Beatrice's birthday, which, however, was on the previous day. The Queen came with the Battenbergs, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and his lovely sister, Princess Alix, the Paul Mecklenburgs, and other more or less royal personages. The walls of the rooms of the palace are covered with tapestry, and the ceilings

glow with colour, but the gem of the Palace is the Chapel painted by Gozzoli. The walls display processions of knights with their squires, kings with their pages, winding everlastingly along those walls. These frescoes are superb in colour, and wonderfully preserved. The Queen saw the procession of carriages from an open balcony on the first floor of the Palace, which was draped with tapestries, overlooking the Corso, which was filled with a large and good-humoured crowd. The carriage show was poor and meagre.

That evening Lorne left for London, where he was obliged to return for some business about East African affairs, much to my regret.

Princess Louise presented me to her niece, the beautiful Princess Alix of Hesse, when we met outside the Cathedral. That afternoon we were taken over Santa Maria Novella by the Bishop of Rochester (Davidson), who knows the place well, and he is well up in sacred art; he is agreeable, as well as learned.

The next day I went for luncheon to the Riccardis—the dear old Count full of talk, as usual; his English wife and charming daughter Fédé were also there.

19th April.

"*Primrose Day.*"—It was not forgotten at Florence this year. I had sent a bunch of those flowers (not easy ones to get here) to the Villa Palmieri, with a note to Sir Henry Ponsonby, asking him to give them to the Queen, which he acknowledged receiving in the following words: "I have given your Tory and floral emblem to the Queen, who tells me to thank you for them. We were startled by the news last night that the Dowager-Duchess, 'The Widow Blair,' had been sent to gaol for six weeks."

In the afternoon I went to Mrs Ross's villa, Poggio Gherardo, some three miles out of the town—a glorious view when one finally reaches the villa, which thrones a high hill from which one seems to see half Tuscany below one. I had called in order to hear news of our mutual friend John Symonds, whom I had heard was ill in Rome. While we were talking of him with affection and admiration, he was dying, passing away in Rome. In a letter I received the next day from Hamilton Aïdé, written on the day I was with Mrs Ross, he writes: "Symonds died here at one

o'clock to-day." Johnnie was expected at the Ross's that week, but had been delayed by a chill. How we did talk of him, and with much love and admiration, for he was—alas! it is now the past tense—one of Mrs Ross's greatest friends. She showed me the table at which he, "the historian," as she always called him, wrote, in a delightful cool corner of a room, the windows of which overlook Florence; for he often stayed at Poggio Gherardo. Mr Ross is an extraordinary youthful-looking septuagenarian. He told me he was seventy-three; he looks a score of years younger.

The terribly sad news which reached me from Rome the next day made me disinclined to go anywhere or to see any one, but I was obliged to go in the evening to see a torchlight display by the troops from the Palazzo Riccardi, with the Princess Louise. The Queen came to the palace soon after eight; as she passed through the rooms, after the torchlight procession was ended, she held out her hand, and referred to the news mentioned in Sir Henry's note to me.

I dined at the Villa Palmieri, on *Sunday, 23rd of April.* It was past nine, but two of the Queen's guests had not yet arrived — these were the Paul Mecklenburgs — nor did they arrive till dinner had commenced. The Queen had Duke Paul on her right hand, and the Prince of Meiningen on her left; the others were Princess Beatrice, Lady Churchill, Countess Mocenigo, Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Sir Henry Ponsonby. During dinner Ouida's name came on the *tapis.* After dinner we returned to the drawing-room; it was a formal moment. Her Majesty sent for me, and talked for some time on many subjects—of Lord Derby's death, "always most kind to me," she said, and of old recollections. Incidentally the Queen spoke of Leslie's picture of her Coronation, and on my saying that I believed only three persons who appeared in that painting still lived, the Queen immediately corrected me and said that beside herself, the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duc de Nemours were the survivors. The "duc" appears in the picture next to the Duke of Cambridge. This shows the marvellous memory of the Queen. I walked back to Florence. As I left the Villa the nightingales were singing loudly in its garden.

While in Florence, I visited with Mrs Ross the studio of her friend Signor Carlo Orsi—a clever painter—and that of the young Swiss sculptor, Hermann Obrist; also the

Italian sculptor, Carniola, with Somerset Beaumont. The latter artist revels in ghastly and gruesome subjects. One of his groups represents a dying man seized by a skeleton—a sculptured nightmare. Horatio Brown, just back from attending Symonds' funeral at Rome, called on me. He has been left literary executor to J. A. S. He said the place where his body is laid is just the spot which Johnnie would himself have chosen. He thought him happy in the manner and the time of his death, for he had a horror of growing old, becoming infirm and played out.

In the afternoon of that day I went with the Princess and Miss Bulteel to San Marco; in its cloisters we waited the arrival of the Queen, who visited this most interesting place for the first time. The Queen arrived at five o'clock; the visit lasted one hour. She was wheeled in her chair through the church and the cloisters, but could not, unluckily, inspect the cells on the first floor; but the Queen saw what is most worth seeing in San Marco, namely, "The Last Supper," by Ghirlandaio, and Fra Angelico's great "Crucifixion"—also Sogliani's great fresco, the so-called "Providenza," before which the Queen remained a long time. Some of the monks in their white cowls accompanied us round the church, but did not enter the cloisters.

26th April.

It is now settled—if anything that is arranged by ladies can be considered settled—that we leave this for Venice to-morrow. The pleasant time here draws to a close. It has been an interesting as well as an enjoyable time—interesting to myself for having seen in the last two weeks more of our dear, good, kind Queen than at any time, for I have had the honour of meeting the Queen at the Uffizi, at the Church of the Annunziato, and San Marco, and of going to her villa and dining there, *en petit comité*. It has also been made pleasant by Lady Ponsonby having been here—certainly one of the cleverest and most intellectual of women.

On the *28th of April* I went to Venice with the Princess, Miss Bulteel and her cousin, young Maurice Baring, a boy of nineteen, son of Lord Revelstoke, who is studying at Florence. We put up at the Hotel Europa. Most unfortunately all the time we were at Venice Princess

Louise was laid up with a feverish cold. Lady Ponsonby had also come to Venice. We visited many of the churches together, and at St Mark's she made a capital sketch of the interior, now one of my art treasures. An American artist, C. Giffard Dyer, was working there, drawing some clever pastelle views of the beautiful city. I had the good fortune of finding Horatio Brown in Venice, back from looking after J. A. Symonds' affairs at Davos.

On the *10th of May* we left Venice, stopping one night at Milan, and the following at Lucerne, where our little party of three were joined by Lorne. We visited that most fascinating of antiquity shops, Bossard's, with his collection of curios, his staff of twenty artists, the rooms opening on the old courtyard, full of old armour, tapestries and art furniture. On the *18th of May* I was back in London.

On the *20th of May* I went to Broadlands. The last occasion I was there was in the time of William Cowper—or, as he became later, Lord Mount Temple—some score of years ago, when Ruskin was there. After Lord Mount Temple's death, Broadlands became the property of Evelyn Ashley—who appears thoroughly worthy of possessing it, although the incumbrances that beset him when he first succeeded to the property obliged him to sell some of the pictures. Of these the most important was Sir Joshua's "Infant Academy," for which Lord Iveagh is supposed to have paid—but what Lord Iveagh paid for the "Infant Academy" it is not necessary to record here. A copy hangs in its place, and very few people, I fancy, seeing the copy in the place of the original, would discover the difference. (Probably in a few years' time, most of the Sir Joshuas, Romneys and Gainsboroughs will be replaced in our old country houses by copies—the Death duties, greed, and the tempting offers made to the proprietors of such heirlooms by the Jews and dealers, will strip these precious canvases from off the ancestral walls).

The party consisted of the Clanwilliams, with a daughter—Lady Elizabeth Meade—the Errols, and a young Count Palffy, an Hungarian—who belongs to the Austrian Legation—silent and smileless. He amused the company by saying that in Hungary when an Englishman arrives, he is at once discovered to have come, even before he is seen, by his smell! "The Englishman has arrived," cry his hosts; "we smell the Englishman!" The Count went on

to explain that this peculiar Britannic aroma is contained in the clothes of the islander, and it seems to consist of a mixture of the smell of coal, fog, and damp—ingredients produced by the English, and especially the London, atmosphere.

Sir Herbert Maxwell with his wife and daughter were the other guests. Sir Herbert distinguished himself by catching a six-pound trout in the beautiful river which flows past the house—the rapid Test. There was also a young guardsman, named Heneage, a friend of the son of the house, Wilfred Ashley, a tall, handsome youth of three or four and twenty, who is also in the Grenadiers.

Whit-Sunday (*21st May*) was a gloriously bright day. I went twice to the beautiful old Norman Abbey of Romsey—which has been greatly improved since I was last there, by the removal of the hideous galleries and pews which choked up the building. At Romsey I made the acquaintance of a very interesting old clergyman, named Berthon (pronounced Burton), who had been Vicar of Romsey Abbey for more than thirty years, and is a generous benefactor to the Abbey. He has lately retired from the living, and passes his time (he is about eighty years old) in inventing new constructions for boats, hospital, and other kind of tents. He has started a company for his inventions. His workshops are in the town of Romsey, where he employes some hundred workmen. I went to see these works with Cecil Ashley and Lord Errol. We were shown over by Mr Berthon and his son, a grey-headed youth of about fifty. The collapsible boats, pontoons, etc., are much patronised by the German and French armies. Mr Berthon, after he had shown us his workshops, took us over the Abbey, of the improvements of which he is justly proud. He came back with us to luncheon at Broadlands, and I had a good deal of talk with this remarkable old man.

In the afternoon we drove to the old home of Florence Nightingale—Embley, the park full of rhododendron drives, reminding me of that at Windsor.

The next day my visit to Broadlands came to an end. I paid H. Stuart Jones another visit at Oxford at the end of May, and met some pleasant youths there—Beauchamp, among others, at Christ Church, in his comfortable rooms at Canterbury Gate, and Balcarres at Magdalene. On the *1st of June* I was again at Clopton, Stratford-on-Avon

the guest of the hospitable Sir Arthur Hodgson—where I met a learned Mr Warner, of the British Museum, now engaged in "calendaring" the old deeds and papers lately found by Mr Laffan in the old Grammar School of which he is the master. It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of Frank Hird—whom I write of under date of *4th June*: "Called on young Frank Hird in his rooms at Kensington; a very pleasant and industrious youth." At that time he was secretary to Lord Thring, and on the staff of some papers; but a few days later he was seized by a violent attack of rheumatic fever from which he slowly recovered. I saw him daily while at his worst, and my liking for him ripened into a firm friendship, which led to my, in later years, adopting him as my son. Few sons can have returned so loyal and heartfelt an affection as has been the case with him.

Frequent visits to Oxford took place during these hot June days.

17th June.

Dined with the Dean of Christ Church, Paget, a most agreeable person, with a charming high-bred looking wife, a daughter of Dean Church's. Only two other guests were there, a Mr Hope, and a "Censor" of the College—whatever that may mean—named Strong. The Deanery is comfortable, but by no means a luxurious house. I made the acquaintance while at Oxford of A. Marrett, a Fellow of Exeter, whom I had met at the Dufferins' at Rome, where he was tutoring young Basil Blackwood, clever, agreeable, and good-looking. At his rooms in Exeter I met young Fitz-Harris, Lord Malmesbury's son, and twin brother of Charles Harris, whom I knew before; also my great-nephew, Neil Campbell, who is at Christ Church. (Later in that summer I was the guest of Marrett at Exeter College, where I met Mr Bowes, a very talkative Don, and one Yorke. That was a most pleasant visit—Oxford in all its summer beauty and charm.)

23rd June.

At luncheon at my cousin, Blanche Sandwich's, heard of the terrible catastrophe of the loss of the *Victoria* with Sir G. Tryon and five hundred men. The clubs were ringing with it.

28th June.

At five this afternoon the Queen arrived at Kensington for the unveiling of her Jubilee Statue by Princess Louise. I went to see this function with the Whitakers. Rain marred what otherwise would have been a pretty sight, namely, the rows of children drawn up before the statue. The statue looked well and full of dignity. The Queen all smiles. Lorne had gone to Sir William Mackinnon's funeral, so was not able to be present.

5th July.

A "breakfast" at Marlborough House, to meet Her Majesty; a great crowd and very hot. One sees all sorts and conditions of people. I was glad to see Gladstone, whom I introduced to my gigantic great-niece, Hilda Baird; he looked up at her prodigious height in amazement. I met the G.O.M. later that month at an interesting dinner at Mr James Knowles's charming house, Queen Anne's Lodge. Gladstone the principal guest, whom I found already arrived. The new American Ambassador, Bayard, was also there, and the late one, Phelps; also Lord Roberts of Candahar, Sir Edward Bradford, Chief of Police, Baron d'Estournelles, French Charge d'Affaires, by whom I sat, Dr Malcolm Morris, and Pierre Troubetzkoi, my artist friend. The G.O.M. was in great form, looking wonderfully hale, strong, and stouter in the face than he did a year or two ago, all the "*sturm und drang*" that he has had to go through seems to have augmented his marvellous intellect and physique. Our host drew him out on a variety of subjects, and we heard him discourse on the Welsh language, on the definition of the term "bore," for which there is no word in French, as he pointed out, and on a hundred other subjects. Our dinner lasted from soon after eight till past ten-thirty, when Mr Gladstone rose to drive off to Dollis Hill. Mr Knowles introduced me after dinner to Lord Roberts, a pleasing, short, but interesting-looking man. Troubetzkoi made some thumb-nail pencil sketches, during dinner, of Mr Gladstone, whose portrait he is now painting for Mr Knowles; at present he has only had two short sittings.

On the *22nd July*, I paid Lady Ponsonby a visit at the

Norman Tower, Windsor Castle. I found two other guests —Miss E. Smythe, a musical genius, and "Vernon Lee "(Miss Paget), authoress and critic. She had made Lady Ponsonby's acquaintance at Florence, where she lives. I read, while at Windsor, her well-written and interesting life of Madame d'Albany. We looked over the Holbeins in the library, and had tea with Howard Sturgis in his pretty house, which had belonged to the Talbots. On Sunday, with Miss Ponsonby and Vernon Lee, to morning chapel at Eton; to St George's in the afternoon with Lady Ponsonby.

26th July.

Called on Lady Brome—wife of Sir Frederick Brome, Governor of Trinidad. I had not seen her since Annie Sutherland's death—who was her greatest friend. We had a long talk in her little sitting-room at 5 Clarges Street, over that sad event.

A few pleasant visits during that month were made to the Ponsonbys, at Osborne, to Hamilton Aïdé at Ascot Wood Cottage, where I met the "two ancient lights," as mine host called the Misses Smith, sisters of the author of "Rejected Addresses"—one over eighty, the other could remember seeing Louis XVIII. at Versailles, about the year 1821. Both are very lively old dames, and great talkers. Besides Colonel Collier, H. A.'s cousin and his wife, who share the establishment with Hamilton Aïdé, E. R. Hughes, the portrait painter, was also there, making a chalk head of Hamilton Aïdé, and Mountjoy Jephson, of Emin Pasha expedition fame.

At the beginning of September I paid Frank Hird a visit at Bude, where he had gone to recover from his rheumatic fever. While at Bude, I visited Boscastle and Tintagel. The little harbour of Boscastle with the huge rocks which guard it, has striking features; but it is not till one has climbed the rocks above the harbour that one can appreciate the beauty of the place and its superb sea view.

The following morning, started for Tintagel on foot, following a path for about a mile along the cliff, then by the high-road, between hedges coated with blackberries. The village of Tintagel is as ugly as all these Cornish hamlets are with their slate-roofed buildings. Passing the village, we reached the harbour over which hangs the crag on which still clings portions of a ruined castle—not King Arthur's,

but one of the thirteenth century. The situation is superb. There are few grander situations for a mediæval fortress palace. The sea was as blue as the Mediterranean.

A day or two later we visited Clovelly from Bude. I had been there five years ago with Sidney Propert, but this second visit impressed me more with the beauty of the place than the former had done. The day was perfect. Leaving Bude by carriage at ten, we reached Clovelly at two. On our way we visited the fine old church of Kilkhampton, with its three aisles and carved waggon roof, its curiously carved seats, and its ugly Grenville glass windows. We had three hours at Clovelly. We visited Gallantry Bower, the purple heather, in brilliant contrast to the blue waters, making with the rolling woods a scene that can be compared with few for beauty.

Later on in that month I revisited Mr Kempe at Old Place, Lindfield. Since my last visit here, Kempe has greatly added to the house and gardens. Old Place is now one of the prettiest places that I have ever seen, the colouring without and within an especial feature. I shall not readily forget the effect of the old apple trees along the house, laden with their scarlet fruit. Perhaps if one could find a fault with this almost perfect house, it would be that it is a little over-decorated. The new drawing-room is a blaze of carved roses in scarlet and gold, with superb oak carving on the walls.

At the end of the month Mr Horace Hart, the Director of the Clarendon Press, at Oxford, came to see me in London. My frequent visits to Oxford had been made principally with the idea of publishing a series of the most interesting portraits in its halls, libraries and common rooms. I had met with much courtesy from the authorities, but after all nothing came of my scheme, and I can but hope that the idea will be carried out by some more fortunate person. A series of portraits from the days of the Tudors to those of Victoria would form a most interesting series. Had my scheme with regard to the college portraits at Oxford succeeded, I intended doing the same with the portraits at Cambridge. In no country except England does such a series exist; but we are not an artistic people, and there is little encouragement to those who are willing and ready to spend their time and money in such works. However, I find that when Mr Hart came to me on the *28th September*, what he said regarding my publication of photographs of the most interesting historical portraits contained

in the halls and college rooms at Oxford was satisfactory; but the scheme had to be laid before the authorities.

Early in October, I was in Venice, where I saw much of Horatio Brown and his mother.

10th October.

With Horatio in his gondola to the Lido. We returned in a golden glow of sunset splendour, the sea the hue of amethyst and topaz—Santa Maria del Salute standing out dark against a brilliant golden sky. Horatio declared it one of the most perfect evenings he had even seen here!

On the *15th of October*, I made an interesting expedition on the mainland with Horatio. I had long wished to make the acquaintance of an old friend of Johnnie Symonds—the Countess Pisani. We left Venice early by rail to the station of Strangelli, about an hour beyond Padua. There we found the Pisani carriage, and drove two or three miles to the Villa Vescovana, a very long, barrack-like building, but with a handsome, great room in the middle of it, and a garden at the back, full of colour, but ill kept, as all Italian gardens are. Countess Pisani is a curious combination of nationalities. Her father, Dr Milligan, was half Dutch, half English. He went out to Byron at Missolonghi, and was with him at his death. He wrote a memoir of those days, which was, unfortunately, burnt at a fire at the English Embassy at Constantinople, where he afterwards lived. The Countess's mother was half French, half Levantine, so she combines four nationalities in herself. She is no longer young, over sixty, but is still handsome, and very agreeable, clever, and talks well in rather broken English. She leads a very solitary life, but manages a large property all by herself. Her farms are famous and her studs of oxen unrivalled. Some of the latter we saw, for, after luncheon, H. B. and I drove to a farm some six miles from Vescovana, where we inspected a huge stable in which some sixty of the beautiful white oxen were enjoying their Sunday rest. The farm is close to the banked-up Adige, a river which is higher than the plains on either side of it. We walked some distance along its dammed-up banks, and had a view of Rovigo through the haze. We were back for dinner at the Villa, where an old Spanish priest, Don Antonio, made up the fourth

of our party. He is the spiritual adviser and factotum of the Countess. We returned to Venice at eight o'clock.

Sir William Harcourt and his son were staying at my hotel. We met at a big dinner given by a delightful old Scottish couple, the MacEwans. He is a Scottish M.P. Sir William informed us that it was his sixty-sixth birthday, so we drank his health, and he was bland and cheerful. On the subject of the insect pests of Italy he said he thought them rather a pleasant sensation than otherwise. "I take them," he said, "up between my finger and thumb, and they go click, just like the effect of one of Chamberlain's speeches!" The Harcourts were leaving the following day. Sir William told us that he was obliged to return to England, "to save my country."

During that sojourn in Venice I visited Castel Franco, to see the famous Giorgione in its church. It seemed to me in good condition, nor could I distinguish any of the repainting from which Sir Henry Layard told me it has suffered. The painting is a superlative work of art, and it is a lasting joy to have seen it—well worth a long pilgrimage. The old walls of the Castle are splendid, the deep red walls covered with green and scarlet creepers. Near these Giorgione's statue is admirably placed, by the running stream which formed the fosse to the Castle.

FLORENCE, *8th November.*

Sad news reached me here from England in the shape of a telegram saying that "Lady Lanerton passed away on Saturday." I was much attached to my dear aunt-in-law. A kinder, more unselfish being could not be imagined, and with her is broken the last link of my dearest mother's generation. I am glad I paid her a Sunday visit last August, but I deeply regret that I did not see her oftener.

While in Florence I saw something of old Sir James Lacaita and the Colnaghis, and for the first time the collection of armour at the Villa Stibbert—the finest, I imagine, belonging to a private individual. The collection fills several halls and galleries. The Villa is well situated, and is the finest, except the Villa Palmieri, that I have seen here.

TRENTHAM, *26th November.*

A very sad, almost tragic event has happened in our family since my last entry in this book. My nephew, Francis Cromartie, died last Tuesday (*24th November*), after a painful illness lasting four months. I had left Calais on the *18th*, and crossed in the *Empress*, the sea perfectly smooth, escaping by a few hours a tremendous gale that broke over the Channel and strewed the sea with wrecks. In London a fearful storm raged; all the next day it blew a hurricane. On the *20th*, calling at Stafford House, I found my nephew Francis too ill to see me. I only saw him in a dying state two days later. My poor nephew died at Stafford House early on the *24th November*. The end had been peaceful. I went into the room with his brother to see him once again; the face much aged, but with a look of great peace. The following day I went to Trentham, where the funeral took place in the Mausoleum on the *28th*.

TREBOVIR ROAD, *2nd December.*

Calamities continue in our family. Within a fortnight I have lost two nephews and a great-niece—to wit, Cromartie, yesterday week, and yesterday came the news of my nephew Leinster having died from typhoid fever at Carton, and three days ago the eldest daughter of the Percys died in Northumberland. It sounds like something in the days of the Great Plague.

Yesterday, before dining at Kensington Palace, Princess Louise invited me to come with her to see her old nurse, a dear old lady, named Thurston, of eighty-three. She lives in a snug little house close by the Palace. She had entered the Queen's service shortly after the birth of the Duke of Edinburgh. We sat with the old lady (who is unable to leave her chair) in her room upstairs. Mrs Thurston told me she used often to come in the old days to Stafford House, and recalled my dear mother there and at Windsor. To-day, a bitterly cold one, I called on Argyll at Campden Hill, and had a *tête-à-tête* luncheon with him. He was full of old times. He showed me the proof sheets of a charming little poem that he has written on a bust of "Sleep," which my dear mother left him, and which is now at Inverary. He is much shocked at all these recent deaths. The

Leinsters were with him at Inverary a few weeks ago; he was then perfectly well.

Leinster's funeral took place at Carton, on the *4th of December*. Lord Plunkett, Archbishop of Dublin, came by the train which brought the other mourners from Dublin. The last time I had met him was when poor Francis Cromartie had come with me to attend my dear sister Caroline Leinster's funeral, in '87. It was terribly sad to revisit Carton, and to see Leinster's sisters and brothers in that house of mourning. The coffin, all covered with flowers, was placed in the room that used to be poor Kildare's study. At the close of the service, and standing at the head of the grave, the Archbishop spoke a few words, referring to the useful life that Leinster had led. Poor Hermione bore up bravely till the end, but after letting fall some flowers on the coffin, she completely broke down; it was piteous to see her great sorrow, as she left the place, leaning on her mother's arm.

I paid a short visit to the Ormondes, at Kilkenny, before returning to England; also another pleasant visit to Oxford a week later.

To Oxford—Stuart Jones as usual my host. On *Monday, 11th December*, a ten o'clock breakfast with Tom Allen at Queen's — oysters washed down with hock; luncheon at Exeter with Marret, where I met that pleasant old Don, Mr Boase, the Librarian of that College. He is a mine of curious knowledge. He showed us some rare MSS. in the Library, one with the signatures of Elizabeth of York and Catharine of Aragon. I called on Mrs Green (J. A. Symonds' sister) and found her old aunt, Miss Sykes, rather in a weak way; she is eighty-four, and she apologised to me for still being alive. I begged her to be still alive when I came down next term.

About this time Henry Chaplin told me the following early reminiscences of Mr Gladstone. Some time ago, when they met at Waddesdon, the G.O.M. said to H. C. that he had a confession to make to him regarding a certain Mrs Chaplin, whom the G.O.M. said he was sure was H. C.'s grandmother. The lady lived in Grafton Street, and used to give what were then called "routs," or large evening parties. Mr Gladstone's parents were then living next door to Mrs Chaplin, and it was the wont of Mr Gladstone and a brother of his, on the occasions of these festivities, to go to the top floor of their house armed

with squirts, with which they squirted the coachmen and footmen waiting in the street below. Henry Chaplin said the way in which the G.O.M. chuckled at the recollection of these youthful escapades was most amusing; he said that Mr Gladstone became quite convulsed, when he proceeded to tell him how delighted he and his brother were to hear the servants expressing their wonder as to where the rain came from! This must have happened at least five-and-seventy years ago, as the days of squirts were doubtless previous to Mr Gladstone being at Eton.

On the *12th December*, called for Lorne at Kensington, and with him to the Hotel Metropôle, where we dined with the Colonial Society, sixty or more middle-aged and elderly seniors. Among the latter I was glad to meet Sir Arthur Hodgson. After dinner we adjourned to the Whitehall Room, where a lecture was read by a pleasant young Captain of Artillery, Williams by name, on Uganda land, from which distant place he had just returned. Some speechifying followed.

That Christmas-time I passed at Lillieshall and at Trentham. At the former place I made the acquaintance of Mr Walker, a fervid Shakespearian, who then lived at the Old Hall, near to Lillieshall. We had an interesting talk on Shakespearian matters. He told me what was new to me, namely, that Shakespeare could not, even had he wished to do so, publish his own plays, after he left the theatre, for he had sold his interest in them to Heminge and Condell.

TRENTHAM, *21st December*.

We came on from Lillieshall to this beloved old home, my favourite—perhaps I place it in my affection even before glorious Dunrobin. The place looks beautiful in spite of flowerless beds and leafless trees. I had a talk with old Roberts, the octogenarian head of the works, who has lived and worked here for, I believe, over sixty years, and still is as hale and hearty as ever. Besides the numerous family of my niece-in-law, the only other guests that Christmas at Trentham were Sir Allen Young, of Arctic travel fame; the William H. Russells—"Monty" Guest; George Curzon, and Ellis Roberts, the new fashionable portrait painter, and an Australian violinist, Wolffman by name, who played Mascagni's "Intermezzo"

during the offertory in the church on Christmas Day, to the surprise of the villagers.

Of Ellis Roberts I write: "Probably there has never been such a sudden success in the art world as his has been. Three or four years ago he was unknown and very hard-up. Last year, he told me, he made about four thousand pounds, had refused between sixty and seventy sitters, one of whom was an American lady who had offered him a thousand pounds if he would paint her! Roberts seems to be about three-and-thirty; he is thickset and dark complexioned. I do not think him the sort of man to be spoilt by success, however great or sudden. He has begun a full-length, life-size portrait of 'Millie' Sutherland; it is graceful in pose and in treatment, but when I saw it, it had only just been sketched in."

On the *29th of December*, I had written to Mr Gladstone to congratulate him on his eighty-fourth birthday. The following day I got a brace of letters (in the same envelope) from him and Mrs Gladstone—letters which I shall always value. Mr Gladstone's is as follows:—

"DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
"*29th December* 1893.

"MY DEAR RONALD,—Accept my best, though hasty, thanks for your very kind letter. I assure you the memory, with which you are so good as to associate me, is one that never can depart from my mind, and is cherished by me always with a sense of heavy loss, but with much gratitude, and with deep affection. I have a sense of guilt as well as regret in what you say about your cards, for I have been looking upon you simply as a bird of passage, who could not be arrested in his flight; and I am dependent, in the multitude of my engagements, with the inadequacy of my powers, upon private secretaries, who probably have difficulty in deciding between the different classes of those left. My wife, however, is writing to you, and I do hope we shall soon have sight of you when you are next in this foggy region, or perhaps I ought to have said hearing, for at the present season in London there seems to be little or nothing that can be called *sight* at all.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"THE LORD RONALD GOWER."

Mrs Gladstone's enclosure was equally kind and affectionate, and two days later I received another letter from her—to thank me for a copy painted by my butler, Robert Tuffs, of her husband's portrait, after the first and best one that Millais painted of him—of which the original is fortunately now among the National possessions in the National Gallery.

"I am so much touched," writes Mrs Gladstone, "by your kind letter. I hardly know how to begin. That you should rob yourself of that dear picture and give it to me! I do feel the feeling which inspired this, deeply. . . . All you say of past happy years we love to think of; you would see your loved mother's dear little bust standing on *his* table. We are considering which are the best photographs to offer to you. My husband says he is sure you would be interested in one of our precious Willy cutting down a tree with his Father! The striking picture already hangs up here. Alas! the continual fog is most unfortunate. May sunshine arise on the picture, and upon you on this opening year.—Yours affectionately,

"CATHERINE GLADSTONE."

At the close of that month I write: "To-day, the last of the year (1893), the sun is now (2 P.M.) just struggling through the clouds and raw mist; let us hope that it is a good presage for the coming year. This old one has been full of sorrow to many—to some irreparable—and my heart bleeds for the poor FitzGerald brothers and sisters and the fatherless little boys."

While at Trentham I commissioned the clever Austrian artist, Mussil, at Stoke, to paint some flower and bird subjects for me, and these were admirably carried out by him. Some of these studies are now (1901) in the Village Club at Penshurst.

1894

AT the beginning of the New Year I received an interesting letter from the celebrated Specialist in Insanity, Dr D. Hack Tuke, which, as it is on a work which occupied me for nearly three years, I may be allowed to copy here.

"LYNDON LODGE,
"HANWELL, *4th January* 1894.

"MY LORD,—I am sending you a short notice of 'Joan of Arc,' written for the *Journal of Mental Science*, of which I am the Senior Editor, by Dr Ireland, author of 'The Blot on the Brain,' in which he has treated of the Maid psychologically.

"I had not read your work when I handed it to Dr Ireland. I have done so since, and certainly feel that he has not done justice to either the Author or his subject.

"Being an ardent admirer of the heroine myself, I should have written the review in a much more glowing style. In fact I visited, a few years ago, Orleans, Chinon, Rheims, for their associations with the Maid. To my deep regret, I was unable to visit Domremy, but hope to live to do so. Truly history is ennobled by such brilliant flashes of human goodness and greatness, thrown across such a fearful mass of despicable humanity. I am glad you employ strong expletives in describing the wretches by whom she was brought to the stake. . . .

"D. HACK TUKE."

On the *9th*, I dined with the Gladstones. It was very delightful to be their guest once more. We were seven at dinner: Mr and Mrs Gladstone, their daughter Helen, and their son Harry, whom I had met last in Calcutta in '84. He is now married, and works in

the city. He is the image of his dear old mother. The two other guests were John Morley and Mr Armitstead, the G.O.M.'s devoted henchman, a tall, bearded Scot of from sixty to sixty-five. We dined in the room where are the portraits of many former Premiers, brought together, I believe, by Dizzy—Sir Robert Walpole, conspicuous over the fireplace, panelled in the wall. Mr Gladstone was in great talk, among other things giving us a list of all the European and other rain-falls, and the names of all the inns where in pre-railway days travellers from London to Liverpool used to stop at. He spoke with much feeling of his valet's (Zadock Osman's) death —"a great grief to me," he said—and with humour of the near escape he himself had had of being shot by a lunatic. *À propos* of this, he called our attention to the lunatic having said he dared not shoot him as he looked so like his father, and he then quoted from the scene of Duncan's murder, where Lady Macbeth uses a similar figure. These lines he quoted in full, with great effect.

Age has not withered his wonderful memory, and he seemed to me physically very strong. Referring to his age, I had been telling him of old Roberts at Trentham, of his activity at the age of eighty-four. Mr Gladstone said that what was remarkable in his own case was the post which he then held. After dinner he played at back-gammon with Mr Armitstead till half-past ten. I thought Mrs Gladstone much aged and rather failing; she is eighty-one.

Robert Tuffs' copy of Millais' portrait of Gladstone looks very well in the dining-room in Downing Street, as I saw it brightly illuminated with a reflector lamp. In the same room hangs the same portrait, copied by Millais from the same original—a very inferior work to Robert's. I remember Millais telling me that he found it impossible to reproduce his own work, and he acknowledged the copy by Robert to be infinitely better as a likeness. Mrs Gladstone showed me on Mr Gladstone's writing-table the little reproduction in ivory of my dearest mother's bust by Noble.

At the end of *January* I paid Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby a visit at their cottage at Osborne.

27th January.

Lorne called for me, and we visited Freddy FitzGerald at Parkhurst Barracks. In the evening private theatricals at Osborne House. Tom Taylor's *Helping Hands* admirably acted. The best of the performers were Lord Dartmouth as the hero, "Isaac Wolff"; Miss Ponsonby as the maid-of-all-work, "Tilda"; Alec Yorke as the old musician "Lazarus Solomon," and Arthur Collins as the violin-collecting old lord. The Indian room looked beautiful as regards lighting, but cut in two by the stage. I sat in the front row, between young Lady Tennyson, a most pleasing person, and Lady Iveagh, and four off from her Majesty; so I was near enough to see with what zest the Queen entered into the fun of the piece. The play began about 9.30 and lasted till nearly midnight. After the performance a kind of reception was held by the Queen in the long drawing-room, followed by a supper in the Council Room, to which I took in Lady Ampthill; it was after one before we got back to Osborne Cottage.

Sunday, 28th January.

A bitterly cold, north-east wind made outdoor life unpleasant. I had a stroll through the private grounds of Osborne with Lorne. We visited the Swiss cottage, in which is a museum of all manner of things, from Scotland to Peru. In the evening arrived from the Queen a charming little Parian bust of herself, reduced from a marble life-size one at Windsor, done in 1829 by Behnes. It is a very pretty little likeness of the best of queens, and will be greatly treasured by its present owner.

Then followed visits to Trentham and to Battle Abbey, about which there is little to record; also to Oxford and to G. A. Sala at Brighton, at 2 Eastern Terrace, where he and his wife are established in a most comfortable house, and where, I think, it may be said that G. A. Sala is enjoying a kind of apotheosis, for, surrounded as he is by fifteen hundred books and collections of all sorts, he seems to be supremely happy.

On the eve of Rosebery's becoming Premier, we met at a small dinner at Stafford House. Two days later the world knew that he was to be Premier. He seemed quite unpreoccupied, and only once had to answer a letter brought him in his box from the Foreign Office. He talked a good

deal of old days at Eton, of Lamprey, our Irish private tutor there, etc. Although the rumour of the G.O.M.'s retirement had been so much noised about of late, the actual fact comes on one rather as a surprise. I feel regret at the Great Man's disappearance, and at his loss of sight and hearing; but one cannot blink the fact that he was carrying on the Government to what might end in disaster and ruin for the State.

10th March.

Called on Saturday on Mrs Gladstone; he was still ill from a cold. She seemed glad to see me. "It is very pathetic," she repeated, poor dear old lady!

17th March.

With Frank to the British Museum, where we ran across the Empress Frederick, who had been to see the Malcolm Collection of Old Masters' drawings. The next evening I again met the Empress at Kensington. I found a very small, but a very royal, party—besides the Empress, her daughter of Schomberg-Lippe, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Louise of Hesse, and the Fifes. Joachim and Peatti played, and a Fraulein Schultze. The proceedings were rather formal. It was Princess Louise's birthday. I had given her the engraving of Millais' "Effie Deans." I had brought my drawing of a Dutch Lady by Frans Hals to show the Empress, who was quite delighted with it; she left the next day for Germany.

During that month I had the first of several fainting attacks, which, without warning, struck me down, as if shot through the heart. "Since that strange attack of unconsciousness," I write at Trentham, where I passed that Easter, "I had three weeks ago, I have felt low and depressed, but trust that only the liver and not the head is affected, although I suppose that when the liver is out of order the head and heart are also out of health. But I will make a point of not referring to these fainting fits again; there is nothing less interesting to read of than such revelations, and unless by writing of them one can get rid of them, there is no object in recurring to them, or any of the other ills that flesh is heir to."

I passed the Shakespeare week that April with Frank at Stratford-on-Avon. We stayed with the Flowers at the

Hill, among that happy and affectionate family. On *Sunday, 23rd April*, we heard an excellent sermon in Shakespeare's church, preached by Mr de Courcy Laffan. Later we walked across the fields to Clopton, where I introduced Frank to Sir Arthur and Lady Hodgson. In the church Shakespeare's grave had been covered with wreaths of flowers, lilies and laurel; his birth-place also was beflowered. This pretty idea originated from a suggestion of Mr Laffan's. In the evening Benson's Company performed *Much Ado* in the Memorial Theatre; a tedious play I think it; it was well acted, and well staged. Later a supper in the picture gallery was given to the performers, and speeches galore were made, none of much originality, but all genial.

3rd May.

Dined at a big dinner at the Grand Hotel, given to some sixty men interested in, or contributors to, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, by Mr W. W. Astor, his editor, Freddy Hamilton, and Sir Douglas Straight. I found some sixty people gathered round a distinguished-looking man, our host. I sat opposite him at dinner, and liked what I saw of him. On either side of me sat two distinguished men —Sir George Chesney and Archibald Forbes. The dinner was excellent, the speeches less so; the best was made by Comyns Carr. R. Kipling also spoke well. Mr Astor has asked me to see what he has done, or rather, what he has not done, at Cliveden.

4th May.

To the private view of the Academy; few if any remarkable paintings. In the afternoon to Stratford-on-Avon with Frank and F. Lawless. We found old Sam Timmins at Clopton; Sir Arthur as genial and kind as ever. I had the same room which I occupied when here in '88, at the time of the unveiling of my monument. It seems to me as if no time had elapsed since that year. Thus speed away our little lives, which, to look back on, seem as nothing—a mere breath, and it is finished. Would that one made a better use of the time which cannot return!

The day after we attended a dinner given by our host at the Red Horse Hotel, to commemorate the 330th birthday of the Bard. To this came another of Sir Arthur's

guests, Sir Benjamin Richardson, who made the speech of the evening. Sir Arthur having let me in for a toast, I referred to my first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, in *August* 1874, of my having then put up at the hotel we were then dining in, and of my not having since that first visit ever had to make use of an inn—thanks to the kindness of my friends in that famous town—where, at Avon Bank, at Clopton, and at the Hill, I had found so kind a welcome. Fred Lawless sang some songs admirably. "Bartie" Mitford spoke well in giving the health of the Army, and Sir Arthur wound up his speechifying by God-blessing us all round.

In the middle of *May* I went to Belvoir Castle. My first visit to Belvoir took place in the late duke's time—about '65, I think—when of the many people I met there I can only recall the late Lord Dudley, the Duchess of Cambridge, and Princess Mary, before her marriage. On arriving at Grantham, there was a crowd at the station, having come to see Prince Louise, who with Lorne, the Duchess of Cleveland, and other guests, came together. Belvoir was just what I remembered it—a castle of George IV. taste and style. I had a pleasant room, one of a suite called the Chinese Rooms, looking over the stables below. A dinner of thirty or more; the Duke's militia band played, and there was dancing in the gallery afterwards. I took into dinner Lady Granby (*née* Violet Lindsay), a very attractive person, full of genuine art appreciation. Her drawings of her children and friends in pencil are very refined.

The following day (*17th May*) a raw mist hid the beautiful views of forest and valley, which are the principal charms of Belvoir. The Military band enlivened our breakfast as well as our dinner. Lorne and some others played golf. In the afternoon we all drove to that monstrous building, Harlaxton, on which a Mr Gregory spent three hundred thousand, in the course of fifteen years, early in the century. A far better house is Denton, which we also visited; it belongs to Sir C. Welby, whose son Charles did the honours. We visited the beautiful walks, with miles of flowers, the gardens a blaze of colour. We drove over to Croxton Park and had luncheon in the keeper's cottage. Arthur Sullivan joined the party; he is looking very ill.

Most of the guests left next day. The Duchess had kindly asked me to stay over Monday. She drove me to Bottesford Church, where the old Earls and Dukes of Rutland are buried—or rather were, for many have been brought to the Mausoleum. The church is full of fine funereal monuments; some of those of the sixteenth century are as fine as any I know in England.

Snow fell on Sunday. There was service in the Castle Chapel in the morning; Mr Knox, the Duke's Chaplain, preached. Strolled in the grounds after luncheon; visited the Mausoleum, where one tried to admire, but could not, Wyatt's monument of the Duchess Elizabeth—my great-aunt—who is represented floating up into marble clouds full of cherubs, in a strong yellow light. The Duchess asked my advice as to putting up mural tablets to the late Duke and others of the family who are buried in the vault. Later we visited the old stables, and inspected the lumber-rooms in the attics, where Mr Maxwell Lyte had made the discovery of a huge mass of old letters and parchments, which he found here some eight or nine years ago in a disused room, piled up some three feet on the floor; many had been destroyed by the rats. No one knew anything regarding these papers; many have still to be examined, and the floor is still thickly littered with them, although many have been carefully examined, and some bound in volumes. These are placed in the Castle library. I was interested in the library, where are twelve volumes of Hollar's prints, one of the four most complete collections of this artist's works; but I could not find the set of the Shells among them. There are some good Old Masters' drawings hung up in the billiard-room, and some good paintings in the picture gallery, of which two splendid woodland scenes by Gainsborough are my favourites. I left Belvoir the next day with Mr Maxwell Lyte.

23rd May.

With Mr Salmond (Secretary of the Home for Incurables at Streatham) to visit the new home at Streatham. A pouring wet day; met Mr S. and Mark Kerr at Victoria; thence to West Norwood; visited the new building, an admirable one in all respects. The function of the opening takes place on the *2nd of July*, to be followed by a three days' Fair, of which I am the Chairman of the Amusement Committee! How glad I shall be

when this is over; but the charity is a good one, and if one can be of the slightest use to it, one should be glad to be able to help. The building will accommodate seventy patients; the rooms and corridors are large, spacious and airy. Sir Augustus Harris has been most obliging about helping in the matter of the Fair.

6th July.

The Streatham Fair, which lasted three days, came to an end yesterday. It was satisfactory to know that what one has had to do with it, however small, has been of some use to so excellent an institution as this certainly is. I had rather dreaded the long three days' show, and having to trot Royalty round the Fair, but such things often appear more formidable in the distance, than they are when the time for performance has arrived. On the first day of the Fair, the opening ceremony was performed by the Princess of Wales, who drove down with the Prince and their two daughters. I had to present the Committee; these included Sir Augustus Harris, Sir Henry de Bathe, Mark Kerr, Barrington Foote, and Luther Murray. The Royal party went round the booths, and expressed their satisfaction with everything. The following day the Princess Beatrice opened the show, and on the third, Princess Louise.

7th July.

A lovely day, which I spent in the country, going down for the day to Montreal, the Amhersts' place near Sevenoaks, where they had a kind of house picnic for about sixty guests. A special train took us from Charing Cross at noon to Sevenoaks, whence Montreal is but a mile. The house externally is ugly, but comfortable within, and contains some good paintings—Frans Hals, Rembrandts, and Reynolds. The grounds are beautiful; splendid cedars both in front and at the back of the house. The luncheon was in the ball-room. After, I drove with the Portsmouths and Cornwallis West to Knole, where I had not been since the sixties, when I often visited that grandest of our old country houses with John O'Connor, when the De la Warrs lived there. That charming little lady, Mrs West (whom I met at Battle), took us over the

house, of which she is quite worthy; that is saying much. A few (three, I believe) pictures have been sold—a Gainsborough and two Reynolds. Lord Sackville has been offered £20,000 for the portrait of Miss Lindley and her brother, by Gainsborough, but he has not accepted the offer. We returned to Montreal, just in time to leave it with the rest of the party. It had been a pleasant day, although I would have enjoyed it better without the smart crowd. I liked the Portsmouths, whom I had not met before; both amiable and intelligent, and with appreciation for art.

On the *12th July* to luncheon with the Portsmouths, Abbey Gardens, Westminster. It is a delightful place, like a bit out of an old Cathedral Close in the heart of London. The house was built for one of the Canons; it is flanked on the north by Westminster Schools. Over the cloisters with Lady Portsmouth. I rather envy the place and its precincts, so restful and so quiet.

On the *19th* I dined at the same place. At dinner were the Windsors, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Herschel, and the Percy Wyndhams. At half-past nine we crossed the garden and passed through the cloisters into the Abbey—where Dr Bridge played a selection on the organ, and the choristers sang divinely. The effect of the Abbey dimly lighted from the organ rood was deeply impressive. Never have I admired that building's splendid proportions so much as I did last night; it was a thing to be remembered. I feel grateful to the Portsmouths for giving me such a treat.

The following Sunday I heard more sacred music—when I was staying at the Norman Tower at Windsor. Sir W. Parratt came and played in St George's Hall, and a young lady sang; her name I have forgotten, but not her singing.

Before leaving London for the North, I paid the Whitakers a short visit at Eastbourne, and on *Sunday, 22nd July*, drove with J. Whitaker to Pevensey and Hurstmonceaux. We succeeded in getting into the *enceinte* of Pevensey, although Sunday is not a show day. The outer walls are the feature of the place, with the wonderfully well-preserved Roman stones and brickwork. Hurstmonceaux, which is about four miles from Pevensey, is superb. I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful ruin as to form and colour. The ivy on the old red-brick walls and towers

makes a perfect contrast. On Sunday the place is closed, but I doubt whether we missed much by not seeing the interior. It is well worth a visit all the way from London to see this splendid old pile. There is a fine avenue of Spanish chestnuts on one side of the ruins.

On the *24th of July* I left London. Leaving King's Cross at ten, I arrived near seven at Belton Station in Northumberland; from there to my destination, Chillingham Castle, is a seven miles' drive. The road between Belton and Chillingham is a beautiful one, passing through wild open country with views bounded by the Cheviots. On arriving, I was shown into a room with a window deep in the old masonry of the tower, the walls of this room covered with tapestry, of which two large panels are interesting, representing the sea and the earth in the forms of Neptune and Amphytrite. Neptune appears among the waves in a car drawn by sea-horses, surrounded by all manner of sea-monsters. The Goddess in the other panel appears in the clouds, floating over a rich champaign, while Eolus tries in vain to raise a storm. In both these tapestries appear shields in which the scaling ladder, the crest of the Lords Grey, appears under a Baron's coronet; these arms are also placed in the borders. What makes these tapestries doubly interesting to me is, that they used formerly to adorn a room fitted up in the house built by Lord Tankerville's father at Walton-on-Thames, where my dear mother used to stay. Barry built that house, and the bed in my mother's room cost five hundred pounds. This sounds like something in Stuart times and not Early Victorian. My window looks out on a splendid green sward, bounded on the right with fine old elms, a clump in front, and on the left a battlemented wall, and beyond that again a wooded ravine, with the hills for a background.

Only a Mrs Hogg was here beside the Tankervilles. She left the next day, and since then till the *28th* when their son George Bennet and some friends of his, Mr and Mrs Davidson, and Mr and Mrs Varley, appeared, we have been alone, with the exception of the young Ramsays—the Tankerville's grandsons—orphans, poor boys! The eldest, Alec, is fourteen, and has just got into the Navy; the two others, Ronald and Charles, are twins.

Last Wednesday (*25th July*) was a pouring wet day.

I tried to copy an oil sketch of one of the wild bulls painted here by Landseer in '56. There are two large paintings here by him. One of these represents Lord Tankerville in his handsome youth (about the thirties—he was born in 1810), standing over a dead bull. Two others are well-known by the engravings, one of the wild white cattle here, and the other of the red and fallow deer which haunt this park. I was naturally anxious to see those far-famed, wild white cattle, but it was not till yesterday afternoon that I was able to get at all near them. When I succeeded, it was certainly a fine sight to see some sixty or more of those great, white, pre-historic animals lying resting in the park, below a fringe of fir trees which skirt the great hill. A keeper came up and told me that I was getting too near them, but they had not been disturbed.

On Thursday afternoon I was driven some dozen miles in a dogcart to Bamborough Castle. Unfortunately the afternoon was hazy and damp, and at Bamborough a sea-fog nearly hid the splendid old castle. However, I had a good inspection of it, as Lady Tankerville had given me a letter for Mrs Hodgkin, the wife of the present dweller in the castle keep, and Dr Hodgkin took me all over it, from the base to the highest pinnacle. The situation is a superb one, worthy of one of King Arthur's stately castles. Even as regards position, Bamborough is finer than Tintagel. Lord Armstrong has lately bought the castle, and intends making great alterations in it. A bazaar was going on in the Castle Ward, which had been opened that afternoon by Warkworth, whom I just missed. So thick was the fog that guns were being fired every quarter of an hour, and the fog-horn sent its melancholy boom over the sea. I tried to get a general view of the castle from the shore, but it only loomed out like a spectral mansion of ancient giants through the mist.

On the *27th July*, out with Lady Tankerville and the Ramsay boys, who enjoyed themselves in setting bait for eels in the stream near the castle. Lord Tankerville came out to us on pony back; he looks quite juvenile, riding with his upright and easy seat. Fresh faces appeared in the evening; these consisted of George Bennet (the only son of mine hosts) and the Donaldsons, who had been at a religious meeting with the former at Keswick during the last few days, and the Varleys — of the Gospel-preacher type. George Bennet has, after rather a lively youth, become a

"blue-ribbon" and a Salvationist, or at any rate an enthusiastic Sankeyist. His parents are delighted at this change, as they too have in the last few years taken up the same form of religion with great zeal and fervour, and indeed they appear perfectly happy and sincere in their change. I had some quite touching confidences made me by the dear old lord the other evening, as to the new sense of happiness he felt at the change, which has raised him above all sorrows and disappointments of this life. He feels now, he said, how little earthly things can matter, when compared with the great question of salvation. This morning we have been to church, a little building just outside the gates of the castle, with a superb old family tomb of one of the Greys—a knight and his wife carved in alabaster (*temp.* Henry V.), resting on a handsome carved base. This monument still retains traces of colour and gilding. In the afternoon there was a long service held by Mr Varley in the servants' hall. The sermon, or address, was good, and so were the hymns, but I liked less the close of the service when Mr Varley called on those present to say how long it was since they had "known the Lord," or since they had been converted. He first turned to George Bennet, who had played the accompaniment to the hymns—"How long, dear Lord Bennet?" he asked. "Three years," was the answer. Then others, among whom was the old coachman, told us how long they had been converted. What I object to is the way they call themselves "Christians," as if they and they alone had the right to be so called. Lady Tankerville told me she thought this custom was universal in America, and had been introduced from there. I believe these people who thus designate themselves mean well, and that they are thoroughly sincere; but the danger is that they consider themselves, and themselves alone, under the special blessing of God.

After tea, George Bennet, the Davidsons, and Mr Varley walked through the park to the top of Ross Hill. It was a gloriously bright afternoon, the park looking beautiful.

On the 30*th July* I left Chillingham. Lady Tankerville gave Alfonso an Italian Bible, and asked me to return to them whenever I could do so.

From Chillingham I went to Newbyth—the home of my niece Ellen Baird. From Belford Station, across the Border, changing at Dunbar, and arriving at East Fortune Station, the strangely-named, at four, whence a short drive

brought me to the home of the Bairds. Newbyth is a modern Gothic house, dating from the thirties; the old house was burnt; the house cheerful within, but with no particular features. The best art object is in the dining-room, namely, Wilkie's huge painting of the finding of Tipoo's body by mine host's great-uncle, General Sir David Baird, at Seringapatam. This is a really fine work, much more vigorous and truer in colour than Wilkie's later pictures are generally. There is no portrait of Sir David here, only prints after the fine one of him by Raeburn —belonging to Lord Abercrombie—and which David Baird nearly, but not quite, succeeded in getting for £200. Tipoo's sword is here, in a large case containing other trophies of the Indian campaigns of Sir David; but besides a bust of him and the Wilkie picture there is little to connect his memory with the house. With my niece and her daughters I made many pleasant excursions about their home. One day we visited Seacliff, where one has a fine view of the Bass Rock and Tantallon Castle; also to the beautiful woods of Tynninghame, with its superb avenues of beeches, finer even than those at Knole.

NEWBYTH, *2nd August.*

My forty-ninth birthday. I have entered my fiftieth year, and feel it difficult to realize that the far greater portion of my life has passed, and that middle life is around me, and possibly old age beyond, and the certainty of death not distant.

3rd August.

Drove over with David and Hilda to North Berwick. We had luncheon with Sir Walter and Lady Dalrymple in a quaint old house with a pleasant bit of garden on the outskirts of the town. When I first knew him, he was living in a small lodging over a shop near Gower Street; now he is a Marquis of Carabas in these parts, with castles and parks. Tantallon is his, and so is the Bass Rock. His wife was a Clifford. Her sister and his mother (a sister of old Lady Somers) is staying with them. We adjourned after luncheon to the Links, where I tried my hand at golf, under the guidance of David Baird. We visited the ruins of Tantallon on our way

back—a striking ruin, more owing to its situation than to the building itself.

The next day I paid C. Chambers a visit in Edinburgh. We met last in New York, ten years ago. He took me over the restored Cathedral of St Giles', on which Chambers' grand-uncle had spent £60,000. The news of "Meggy" Grosvenor's engagement to Prince Adolphus of Teck came that evening to Newbyth; she writes in the highest spirits.

Another day we had a picnic on the Bass, the Dalrymples, Ribblesdales and our house party filling a couple of boats. It was a bright day; the noble rock looked its best; its myriad birds recalled the isle of Handa, off the north coast of Sutherland. We landed immediately below the ruined prison, in which Cavaliers as well as Covenanters were confined, and after our luncheon among the ruins, we scrambled to the top of the rock, and thoroughly appreciated the sea view from the summit. Just before we returned to the mainland a violent storm of rain came on; but my recollections of the Bass will be of sunshine and calm seas, and flights of gulls, looking like snowflakes, across the blue sky.

Another day I was taken to Gosford House, Lord Wemyss'. I was disappointed with the interior of the house, of which one had heard so much. It is overdone, especially the entrance hall, which is all lined with alabaster and white marble, most unsuitable to this country and climate. The older portion of the house is handsome, and has lofty rooms. Lord Wemyss has filled the house with pictures, some of which are good, but there is a considerable amount of rubbish. The views towards Edinburgh are grand, but the surroundings of the house are not remarkable; there are no fine trees, but a succession of ponds, which must be very dreary in wet weather. The old house they formerly lived in is left in a half-ruined state. We also visited Luffness, belonging to the Hopes. Lady Mary Hope, *née* Primrose, is an old acquaintance. The house is of the old-fashioned Scottish kind, cosy and livable, but the rooms are low. There are some good portraits, among them one like the so-called Orkney portrait of Queen Mary, of which the original is at Dunrobin. I saw many of poor Everard Primrose's things there, which recalled pleasant days with him in Vienna, when he was the Military Attaché there.

ERSKINE, 10*th August.*

I came here last Saturday to the old home of my dear sister Evelyn Blantyre, who died at Nice, in '69, and where I have not been since her time, a quarter of a century ago.

The day before I left Newbyth, Ellen Baird took me to Biel, a place belonging to the Ogilvies. The owner of Biel was the great heiress, Miss Baillie Hamilton, and Biel is one of her many homes. It stands in a valley, with fine terraces and fine timber around it. The house is of the sham Gothic kind, very long and rather dark within. There are some good portraits in the dining-room, half a dozen Vandycks; among these is a replica of the portrait of Prince Rupert and his brother Prince Maurice in the Louvre, a full-length Gainsborough of one of the Ladies Hamilton, some Raeburns, etc. Only Blantyre and Mary Stuart are at Erskine, and a Mr Paterson, "an elder," who comes from Glasgow to preach in a meeting-house at Kilpatrick, and in another building of the same kind at Bishopton, both erected by my brother-in-law. Mr Paterson's preaching is very sincere, and even eloquent.

Before I left Erskine, another of my nieces arrived there. This was Gertrude Gladstone, with her three children —"Willy," a boy of nine, and two daughters. She is entirely wrapped up in them.

INVERARY, 23*rd August.*

I came here on the 18*th*, where I had not been since my sister Elizabeth Argyll's death in '78. Although I have not been here for seventeen or more years, this place is so engraved in my recollections, as if not more than a few months had passed since I was here last. I found here my niece, Victoria Campbell, her sister, Elizabeth Clough-Taylor, also the George Campbells with their three bonnie bairns, a delightful trio—a boy of four, and two sisters, all very pretty, the boy the image of his father at his age. "Libby" has her two children here—the boy Eric, aged twelve, and a pretty little girl, with the odd Christian name of "Lesley," of nine or ten. Colin Campbell is also of the party. I have a delightful room called "The Rose," with a most beautiful tapestried bed; when in it, one feels as if one were in a bower of lovely flowers.

On Sunday afternoon I went to the English Church

service in a little church, built by "Duchess Amelia," called All Saints, of which a brother of Canon Knox Little is the Vicar. Next day Victoria drove me to Glen Aray, and we called on some of the people who live up the Glen in three or four poor cottages clustered together on the brow of the hill. In one of these lives an old man named Bell; he is ninety-four, but looks about seventy-four. When "Vic" told him that I was a brother of her mother—the "ould Duchess," as they call her—they appeared much interested; all spoke of her with great affection. The next day I had another drive with my niece, along the shores of the Loch to a little village called Kenmure, where "Vic" called on some poor girl who is dying of consumption. Vic is a regular little saint in the way she looks after the poor, not merely in this place, but those in the isles and other parts of the county.

26th August.

This is the fifth day of sunny blue skies. The last few days have shown me what a perfectly beautiful place this is in fine weather—for, as a rule, I have seen it only in wet, and this visit has been a kind of revelation to me of its great beauty. Not even in Greece or in Italy have I seen such lovely effects of light on hill and plain. There have been sunsets in which the hills on the other side of Loch Fyne have been of a rich purple colour, and nowhere that I know are such splendid masses of trees so admirably grouped. On the *25th*, I called with Victoria on a poor fellow who had met with an accident—John Ferguson, near Kenmure. He had been employed in the castle in my sister's time—as clerk of the works, I think—and he remembered me, although, as he said, I had not been here since Princess Louise's "home-coming" in '71. He spoke with enthusiasm of my sister. It is very touching to find how bright her memory is still here, and with what affection she is remembered. "We would," said John Ferguson, "have been ready to give our lives up for her had she wished." There is surely a wonderfully warm heart in these people, any kindness shown them is so appreciated. It is worth while returning here, if it were only to hear the way in which these kind, warm-hearted folk talk of my dear sister. The daughter who has, as it were, replaced her here is Victoria, and she, I think, must be as much beloved by the poor around her

home as was her dear mother. It is delightful to see her with these people; her manner with them is charming, so kindly and affectionate, and without a trace of patronage or condescension.

On the *27th August*, Archie Campbell, who had been staying with his father at Campbeltown, arrived at Inverary, having driven some seventy miles. He arrived at five in the afternoon, having left Campbeltown at six that morning. He gave a better account of his father, who has had a bad bout of gout.

Archie's piper band of five pipers and three drummers played in the evening. He deserved this serenade, as he made the band the admirable one it is; in fact, he is quite the creative spirit of the place, although, owing to his being a partner at Coutts', he has very little time to pass in the Highlands.

One of the chief features of Inverary are the trophies of arms in the hall and on the stairs—pennons, axes, bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields and spears. These have been all arranged, since the fire in the seventies, by him, in the hall and on the staircases, and a very effective set of trophies they make.

We paid a visit to Mr Lochlan, of Castle Lochlan, in Mr Douglas' little steam yacht, and visited the ruins of the old castle.

On the *29th* there were "Sports" in the meadow called "The Gallows Field." It rained all the time. I remember getting very wet on a similar occasion eight-and-twenty years ago, when Lorne came of age. The following day I left Inverary for Dunrobin.

DUNROBIN, *3rd September.*

After seven years I find myself again at beautiful, beloved Dunrobin. I was last here the year before my poor sister-in-law's death. I came only for a short visit then, and passed most of the time with my brother, yachting. Now both he, his wife and children, Alix and Francis Cromartie, are all gone and all is changed, except the place itself.

Among a crowd of guests that autumn at Dunrobin was the new Premier, with his two sons, the eldest exactly like his grandfather, Meyer Rothschild. Rosebery is aged

in looks, getting grey. He is seen to the greatest advantage when playing with my little great-nephews, George (Stafford) and Alistair; he seems very fond of children, and they are attracted to him by the fuss he makes with them.

What a number of different rooms I have occupied here!—a score, I believe. On this occasion I am in a room in the old castle, known as "the old study"; its single window looks out on the garden, the dairy on the right and the sea beyond. Even after Inverary, I am struck by the wonderful beauty of this place. I am glad Rosebery (whose first visit this is to Dunrobin) should see it in brilliant weather. When he arrived and saw the view from the castle terrace, he said he thought it the most beautiful that he had ever seen. Dunrobin is certainly not to be beaten! The crowd of guests here is in great contrast to the other places I have been at during the last month. I cannot say I care for such a crowd; but Dunrobin is large enough to allow one to be as much by oneself as one likes. There are very few left of my old friends at Golspie. I have called on Anne Smith, who has for so many years supplied all visitors here with her beautifully-worked Shetland shawls. She seemed glad to see me, and so did the old fisherman, Hector MacDonald, and the old head gamekeeper, both very full of old days.

Rosebery has killed four stags in the forest. He is probably the first Prime Minister to have done so—unless Lord Derby, when Mr Stanley, stalked when staying with Lord Malmesbury at his place in Scotland.

15th September.

The Wellingtons are here; they come from Lairg, where they were the guests of the Fitzhardinges, who have built a shooting-lodge there. The Duchess is a very pleasing person, very musical, and plays and warbles delightfully. She is much interested in art matters, and has been for the last ten years working on a catalogue *raisonné* of the pictures at Apsley House.

16th September.

I must write a line in honour of this marvellously bright day. Dunrobin looks like heaven, under a cloudless blue sky, full of summery sunshine; the garden a blaze of

colour right down to the sea; the fountains sparkling like gems. "Who would," as Mr Stead said, who arrived here yesterday, "think we were in Ultima Thule?" Mr Stead's appearance here was a surprise. I only discovered him to be here yesterday afternoon, when I found him with Lady Warwick on the garden terrace. Last night he told me what had brought him here was his intention of visiting the property of the American, Wynans, in Ross-shire. A pleasant couple arrived here from Caithness yesterday, the Henry Bentincks—she like Marie Antoinette when Dauphine. He is next brother to the "young Duke of Portland," as Dizzy used to call him.

On the *20th of September* I was back again in London.

CA' TORRESELLA,
VENICE, *30th October.*

I came here *viâ* the Lago Maggiore, where I was met by Pierre Troubetzkoi at Baveno, remaining a few days. I think it was in '65 that I was last in Baveno, when with some of Pasteur Eymar's pupils we stayed there on our way to Venice.

One day Pierre rowed me over to Pallanzo, where his brother Paul, who is a sculptor, lives. He is working on a monument, commissioned by the small town of Cadorno, of the Prime Minister, who was a native of that place. Prince Paul is two years younger than his brother, but looks older; he is bearded, and has the appearance of a handsome brigand. Another day we visited the islands, Isola Bella, and Madre, of which I prefer the latter; both brilliant from the ruby maple and scarlet of the Virginian creeper. The inscription by Napoleon which one saw formerly on the bark of a tree, which was the word "Battaglia," I looked for in vain.

On another glorious autumnal day we rowed to San Catterina, and clambered up to the little monastery perched against a precipice over the deepest part of the lake. In the chapel is a large rock which has remained apparently in mid-air, after breaking through the roof of the chapel. This is shown as a miracle. It looks miraculous enough, till one goes to the top and sees how the fallen stone is supported by two others, which wedge it in against the sides of the chapel roof.

The view from the little cloister reminded me of Amalfi. Stopped on the way back at the Isola del Pescatori, where there is an excellent *osteria;* the *agoni* fish excellent.

Came on to Venice on *30th October;* only mine host here and his dear mother. Horatio is now completing his biography of J. A. Symonds, on which he has been working since last year. He read us the Preface, which is admirable.

8th November.

These last days have been splendid—a succession of gorgeous skies and lovely sunsets, a hot sun above, cool air below, and, during the last evenings, a growing moon. Since the first of this month not a cloud in the sky; even the natives say they seldom remember such weather at this season. On the *2nd* I began my translation of De Brosse's letters, "Lettres Familières et Sociales de l'Italie" —(this was a tedious labour which took me far more time to accomplish than I had expected).

We have seen something of the Wiels; she was Alethea Lawley, a cousin of mine, he an Italian, librarian at St Mark's. She has just brought out a history of Venice, in the "Stories of the Nations" series. A bright, clever, and attractive little person is Alethea.

After a delightful fortnight in Venice I went on to Rome, leaving my kind host with regret.

Conversation overheard in the Ducal Palace; American couple and *laquais de place:—*

Laquais de Place (*pointing at Tintoretto's Mystical Espousals of St Catherine*)—"That's religious Caterina's wedding."

American—"I thought nuns weren't allowed to marry."

American Lady (*referring to her guide-book*)—"Don't be so foolish, it's the mystical marriage of St Catherine."

American (*in a tone of disgust*)—"O Lord!—let's quit," and they quit.

17th November.

Dined with our new Ambassador, Sir Clare Ford. He is the fourth that I have known in Rome, to wit, Sir Augustus Paget, Sir John Lumley, Lord Dufferin—Lord Vivian I hardly knew—and now Sir Clare. It seemed

strange to walk up that fine staircase and find a new host at the top. It was a man dinner; a few "dips" and Poynter, R.A., the newly-appointed National Gallery Director. He is agreeable, his manner of the quietest, distinguished in appearance, with whitish hair and beard and melancholy eyes; it is a head that would well become a ruff. We walked back together. He lodges at the Quirinal Hotel, while I am at the Grand. We talked of artistic matters, and agreed to agree on them.

Next day was a Sunday. Looked in at the church of San Carlo of the Corso, where a requiem mass was being held for souls in purgatory, in general, and especially for that of a Sister of Mercy, who was murdered last week by a ruffian in the hospital near St Peter's, and whose funeral was attended by the whole of Rome. Monsignor Stonor, who called on me the other day, had been much struck by this demonstration. Alfonso's brother, "Gigi," is a wine-dealer, and has a little *bodega* in a back street near the Piazza Navona, where I looked in the other evening, after watching the sunset light gild all Rome from the Janiculum; he keeps his wine in cellars dug out of the Monte Testaccio.

On the *22nd* I met Mr Poynter on the Palatine, where he is making a sketch in water-colour, and had an interesting walk with him over that classic ground, where, two years ago, I also passed an interesting afternoon with poor J. A. Symonds. Had luncheon with Monsignor Stonor, where I met Mr Bliss, whose name should be altered to Woe — so unhappy does he look — and "Dick" Bagot, to whose rooms I went on later; he dined with me that evening. He is a pleasing youth, but savours too much of the "lardy-dardy" type of young man. A young Anglo-Italian came to me next day on the strength of our mutual friend, H. Aïdé. His name, to copy his visiting card, is—"Berto Danyell de' Tassinari da Tassinaia"; needless to say that above this string of names appears a ducal coronet. He is a friend, and a pupil, I believe, of the celebrated Count Mattei. He has written a pamphlet on the Count's cure for leprosy; also a booklet on St Francis of Assisi. His home is in Florence, where he knew Ouida; he thinks she has left Florence for good.

When rummaging among some old prints in a shop near the Piazza d'Espagna, I found a sheet of pencil-drawings done by Millais, when a lad of fourteen—a strange thing to

find here. I have visited dear Johnnie Symonds' grave in the English cemetery; he lies a little below and to the left of Shelley and Trelawney; a plain headstone of white marble with Jowett's not over-happy Latin inscription on it —the grave a pretty tangle of ivy and rose leaves, and with fresh roses and flowers about, strewn over the stone, probably by the hands of his daughter "Madge," who, I believe, is now here with the Stillmans. Of Zola, who is in my hotel, I have only had a glimpse, as he was going out for a drive with his wife, a very tidy-looking person.

One Sunday, at luncheon at Sir Clare's, I met Lieutenant Egerton and his pleasing wife. He is General Inspector of apparently all the English "strong places" in Europe; this gives them a great deal of travelling to go through in the year.

At the end of the month I went to Sorrento, where I lodged at an hotel recommended me by Mr Marion Crawford—the "Cocumella." On my way through Naples I called on Sir James Lacaita. I found his son when I arrived at the house; he gave me a bad account of his father, who is suffering from heart and other troubles. Sir James, who is eighty-one, has been steadily growing worse for some time past. Sir James' ward, Miss Granville, also gave me a very gloomy account of his state, and I fear the end is not far distant.

If possible, this visit to Naples has increased my disgust of the place and its population. A more deformed, bestial-looking lot of men and women than are the Neapolitans it would be hard to match, and De Brosse's account of them holds good to this day—"*C'est la plus abominable canaille, la plus dégoutante vermine qui ait jamais rampé sur la terre.*" These words and these sentiments I quoted in my "Reminiscences," nearly twenty years ago, and to-day I am of the same opinion still.

While in Naples I visited some of the curio shops. In one I got a little Teniers, of dancing peasants, which Pesse told me had come from a family at Cortona—an odd place for a Teniers to come from.

It was a bright sunny day at Sorrento, and its surroundings looked their best, as we were rowed right under the place (the Hotel Cocumella) from the steamer. I have a pleasant suite of rooms, bespoken by the Crawfords, opening on to a terrace with a pergola on the first floor, from which one has an exquisitely beautiful panorama of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius on the right. I found the

Crawford villa most comfortable and beautifully situated, commanding from its terrace a view over the sea. I was enjoying this view when a lady came up to me, whom I at first thought was Mrs Crawford, but it was her mother, Mrs Berdan. She won my heart by saying how well she remembered a ball at Stafford House, and of her admiration for my mother. Mr Crawford was away. One day at luncheon at Villa Crawford I met the Rennell Rodds. I had not seen him since his return from Zanzibar; he looked ill—the effect, he said, of jungle fever. They are on their way to Cairo, where he takes up his old diplomatic post under Lord Cromer. With the Rodds came the pleasant, vivacious little Mrs Egerton (the wife of the Naval Attaché), whom I had met in Rome. After luncheon, the four Crawford children, who were prettily dressed in *soi-disant* fisher and peasant costumes, danced a tarantella to the accompaniment of two guitars and a fiddle; the little people danced and sang uncommonly well; the twins, a most comical pair, four years old; one, a little sturdy boy, who stands with his legs wide apart like a miniature Harry VIII., reminded one of Sir Joshua's charming child portrait of Master Crewe, as King Harry. Marion Crawford, who is certainly a slave of the pen, left us just as the performance was about to begin. Every day regularly, as the clock strikes two, he goes to the writing of his novel.

Another day I revisited the blue and green grottoes at Capri, which I think I have seen three times already; but it is always a delight to look down into that silvery, sparkling, sapphire-coloured sea.

After ten pleasant tranquil days at Sorrento I went to Palermo, and reached that delightful place, Malfitano, on the *22nd of December.*

Before leaving Sorrento, I called on the Crawfords to bid them farewell; they are people I shall always like and care for. On my way through Naples I saw Sir James Lacaita. I found him huddled up in a corner of his room; he was full of talk, and of interest in persons and politics; he told me he had constantly prayed for death during the last weeks of acute suffering; but he takes apparently as much interest in passing events as ever. He spoke of Gladstone with deep affection. On the *6th of January* (1895) a telegram announced that Sir James had died "without pain"—a happy release it must have been for him.

1895

PALERMO, *12th January.*

I WAS sorry to see in the paper that Sir Henry Ponsonby had had a paralytic seizure, and telegraphed to Lorne. An answer came before night from Kensington—"Gradual improvement." Miss Augusta Harvey is staying here. She was much with Princess Louise in Canada. She is very musical, and plays admirably.

20th January.

This last week has been gloriously fine. A succession of golden days, deep blue skies, soft breezes and lovely cloud effects. One superb sunrise I saw, the sky a mass of saffron-coloured clouds, barring the sky from hill to hill and reflected in the sea, while the old moon hung white and ghostly over Monreale. The last few days have been made additionally pleasant by the company of Horatio Brown, who arrived from Constantinople on the *16th.* He brought his faithful gondolier, Antonio, with him; we are doing all the sights of the place. He has met the old Senator Guaneri here at dinner, who is a rabid curio collector, and they talked much and learnedly together. Horatio Brown brought his life of Symonds with him, and gave me a copy of it. The only fault I have to find is that it is too short; he has received most complimentary letters about it from Huxley, Leslie Stephens, and others. The general news of the week is that Casimir Perier has resigned the uncomfortable post of President of the French Republic; Randolph Churchill is dying, and Argyll fainted while speaking at a public meeting at Glasgow. Sir Henry Ponsonby appears to be recovering, but I fear his invaluable active life in the service of the Queen will have ended.

27th January.

I have made a very pleasant small *giro*, since I wrote last, to "Il Zucco." Monsieur Fougu (the Duc d'Aumale's agent) had told me it was his master's wish that I should visit his estate of the Zucco, and bring as many friends with me as I pleased. Hamilton Aïdé, for whom I had put off the expedition, was too tired after his voyage from the north to come, but "Peppino" Whitaker and "Bertie" Stopford came. We left Palermo at 2 P.M. with M. Fougu, going by rail to Terrasina. Thence, escorted by two armed and mounted guards, in the blue and red Orleans' livery, we drove to the Zucco—visiting *en route* a place where the wine is stored, containing countless barrels of the yellow vintage, valued at £80,000. As we drove on to the Zucco the evening lights were beautiful. We arrived at our destination at five o'clock. The house unpretentious, but comfortable; the dining-room and drawing-room are on the ground floor; on the first floor is a long corridor with bedrooms opening on to it, all plainly furnished, but all with fireplaces, from which cheerful olive-wood fires threw out a genial warmth. I occupied the Duke's room, which was as unpretentious as the others, with one window overlooking a fine panorama, a couple of armchairs, an iron bedstead, a few chairs, a writing-table, but no dressing-table.[1] A few lithographs hung on the white wooded walls, that of the Comte de Paris at the head of the bed, and others of the family, the Duke and Duchess, after Winterhalter. These lithograph portraits of the Orleans family appear in all the rooms; in the dining-room, Louis Philippe and Queen Amelie, with their sons and sons' wives; in the Duke's study is a print of our Queen giving the King the Order of the Garter, with Guizot on one side, and the "Dook" and Prince Albert on the other. No books visible; a few French and Italian papers on the table was all the literature at the Zucco. M. Fougu told me that the Duc works here at his Life of the Condé Princes, and always brings a box full of MSS. with him, and that he works hard here as well as at his house at Palermo.

The next day we drove to Monte Lepri, an old town-village picturesquely placed on the side of a hill. On the

[1] It was in this room that the Duc d'Aumale died

way we visited the water source from which the Zucco is supplied, and drove through Giardini—where, a little more than a year ago, a number of poor peasants were slaughtered in cold blood by the troops. Bullet-marks can even still be seen on the walls of a house before which forty poor creatures fell dead or dying. We drove through a paradise of olive woods and geranium hedge-rows. There is a fine, sunburnt, golden-coloured, fifteenth-century tower at Monte Lepri, which we visited; within are vaulted rooms; we could not go to the top of the tower, for the rickety old staircase had been taken down. As we drove back to the Zucco we heard the peasants chanting and calling out "*Viva Maria!*" which they do three times daily at the end of their prayers. That afternoon we returned to Palermo. The excursion had been a success and altogether pleasant, as I wrote in my letter of thanks to the Duc d'Aumale.

27th January.

Grieved to see in the paper the announcement of the death of my cousin, Lucia Bagot, at Nervi. Her love for my sister Constance was as fresh as ever when I last saw her. Monsignor Carini is also dead; always most civil and obliging to me when on some occasions I went to consult him, *in re* Joan of Arc, in the Library of the Vatican, of which he was Curator. Pierre Troubetzkoi is painting a portrait of Sibell Grosvenor, at Saighton. He has also been commissioned to paint one of Dufferin for the Town Hall at Dover, so he is getting on well. My De Brosse translation is nearly at a standstill, as I am reading Horatio's life of J. A. Symonds at all spare moments.

I was back in Rome at the end of February, and again at the Grand Hotel—only to find the huge caravansery fuller and more crowded than ever, principally by the American element. G. A. Sala was at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at that time. He dined with me the night before I left Rome for Naples, on the *28th of February*, and two military youths, George Arthur and George Milner. Dear old G. A. Sala was in excellent form; enjoyed his dinner; after, we went to see the Coliseum illuminated with Bengal lights. It was bitterly cold, and G. A. Sala left before the end; the last I saw of him was driving away under the Arch of Constantine, through a mob of cabs and carriages. (I never saw him again. The illness of which he died had

already began to undermine him that winter in Rome. With him I lost a good friend, and the world a brilliant *raconteur* and writer).

At the beginning of March I was the guest, at her house in Naples, of the Duchess de San' Teodoro—an old friend, from the days when her parents, the San' Arpinos (her mother, *née* Locke, is now Lady Walsingham), used to come to Dunrobin, in my brother's time.

PALAZZO SAN' TEODORO, *6th March.*

Francesco Doria, Duca d'Eboli (there's a grand title and no mistake!) is one of the very few men in Neapolitan society who takes any interest in literature, art, or in archæological studies. I have met here occasionally a splendid giant, six feet two high—the Cavaliere Pandolo. He is, on his mother's side, a nephew of "Jacob Omnium" (Higgins), and from that relationship it is probable that he is such an Anak. He too is interested in art. He showed me in his lodgings a very fine half-length picture of our Saviour by Previtali, of which I have a smaller one by the same artist.

Had tea with General Seymour at his house at Posilippo —the Duchess and Hamilton Aïdé coming also. The General collects *bric-à-brac;* he has a beautiful family miniature by Cosway. Lionel Cust came to dinner. He gave a very bad account of poor old George Schärf—now "Sir George." His resignation cannot be long delayed, and L. C. hopes to get his place (*i.e.* Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery). I think he will make an admirable successor to Schärf.

We have had snow, and Vesuvius is panoplied in white, down to the very skirts. I never saw the mountain look finer than it did when a brilliant sun shone on the hills round the bay, standing out white against the azure of the sky, with the still blue waters of the bay below, and white sailed boats scudding in the offing — whatever that is?

On the *9th of March*, with the Duchess and Canon Barff, the English chaplain here, to the funeral of two English sailors, drowned the other day from the *Oyawa*. She had taken much trouble about this burial. It was at first intended by the authorities to bury them outside the cemetery walls in the place where suicides are placed; but she

managed to get this changed, and they were placed within consecrated ground in the new Protestant cemetery. The kind-hearted lady took a couple of crosses of flowers, and also placed violets on the black, deal wood coffins—"for their mothers' sake," as the dear little woman feelingly said. Only we three were there, the Canon who read the service and our two selves. After we drove to the Roman Catholic cemetery to see her father's, the Duca de San' Arpino and San' Teodoro's grave.

One day a strange woman came here to luncheon—she had been asked by the Duchess to meet Hamilton Aïdé. This was the Neapolitan authoress, Matilde Serao, decidedly clever, and a very brilliant talker, but makes as much din as twenty macaws; she is dark, rather handsome, and was most extraordinarily habited. She gave me the impression of being an Italian Madame de Staël. Hamilton Aïdé was much struck by her evident talent. Her loquacity was certainly something wonderful, but as she spoke mostly in Italian, I could not follow all she said. Now and again, however, she broke into French, and I then felt her spell and cleverness.

17th March.

This last week has been a very enjoyable one; "Matto Marzo," as the Italians call this month, has been, on the whole, sane. We had some sailing on the bay. The Duchess has here poor Francis Cromartie's little 150-ton sailing yacht, or "yawl," I believe, is the proper nautical term. Our first sail was to Pozzuoli, where we put into the harbour. We shipped some green water when leaving Pozzuoli, and our chairs had to be lashed to the deck's side. The next day it blew a hurricane, the rain coming down in torrents as it only can in Naples. The Galleria Umberto was flooded. In the evening the rain came through the ceiling of my sitting-room, and Alfonso had to place my bath in it to receive the deluge.

That amiable giant Pandolo took me one morning to see the monuments of the Caracciolos in the Church of S. Giovanni della Carbonaro; two of the chapels are full of them. It seems almost incredible that mine hostess, born a Caracciolo, has never even paid these sculptured ancestors of her ancient family a single visit!

On the *19th of March* we had another sea-trip, going

near Sorrento. Canon Barff and Wallscourt were of the party, a cheery quartette, and two days after we sailed to Amalfi. There was but little wind, and we only made Capri towards sunset. All day long the bay of Naples had been bathed in a golden blue halo of light and colour. Even in the most comfortable and best appointed yacht, I cannot think yachting much of a pleasure. There is a feeling of crampedness in the life on board to which I never can get accustomed; and although nothing could be pleasanter than yachting, as I had it the other day, I always feel it a relief to be on *terra firma* again—or "terra cotta," as some old lady called it. The poor old captain, although we lay almost opposite Amalfi, was several hours before he realized that fact; then we landed and walked up to the Capuccini inn, where the Duchess was warmly welcomed by the old proprietor and his yet older sister, who keep that comfortable place.

We drove to Majori, where we called on my artist friend, Angelo della Mura, who lives there with his uncle, in a pretty studio on the road-side. The next day a gale rose, bringing rain with it. We again landed. I was struck more this time than formerly by the great picturesqueness of the streets of the little town of Amalfi.

I was shocked to see to-day the announcement in the papers of the death of my nephew, Walter Stuart. Although he was bent, and looked much older than his age, forty-four, one hoped that his naturally strong constitution would have carried him on through middle life. He had excellent qualities; and a most warm, kind, affectionate nature. One feels deeply for his sonless father, and his sisters, who were all tenderly fond of him. It seems strange that three out of my four eldest nephews should all have died in early manhood—first "Belgrave," then Leinster, and now Walter Stuart.

At the end of the month I was again in Rome.

24th March.

A dinner at the Embassy. Sir Clare very pleasant. I sat between him and young Russell, Lord Amberley's brother, who is attractive. Evelyn Grant Duff turned up, just back from Teheran; he has brought some handsome Persian carpets from there.

The *25th* was the Feast of the Annunziata; looked in at

S. Maria Maggiore, where many services were taking place and all the chapels open. Called with H. Aïdé on Mrs Field in her magnificent palace Brancaccio, with its large garden and incomparable view of the Coliseum. Dr Munthe, who first took me there, is now lying ill in the Piazza d'Espagna, where I call daily. I have also been to see his friend, the painter Sartorio, and took Arthur Herbert with me, who was delighted with his paintings. I have also called on young J. Elliot, who has married a niece of "Uncle Sam" (Samuel Ward). She is very handsome and very attractive. They live near St Peter's, the house known by the curious name of the Palazzo Rusticucci. His studio is in the Borgo San Angelo, where he is working at a huge painting, destined for the ceiling of the Public Library at Boston, representing the twenty centuries, in the form of horses led by female figures; old Father Time in a chariot winds up the show! I have also called on a friend of the Elliots, the sculptor Apolloni, a clever artist.

27th March.

Another relation's death to record, and a very sad one, that of the beautiful, amiable Hermione Leinster, who died at Mentone on the twentieth of this month. She had been ill from consumption for about a year. The last time I saw her was about a year ago, at poor Kildare's funeral. How beautiful she looked in a long black dress, only her lovely face showing, as she stood shaking with sobs while she threw flowers into the open grave; and later on that day I saw her with her children playing around her. One hoped she might still have happy days before her, in the mutual love of those dear little boys. Alas! all this is now gone, and that lovely form now lies (she was buried the beginning of this week at Carton) under a few feet of Irish soil. May it lie lightly on her!

VENICE,
Palm Sunday, 7th April.

Here I am again, after an interval of five months, in the hospitable home of Horatio Brown. On my way through Florence I called, on the *1st of April*, on the young art critic Bernhard Berensen—an acquaintance of H. Aïdé's—in his little house below Fiesole, from which he has a splendid view over Florence. He is rather too positive in

his judgments about early Italian art. Russian by birth, and American by education, he has studied at Oxford as well as at Harvard. He has written a book on Lorenzo Lotto. I also called on another art critic, C. Loeser, who took me to a wonderful antiquity shop—that of Signor Barbesi—opposite the Torrigiano Palace—a palace also full of art treasures; a superb torso of Apollo, for which he asks four hundred pounds. One day I passed at Pistoja, visiting its splendid buildings—Cathedral, Baptistery and Town Hall.

Easter Monday, 15th April.

Since my last entry, all the days here have been superb, and never have I seen this glorious place in greater beauty. Sir Hedworth Williamson, with a son and daughter, are at Danielli's; with them Sir A. Edmonstone and a sister; that uncommonly pretty Mrs George Keppel.

Every morning Horatio Brown goes to his work at the Archives, and I go a-sight-seeing. In the afternoon he takes me out in his gondola to the Lido, where we play at "*bochetti*," and have a generally good time. The Williamson party had luncheon with us at the "Cappello Nero," where Sir Hedworth thoroughly enjoyed himself. Young Gino Villari, son of the senator-historian, is staying here, an intelligent youth.

On *Easter Sunday* to St Mark's, where the Cardinal Patriarch read a sermon from the great porphyry pulpit; he was mitred and croziered. The effect of the interior of the cathedral, with the lights all aglow and the great, gilt, lamp-lighted cross, was very effective.

Last night (Sunday) I left Horatio Brown and young Villari in the former's study about half-past ten, and turned in. I was reading in bed about eleven o'clock when the room began to "wobble," bells rang and dogs barked. There was no doubt we were experiencing a "*terra motta*." I went upstairs to see Horatio Brown, who had, however, gone to his bedroom on the ground floor. We looked up young Villari, who was calmly reading in bed. At midnight there was another, but a less severe shock, and again one early in the morning. A beam had fallen from the ceiling of the passage, close to my bedroom door, and smashed a chair below. People are very full of the earthquake to-day. We called at Danielli's, where we found old Sir Hedworth, who gave us an amusing account of the terror of the guests in

that hotel. Next to Mrs Keppel's room a woman's voice called out after the first shock: "Lord have mercy on us! Why don't you bring me my boots?" Even out on the lagoon the shock was felt, and a sailor told us he was shaken in his bunk. Many people are said to have left Venice in consequence of the "*terra motta.*"

17th April.

One last entry before I leave beautiful Venice and the kind friend who has again, in the space of five months, made his pleasant home my home. The earthquake shocks have fortunately not done any harm to the place, and I believe the fall of the beam outside my bedroom was the most serious damage made by the "*terra motta.*" On the *15th*, Horatio had some friends in after dinner, and a Marquis Sommi dined, a very charming old man, a contemporary and friend of Percy Ffrench's; he is the head of the Knights of Malta in Venice. On the *17th*, Horatio had taken us to the Edens' garden, gay with tulips, and later to a tea-party at Gino's sister's, opposite the Church of Peter and Paul. She is Mrs Hulton, the wife of a half-artistic, half-literary Englishman, "Willie" Hulton. It was rather a big tea, and many women folk; among these the old Duchess Eleanor of Northumberland, a Grosvenor, and a first cousin, whom I hardly knew by sight.

Passing by Milan, I visited Bergamo, a place I had never seen. I was somewhat disappointed with the Colleoni monument, which seemed to me somewhat tawdry, especially the gilt and very stiff equestrian figure at the top. It is a great contrast in that respect to Verocchio's matchless statue of the great condottiere in Venice. The church of San Spirito is fine, and I was much interested by the paintings of Previtali, being the happy possessor of one. S. Maria Majori has some wonderfully fine "intarsia" work, designed by L. Lotto and others, and the Academia is delightful with a dozen fine Moronis; two full-length ones are superb, one of a woman, like a Velasquez, and there is a lovely little girl's head by him which I longed to carry off; also the portrait of a youth with a very striking face, in a white cap, by Sebastiano del Piombo. I had to hurry back for the train, and regretted leaving only a couple of hours for seeing a place where two days could be well filled in studying so much that is beautiful and of historic interest.

MILAN, *21st April.*

Spring—one might almost say summer—has come with a rush, and all the trees are green, and the voice of the turtle (dove) is heard in the land! The chestnut trees are out in leaf, but not in flower. I had a long stroll under their grateful shade along the boulevards and in the public gardens; the sight of their green leaves is very refreshing to the eye. I have been spending the day visiting churches, most of which were new to me: San Maurizio, full of Luini's beautiful frescoes, San Ambrogio, San Lorenzo, S. Maria del Carmine, S. Simplicia, and S. Maria Incoronata. All the churches I visited this afternoon had crowded congregations, men on one side, the women on the other, divided by a curtain placed across the church. My last church visit was to the cathedral, which was all flooded by intense golden light. I never remember seeing it to such advantage. It is certainly by far the finest bastard Gothic cathedral in the world.

On the *22nd April* I went to Lodi. My pilgrimage was owing to Dr Williamson of Guildford (author of the "Life of John Russell," the pastelle portrait painter) having asked me to visit that place in order to ascertain what pictures or drawings were still to be found there which had belonged to Cosway, the miniaturist's widow, who had settled there in the twenties, after her husband's death, and who had founded a school for girls of good family, known as the "College for Young Ladies"—"Instituto d'Educazione Feminili." Lodi is only three-quarters of an hour's rail from Milan. On arriving I found an interesting old town. After luncheon at the Albergo del Sole, I found, after some trouble (for of course I got no information from the natives as to where the college was), the place I looked for, and was admitted into the college by one of the teachers, or sisters, or whatever they call themselves—a matronly-looking person in a quasi-nun's dress. She is Irish, and is called Sister Joseph Fitzpatrick. This lady took me all over the building, which is large, with long corridors and many rooms. In one of the sitting-rooms I found a couple of admirable sepia pen-drawings by Richard Cosway, and one of Mrs Cosway by him; also some paintings in oils, fancy subjects, these terribly spoilt by the use of that horrible pig-

ment, megilp: and this was unfortunately the case with what had been a fine kit-cat portrait of the painter by himself. The room used by Mrs Cosway as a dining-room is described in an amusing letter written by a Mrs Colnaghi, who visited the painter's widow here in the twenties. The ceiling, painted to look like a pergola, and the plaster medallion of the painter's profile, with little emblematical figures round it, and a fire-place ensconced in a rockery in the wall, is just as she describes the room. Upstairs is a marble bust of Mrs Cosway, who was created in her old age a Baroness. It represents her old and with an awful frilled cap on her head, very unlike her early portraits. In the chapel, where she is buried, is a marble medallion portrait of her. We visited the garden, the playground full of happy, healthy, lively girls of between fourteen and eighteen.

The church of Lodi is worth seeing. I was immensely struck by the beautiful and gorgeously decorated church of the Incoronata, built by Bramante, and as full of paintings as a picture gallery; it is one of the loveliest churches or buildings of its kind that I know in Italy, and well worth visiting by any one who has a day to spare.

On the *24th of April* I left Italy, after a stay of six months, the longest that I have yet made in "that pleasant land."

HÔTEL CHOISEUL,
PARIS, *28th April.*

A few minutes after I arrived at this comfortable hotel I met Princess Louise, who had arrived here the same morning from Cannes, with Lady Sophia Macnamara. Next day we were taken over the exhibition of paintings by the new President of the Salon, Mons. Detaille, the painter of military subjects. The Salon has not yet been opened, and the day of "Vernissage" has still to come. We found the endless series of rooms full of workmen, laying down druggets and staining the wooden floors. Altogether, I thought the pictures worse if possible than I have seen them at any former Salon. I saw the Princess off to London the next day. I called at the Bodleys in their flat in the Avenue d'Jena, and, the day after, Mrs Bodley took me to Bonnat's studio, in the Rue de Bassano, to see

the portrait he is painting of her. I do not care for it, nor is it much like her; neither do I think that really great portrait-painter of men is ever happy when painting the portrait of a woman. I had not seen Bonnat since I ran across him in Shakespeare's birth-house, when he was seeing the sights of Stratford-on-Avon with his host, the Duc d'Aumale. Gerome too was of the party. There is a something delightfully simple and taking about Bonnat's personality; none of the artistic pose and affectations that one so often finds in the famous or successful artist. His studio and adjacent rooms are full of precious little paintings, and he has a very valuable collection of drawings by old masters—several by Michel Angelo. For one of these, Mrs Bodley told me, Bonnat had given a thousand. He intends leaving all these to his native town, Besançon.

Next day, at luncheon at the Bodleys, I met Bonn[illegible], a pretty Comtesse de Gournay, Henry Howard, from the Embassy, Lady Borthwick, and a distinguished French writer, M. Jusserand, who is in the Foreign Office; he has written some learned and interesting books on English subjects.

The next day to the Louvre. The oftener one sees it, and the better one knows it, the more does one appreciate it. It is by far the most enjoyable of any national art collection. All that is most beautiful in art in the same gorgeous building. Paris is well worth visiting for the sake of that building alone. Called on Béroud, the painter of my Venetian pictures, at his large studio in the Rue de l'Université, close to the Garde Meuble, where, in a small, shabby, and rather tumble-down building, are stored some of the finest pieces of old French tapestry and furniture that exist. It is a collection that would be worth revisiting a score of times. We went together to the Salon du Champs de Mars, where the Impressionists have their exhibition—some thousand canvases—not one of which one would care to possess.

On the *2nd of May* I paid my sister-in-law, Grace Gower, a visit at Versailles. Her villa, still unfinished, is in the Rue Circulaire; it has a little garden, and a distant view of the Palace. Her son, who is now twenty, has returned to Oxford. To an exhibition of Napoleonic relics in the Champs Elysées—there is the bed in which the Great Emperor died, a cast of the face of the Duc de Reichstadt

(much more like his father's than in any of his portraits), and other objects of great interest.

The evening before I left Paris (*5th May*) I dined with the Henry Standishs's in their pretty house, full of souvenirs of their families. Madame was born a Descars. The Mouchy's son, Prince de Poix, and his youthful wife were of the party, and the recently married young couple, the Comte de Castellane, and his bride the American Miss Gould—old Prince de Sagan, looking more like Alexandre Dumas than ever, and the eccentric painter of religious subjects, in which modern costumes and faces are introduced, Mr Berard, a Princess Radziwill, and some others. A crowd came in after dinner, from which I fled early.

On the *6th of May* I was back again in my little London house.

8th May.

Looked in at Hamilton Aïdé's at Hanover Square, where I found Lady Anne Blunt, Byron's grand-daughter; a very interesting lady. I reminded her of our cousinhood through her immortal grandfather on my Howard great-grandfather's side.

On the *9th*, to a meeting of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, in Great George Street. Since I last attended in the autumn, poor old Sir George Schärf has joined the majority, and Lionel Cust is the newly-appointed Director. The only other Trustees present were Lord de l'Isle (Chairman), Lord Dillon and Millais. I was shocked to see how aged Millais has become in a few months; his voice is but a husky whisper. He is said to be suffering from some growth in the throat, but he is as jolly and as kind as ever. He gave a bad report of Leighton, who has gone abroad for his health.

The last letter I received from George Schärf was written on the *23rd of March*. In it he writes—in answer to my congratulations on his knighthood—"Your kind congratulations touch me deeply. I am proud, and I was truly surprised when the honour was announced to me. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and dignity and friendship of Lord Rosebery's communication. I am now a full-blown K.C.B. The Queen was pleased to grant me a dis-

pensation under the sign manual, from going through the ceremony of investiture. Lionel Cust will have told you more about me. He has a very fair prospect of succeeding me at the Portrait Gallery. He is certainly far in advance of the other known candidates. Colvin, Hucks Gibbs, and myself, have done our utmost for him. Another piece of astonishing news in store for me. Lord Rosebery proposes to appoint me a Trustee of our Gallery!" Dear old Schärf used to begin his letters to me with the formula of "My dear Lord and Master," which had quite a Biblical ring.

On the *15th*, I went to the Ormondes' in Brook Street, to see my great-niece "Beasie" Butler in her Drawing-Room finery. I don't know who looked the loveliest, she, all in white satin, or her still beautiful mother in pale grey satin. Old "Lady O.," the grandmother, was also there to see her beautiful grand-daughter.

On the *18th May* to luncheon came Poynter, Carlisle, and young Oswald Dickinson. I was over an hour taking them over the rooms; Poynter very appreciative of much he saw, and full of admiration for the Frans Hals and the little Teniers I got at Naples, and the "Christ" by Previtali. I had asked Millais, but he wrote saying he could not venture out during this bitter weather, and he certainly does not look as if he could risk coming out in his state of health.

On the *23rd* I called on Millais. I found him greatly aged in looks, very husky, and he complains of his broken health. I was much struck by a splendid full-length of St John the Baptist—a fine dark youth, after an Italian model, who is "whittling" at a cross. The pose of the figure and the expression of the face are very fine, and I do not think Millais has ever painted a better picture; it is still unfinished; he promised me a photograph.

On the *29th of May* I took Troubetzkoi to Millais. We found him in his studio, where he received us with his wonted cordiality. He appeared delighted with Pierre, and told him that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see a fine, strong young man painter. "They bring me here," he said, "their sickly children, who are good for nothing else, and think they will make painters of these wretched beings." He took us into the other rooms. We found Lady

SKETCH BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

[*To face page 246.*

Millais in the dining-room, looking, I thought, very aged. I had brought the drawing by Millais, done in boyhood, which I had found in Rome, to ask him whether he remembered having done it. He did, and that perfectly well, and said the boy on a pony, on the right of the paper, was himself, and the old gentleman on horseback, Captain, or Colonel, Lemprierre; the old man smoking a pipe was the landlord of a Jersey inn; the lady on horseback, Miss Lemprierre. He thought he had made the drawing when he was nine years old, when living in Jersey. "But how the devil did it get to Rome?" quoth he; to this I could give no information.

Dined at Savage Club, where I found a gathering of some fifteen "Savages." "Phil" May, after dinner, drew with wonderful rapidity some big heads in charcoal on paper. One, of the G.O.M., I carried away with me. Penley, "Charley's Aunt," looked in after dinner—a very bright little individual. A pleasant evening, but too late a one for my early habits!

Among the "Birthday honours" announced in the papers appears the name of Billy Russell—who is now "Sir William." He ought, methinks, to have been "Barted," but this is better than nothing. I sent him a congratulatory telegram to Dunrobin. (Years ago I had written to Mr Gladstone suggesting some public honour being done to W. H. R., but I met with a courteous refusal).

31st May.

We have from comparatively cool weather got into torrid heat. Yesterday is said to have been the hottest day of the last half-century; it was terrifically hot in the underground train that afternoon when I went to Charing Cross Station to met Horatio (now my guest here), and his mother.

On the *28th* to luncheon with George Curzon and his newly-married wife—Miss Leiter of Washington. They live in the Caledons' house in Carlton House Terrace. Lamington was there, and a Miss Hamilton, who lives at Candahar, and is over here with the son of the Ameer. Mrs Curzon very handsome, very pleasant, and very well bred.

On the *29th* I made the acquaintance of my new

nephew-in-law, "Dolly" Teck, at luncheon at the Ormondes; a pleasing, rather bald youth. He and his wife appear exceedingly fond of one another, a rare and refreshing state of weddedness now-a-days.

To Mr Lumsden Propert, the great authority on miniatures. I took him one I believe to be of Mrs Fitz-Herbert (which I bought lately), and he believes it is she, but he could not tell me the name of the artist—probably Robertson, a Scotsman. He has a very fine collection of miniatures, principally Cosways, some splendid Wedgewood china, all kept in a vaulted room lighted from the top.

To Holland House on the night of the 31*st*, where I had not been since my dear old friend Lady Holland's death. I was curious to see that delightful old place again, and the changes that had been made there. The only one of any importance is the new ball-room, built out on what was a kind of open terrace near the room Lady Holland used to receive in, and opening on the side garden. The house looked splendid under electric light; the gardens also looked well, although but partially lighted.

From Oxford I went to Stratford-on-Avon with Horatio Brown. We were there the guests of the ever-hospitable Sir Arthur Hodgson.

Early in *June* I paid Mr Astor a visit at my old home, Cliveden, where I had not been for a very long time. To re-visit that place where so many years of my early life had passed (chequered with much sadness in later years, when my sister Constance passed there the last summer of her life), was, of course, full of sadness; but I wished to see with my own eyes what Astor had actually done to the place; and I found, as I had expected, that all the accounts of his having disfigured the place, were lies. He has certainly built an ugly wall, with glass on the top, along the roadside between the two lodges, but except for that no walls had been added or built "all round the place," as reported; and in removing the ugly yellow wing which Westminster built in the place of the old one, which has now been rebuilt to correspond, as formerly, with its fellow, an improvement has been effected. Within, little is changed, although the entrance-hall is to be altered; everything is respected and cared for.

The St Albans came down with me—she was a

daughter of Bernal Osborne, full of charm and cleverness. Besides these, at Cliveden, were Mrs Adair, Dudley Leigh and his wife, an American, and young George Macquay, who is Mr Astor's private secretary.

Sunday (*9th June*) was broiling hot. I walked to Hedsor Church; much changed within. From a plain, white-washed interior, it has become quite an ornate little building, full of stained glass and gilded lamps. Out in the afternoon on the river in a couple of steam-launches, one of which is Astor's, the other, Sir Douglas Straight's. Next day I returned to town, glad to have seen my beautiful old home once more, and to find it so thoroughly appreciated by its present owner. I should mention how charming Astor's children are—a boy and a girl, of thirteen and fourteen respectively. The eldest son was at Eton, and could not come to Cliveden.

A dinner with Mr Woodall in the House of Commons. I sat between two interesting ladies—Geneviève Ward and Mrs Alma Tadema. Lord Roberts was also at this dinner, and we had some interesting talk after dinner upstairs in Mr Woodall's sanctum.

While Horatio Brown was my guest in London that summer, we went over many private picture galleries together, Bridgwater, Grosvenor, and Lansdowne House, and passed a long afternoon in Holland House and its delightful gardens. One of our last visits was to Stafford House, and the following lines my friend sent me after he had left my house. He had been struck by the grace and charm of my niece-in-law, which made him break into the following verse:—

"A vision on a marble stair,
Three little heads of flaxen hair,
A gracious, girlish figure bending,
To guide the tiny feet descending;
The crown of English charm and grace,
Meet Mother of a noble race.

"Oh! may it last, this final flower
Of English life, of English power;
May boys and girls, in years to come,
Transmit the splendour of their home;
May no rude hands in reckless haste,
Destroy what cannot be replaced."

It was at Stafford House that I heard the sad news of poor Colin Campbell's death at Bombay. I called later

on his sisters at Argyll Lodge, and at the Vicarage, Kensington. The news of Colin's death came on them all with a great shock.

At the end of the month, I left London for Germany, but returned by the middle of July. At the end of that month I paid a few visits in the North—first going to my brother-in-law, Blantyre, at Erskine, where I passed my fiftieth birthday. "I hardly care to look back on the last quarter of a century," I write, "so little have I done in it; could I only feel I was of some use in this world, I should perhaps be able to throw off the heavy feeling of depression that is now almost chronic with me—but how?"

From Erskine I went to the Bairds at Newbyth. While staying there I visited Lennox Love, a delightful old house of Blantyre's. It had belonged to the beautiful Duchess of Richmond and Lennox—"la belle Stuart," of Grammont's "Memoirs." The house has a fine old square tower, from which the view over the wooded champaign is delightful; a swiftly-flowing river passes through the grounds. How any one having to choose between living at Lennox Love or at Erskine, and not preferring the former, passes one's understanding. From Newbyth I went to Sir Hedworth Williamson's place, Whitburn Hall, near Sunderland. It is an unpretentious building, facing the sea, from which it is distant a quarter of a mile. Sir Hedworth's wife, Lady Elizabeth, and his daughter, Horatia, who was with him in Venice, and a son Fritz, were there, besides a few other guests. Sir Hedworth's brother, Victor, is quite an antiquarian, and especially learned regarding Church architecture, and with him I visited the Cathredral of Durham, arriving in time for morning service, and with the Librarian of the Cathedral, Canon Greenwell, we saw the Library pretty thoroughly, returning to Whitburn in time to have an outing with Sir Hedworth in his steam launch, going some ten miles northward along the coast as far as Tynemouth. The next day visited with mine host the curious old Saxon church of Monk Wearmouth; also his lime-kilns and quarries.

On the *19th of August* I went with Sidney Propert to his native place, St David's. We stayed a night at Gloucester, putting up at the "Wellington," a good hotel near the station. It had been a terrifically hot day, and even in the Cathedral the heat made itself felt. After

attending afternoon service, I met the Dean (Spence), whom I had known when at Aix-les-Bains, four years ago; he asked us to dine at the Deanery. This we did. We were informed by the Dean's wife that she only cared for horses and dogs. The Dean showed us all over his house, which is most remarkable. One bedroom has Saxon stonework in its walls and roof; this the Dean said was the chamber occupied by William Rufus. The library is a delightful old room, with fine Norman arches. Before we left next day we again visited the Cathedral, the Dean taking us over it, and at noon we went on to St David's, reaching Haverfordwest at six, and St David's about nine at night, after a drive of sixteen miles; our hostess, Mrs Morgan, had sent us her carriage. The scenery more wild and striking than beautiful; neither do I think the coast line to compare with that of Bude. Bryn-y-gar is the name of Mrs Morgan's house; it stands about a mile from the sea. We found Sid's father and brother awaiting us there.

During the next few days I saw all the sights of the place. The principal one is the fine group of buildings formed by the Cathedral, and the stupendous ruin of the Bishop's Palace close by the former. We had sea as well as land expeditions, and services in the Cathedral in Welsh as well as in English. On the *28th*, my visit to St David's came to an end. It had been a very enjoyable one.

My next visit was to a friend at Droitwich, where he had been going through the cure for rheumatism and gout. I went *viâ* Hereford and Worcester, being put up at the Worcestershire Hotel, a very pleasant caravansery. I tried a bath in the wonderful buoyant water of the place, which is four times more salt than the Dead Sea! One floats about like an inflated bladder. In the afternoon we drove to Worcester, and visited its beautiful Cathedral. I think it the finest of our smaller cathedrals, exquisite in detail and colouring. My friend kept a gig at Droitwich, with a capital cob, with which we rattled for the next few days through the lovely roads between the hedgerows, which here are like those in Devonshire, and by orchards groaning under their load of fruit. I never saw a more beautiful country-side, nor do I remember ever to have seen this beautiful land of England look so exquisite as it did all the time I was at Droitwich. The weather, too, was glorious,

and the lights superb. We drove to Ombersley and to Holt Fleet, on the banks of the Severn, and one day we passed at Stratford-on-Avon; on another we went to Hindlip, where I was much struck by the superb elms in the park. The new house is hideous. One regrets the old Elizabethan house ruthlessly destroyed last century to make place for this modern abomination.

On the *2nd of September*, I left Droitwich for Madresfield—Beauchamp's place near Malvern—a most perfect house, with everything that can make a place attractive. The house is of different periods—admirably blended by the late Earl, who lived just long enough to finish it in '88. The house has a wide moat, and within, a courtyard like a part of some old German castle, long rooms and corridors filled with treasures, miniatures, etc. Only Beauchamp, his sister, Lady Mary Lygon, and his brother Edward were there. We visited the herbaceous garden, which has just been finished, laid out with great taste. My bed-room is called the "oak room," being all panelled with that wood; it rejoices in a splendid four-poster and a decorated ceiling. We dined in the large hall, quite baronial in style; on the walls hung interesting and authentic historical portraits. Next day Beauchamp drove me all over Malvern; he never wears a hat when driving, and allows his locks full play in the breezes. We visited a delightful old manor-house called Severn End, belonging to Sir E. Lechmere, somewhat neglected; also to another old place which belongs to Beauchamp, called Prior's Court, which he intends to refurnish in the old style. The next day Lady Mary took me over a beautiful and admirably arranged almshouse near Madresfield, with a pretty church attached. It was founded by a legacy of £60,000 left by a former Lord Beauchamp.

At the end of *September* I passed through France on my way to Venice, where I was met by Frank Hird, and where we passed a pleasant fortnight with Horatio Brown and his mother. While in Paris, I passed a day with the Bodleys at a place they had hired for that summer, the Château de Sucy-en-Brie in Seine et Oise—an hour by rail from the Bastille Station, and near Grosbois. The house dates from Louis XIII., is well furnished, and stands in a pretty park, with fine timber. The place

belongs to Sir H. Meux. There came to tea, the author, Ludovic Halèvy, who took us to see his place, which is just outside the gates of the château—a pleasant, unpretentious house, with fine *charmilles* about it, a real bit of old France, unspoilt by modern innovations. I stayed a day at Dijon, as I wished to find what I could there relating to the President Charles de Brosse—whose letters from Italy I am translating—but all I could discover was a bust of him in the Museum, where are the fine tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy. Thence to Milan and Venice.

We have had three gloriously fine days and moonlight nights. I have taken Frank Hird to a good many churches and galleries; he thoroughly enjoys the beauty of the place, and is worthy of it.

One evening a pleasant family came to dinner—Professor Michael Foster, of Cambridge, with his wife and daughter. The Professor has a delightful way of imparting the vast learning with which he is crammed, and an exhilarating laugh; both his wife and daughter were most agreeable.

One evening we went to *Charley's Aunt* ("Il Zia di Carlo") at the theatre. We took Alfonso, Horatio's gondolier, Antonio, and Luigi, his butler, with us; it was sufficiently amusing. Frank Hird and I returned to Paris together, stopping to see Padua, and Verona, which I had not seen for five-and-twenty years. I was much struck by its beauty and the number of art treasures it contains in its churches. We met Professor J. T. Richter in one of the churches, and he ciceroned us all one day.

From Milan we visited the Certosa of Pavia, and stayed a day at Lugano; that place was new to me. I was much taken with its charm; it combines the picturesqueness of an Italian town with the comfort of Switzerland. The Hôtel du Parc is excellent, with its pleasant dependencies. We went out that evening on the lake. The Luinis in the little Church of S. Maria degli Angeli are delightful—especially the group of the Madonna with the infant Christ and St John. At Lucerne we visited Bossard's splendid curio shop, and there ended our three weeks' jaunt.

28th October.

A dinner with the Glyns at the Vicarage, Kensington. Eustace Balfour and Warkworth were there; the latter was the hero of the evening, as later he delivered an address in

the Town Hall of Kensington, introducing himself in this public manner to his new constituents. As Sir A. Borthwick goes to the Upper House, Warkworth is standing as the new M.P. for Kensington. He spoke for nearly an hour, capitally. He has a clear voice, an excellent delivery, no nervousness or bumptiousness. He was well listened to, and warmly applauded by a crowded audience; he has lots of go in him.

The next day I went to dine at the A. Campbells, at Coombe Wood, to meet the Navarinos—she formerly the classically beautiful Mary Anderson. Time has taken some of the bloom from her beauty, but left her a delightful, amiable, charming lady, as simple and as unaffected as a child. The husband gives me the impression of being a thoroughly good fellow. Mrs Callendar came also, and young Adolphe Meyer—an excellent amateur photographer, whose portraits of Janey Campbell and her daughter are far and away the best photographs that I have seen of them.

Early in November I was back again in Rome, at the Grand Hotel. The most striking new object here is a colossal monument of Garibaldi placed on the Janiculum, from which he over-shadows all Rome. The monument is spirited and imposing, the situation superb. I visited, with Dr Munthe (who has discovered the remains of a Tiberian villa, mosaics, etc., at his place at Capri), the Helbigs at their villa on the Janiculum, a very agreeable couple. She was a Russian princess, most charitable and kind, and most amusing. Their villa has suffered much from the recent earthquake. He is a distinguished archæologist.

I passed the month of *December*, and half of that of *January* (1896) in the Palazzo San' Teodoro at Naples, where its kind *châtelaine* made me feel at home. Writing on the *1st of December*, at Naples: "Yesterday was bright, sunny, and the country between Rome and Naples looked beautiful. I often wonder that route is not more extolled by travellers; to my mind it is one of the finest and most interesting bits of scenery in Europe. Commencing with the bare, ruin-covered Campagna, with the graceful lines of aqueducts, and the distant purple hills, with the little white towns and villages nestling on their sides, and as one gets further into the more savage scenery of "the country of Labour," the castle-crowned hills, and the fortress-crested towns, and beyond Monte Cassino, with its

grand old monastery overlooking the circle of hills, or rather the grandest of these mountains around. Then passing over the plain till the umbrella pines and the softly rising slopes of Vesuvius come into view with the Bay beyond; and then the lights and noise and stir of Naples, at the close of that short five hours' run.

PALAZZO SAN' TEODORO,
8th December.

A pleasant *dolce far niente* week has passed here. We lead a quiet life. I generally roam out of doors from ten till one, visit the Museum, the shops, or go to the gardens of the villa by the sea. After luncheon sometimes a drive or a visit. Dinner is at eight, generally consisting of our three selves; afterwards the Duchess accompanies Wyndham Blake, who plays very commendably on the violin. I always get them to play my favourite piece, Handel's "Largo," of which, like all his music, one never can have too much.

One day we were taken by our Consul, Neville Rolfe, to a villa above the town, called "Floridiano," once a Royal property, now belonging to an American Major Davies and his mother. The grounds and the view of the Bay from the terrace are beautiful. The Davies' were out. We waited in a charming room next the library, of which the books had been bought *en bloc* in Rome by Major Davies. It is said to be rich in scientific works, some of which belonged to, and are annotated by, Galileo.

Another day Mr Barff took me over the collection of an old Englishman, Mr Charlesworth, who lives at the top of a house on the Chiaja; all his rooms crowded, and the walls covered with china, mostly of "Capo di monte" ware —a vast if not an interesting collection. What is more curious to see than the china is the garden he has made on the top of the house. It is like one's idea of one of the hanging gardens of Babylon; and although this is about the worst time of the year for flowers, there is still a good deal of colour and bloom there. The walks on the roof are literally covered over with pink and yellow roses.

13th December.

Poor old Sala died last Sunday, at Brighton. The last time I saw him was in March, at Rome, when, after dining with me, we adjourned to see the Coliseum

illuminated. That was a cold, windy night, and I heard afterwards from him that he had been laid up with a bad internal chill for some time. I have alluded here to his broken appearance when I called on him at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in the spring, in Rome. I fear his illness began by the miserable money difficulties brought latterly upon him, through no fault of his own, amongst which *Sala's Journal* was not the least disastrous.

One day I passed at Pompeii—where I went with Rolfe; my object was to see the newly unearthed house, the finest that has yet been discovered. Its walls are covered with frescoes in oil; a delightful frieze of Cupids in a room 30 feet in length, the frieze some 4 feet high, painted very boldly on a black ground; the little creatures are engaged in racing, and in various kinds of husbandry. There is an extraordinarily indecent figure, which has been shuttered, painted on the right-hand lintel of the entrance door of this house. We drove afterwards to Boscoreale, some two miles from Pompeii, towards Vesuvius, where a large treasure of silver cups and vases was lately found. The place belonged probably to a rich farmer, for huge jars, some of which still contain grain, are stuck in the soil. The treasure-trove was bought by Rothschild of Paris for £20,000, and is now in the Louvre.

One afternoon, with my hostess, I visited the Villa (or rather Villas, for there are three), della Honte. The Empress of the French occupied one of these one winter. The situation is delightful, but the villas and gardens look damp. This place is not to compare with that of the Floridiano.

1896.

NAPLES, 10*th January*.

THE last few days have been big with rumours of imminent war. After the Venezuela imbroglio, we have got into one in the Transvaal which has caused the German Emperor to send a message of congratulation to Kruger for having wiped out a filibustering troop led by Dr Jameson. This telegram has made all England wild with indignation. Chamberlain has behaved splendidly throughout the crisis; the Press is unanimous in his praise. The most awkward feature at present seems to be the imminence of civil war at Johannesberg—at least a war there between the English and the Boers. My old friend, Sir Hercules Robinson, is in the thick of it, being High Commissioner. Yesterday the news arrived of Cecil Rhodes' resignation of the Premiership.. Little England is surrounded by foes, but she is not a bit afraid, and is ready, if necessary, to fight them all!

After leaving Naples I stayed a few nights with my ever-kind friends, the Joseph Whitakers, at Palermo.

The 14*th of January* was my last day at Naples, at the house of the most hospitable of hostesses—and, what is far more rare, one of the kindest of friends—even of "old friends," as she writes to me. That evening we had our last dinner together in the pretty little circular dining-room, with its five recesses, glass-covered and full of china, which formerly contained the Sevres "*vert pomme*" service. I remember dining in that room during my first visit to Naples, some thirty years ago, when I came with my sister Constance and Westminster, and when the then Duke and Duchess of San Arpino (the title at that time of the Duchess's parents) lived there.

The William Lowthers were also guests at Malfitano. The only place which I saw while at Palermo that visit that was new to me was Cefalu, a romantically situated

town on the coast, with a cathedral of King Roger's building; a fine rock overhanging it, castle-crowned, with machicolated walls now in ruin. After Monreale, the Cathedral of Cefalu is disappointing; little is left of the original mosaics. We were followed by a swarm of beggars and loafers, and had to take refuge in the little Albergo d'Italia, near the cathedral, where we devoured our sandwiches, afterwards visiting the cloisters, which are fine, but in a sadly damaged state. We met the old Cardinal Bishop just starting for his afternoon drive. The best view of Cefalu is that from the railway line, which includes the rock, the town, the castle, the cathedral and the sea.

Leaving Palermo for Rome on the *7th of February*, I had the satisfaction of finding my hard-working clergyman friend, Sidney Propert, already arrived there. For the next few days few sight-seers worked harder than we did. To give a list of the places we saw between the *8th of February* and the *23rd*, would be like the index of a "Guide to Rome."

One Sunday, at St John of Lateran, I introduced my friend to Monsignor Stonor, in all the glory of his archiepiscopal robes. I heard that day of the death of General Sir Charles Foster. He had been literally dying the last two years, so his death does not come on one as a surprise; but one will miss the kind, cheery and courteous old man. My friendship with him dates back nearly thirty years. The sudden death of my cousin, Admiral Frank Egerton, had taken place recently, and a most touching letter reached me in Rome from his widow:—"I like to think that others remember my dear husband in connection with happy days long ago. I feel as if few had been blessed with such happiness as fell to my lot," she writes.

One morning I saw Dr Mond's fine collection of pictures in the Via Sistina. In his dining-room are hung some thirty small frescoes taken from the Villa Lanti, now lived in by the Helbigs; these frescoes are by Giulio Romano, mythological subjects from the early history of Rome. Dr Mond has also some fine old masters, and an Annunciation by Botticelli, painted in *tempera*—a glory to any gallery, public or private.

ROME, *23rd February.*

Another pleasant, well-spent week has come and gone. Sidney Propert's time here expires to-night. He has continued sight-seeing most indefatigably, and I imagine very few people have seen so much of Rome, given the time, as he has done. He has also seen some of the people of the place—Sir Clare Ford at the Embassy, where we paid a visit, and Monsignor Stonor in his room at the top of a house in the Via Sistina, also Father Hickey, the jovial Prior of San Clemente, among others—ending by going to a party last night at Dr Mond's, where, in a crowd of Germans, the picturesque, long white-haired head of the famous historian of Rome, Dr Mommsen, stood out prominently.

ROME, *9th March.*

There have been stirring times here since my last entry. A great defeat of the Italians on *Sunday, 1st March*, in Abyssinia, has led to the fall of Crispi and his Government. There have been local demonstrations and ructions in the streets and public places, but none of the serious rioting or loss of life which has occurred at Milan. The King is said to be determined to carry on the war in spite of the strong public opinion that it should not be continued. The loss of officers has been immense—some hundred and twenty slain. All this carnage was taking place on a long Sunday that I passed at Tivoli, and while the King was meeting with an enthusiastic reception at Naples. Now, I imagine, it would be hardly safe for him to show himself there, in the excited and angry feeling caused by this defeat and the King's known desire to continue the war *côute-que-côute.*

12th March.

To luncheon with that jolly, handsome middle-aged lady, Mrs Horwitz, and her pleasant daughter, at a palace near the steps of the Capitol. Only one other lady there, also an American—the Marchesa Spinola. The apartments Mrs Horwitz occupies are superb, hugely high, the ceilings painted by those most prolific of decorators, the brothers Zucchari.

Surely never was a young year so full of interest as

this. At its commencement we had the excitement of the Venezuelan business, and the row with President Cleveland, closely followed by the German Emperor's famous telegram *à propos* of the Jameson Raid; followed by the excitement of the War in Abyssinia, so cruel to Italy, and now we appear to be on the eve of a fresh campaign in Egypt!

On the *13th*, visited a most beautiful collection of antique curios, belonging to an old Polish gentleman, Count Tyszkievz (what a name!), a very tall, very gentlemanlike, benign-looking individual. His bronzes and intaglios are superb. Curiously enough, among the latter I found the identical gem (of a young sea god riding through the waves, and driving a pair of hypocamps) which I had tried to buy in Tunis three winters ago, and for which I had offered £80. This gem had cost the present owner £400!

At the end of March I was again in Venice with Horatio Brown, and on Easter Sunday back in my home in South Kensington.

On the *4th of April* took place an event which had brought me back to England a little earlier than I had originally intended; this was the opening of the new building of the National Portrait Gallery in St Martin's Place. I went there a little before ten that morning, and found our Secretary, Lionel Cust, giving directions to a bevy of policemen as to what they were to do when the doors of the building should be opened to the public! It so happened that I was the only Trustee of the Gallery present, and our Secretary having asked me to unlock the outer bronze doors, I did so, as the Church of St Martin's chimed ten o'clock. About a score of people were waiting without, and, as soon as the doors were unlocked, they streamed in. The arrangement of the pictures is admirable, and leaves little to be desired; it does Lionel Cust the greatest credit.

During that month I paid—with Colonel H. Sinclair and Frank Hird—a day's visit to Professor Herkomer at his beautiful home at Bushey. It is the ideal of "the house beautiful." We found many of his pupils, youths and maidens. The son of the Professor did us the honours of the place.

On the *21st of April* I paid another of my frequent

visits to Stratford-on-Avon—a long promised one to the Edgar Flowers. *Julius Cæsar* was given the evening of our arrival, at the Memorial Theatre, by Benson's Company; the next we saw *Macbeth*. Mrs Benson acted well the part of "Lady Macbeth." The *23rd* was Shakespeare's Day. We had a succession of festivities to attend, which kept us on the go from 11 A.M. till nearly midnight. First, a meeting at the Memorial of the Trustees; then in the church the unveiling of the still unfinished Memorial window given by Americans, for which ceremony the American Ambassador, Mr Bayard, had come down, and after the unveiling he delivered an address of great length. We then adjourned to the Town Hall, where the Mayor entertained some two hundred guests. Bayard's speech after the luncheon was really grand. I had to propose the Mayor. Then to the Memorial Theatre, where an American presented a portrait of Edwin Booth; followed by an early and hurried dinner at the Hill, and then to the Theatre to see *Richard II.*, which was very handsomely and correctly mounted.

The next day Mr Bayard, with his wife and daughter, came to stay at the Flowers at the Hill. He is a splendid old fellow, very witty, pleasant, but painfully deaf, and one has to roar at him to make oneself heard.

That week the sad news reached me of my dear old friend Percy Ffrench's death at Naples, by a letter from Lady Halden. He was a friend who could not be replaced, and I have never ceased missing his genial individuality.

On the *2nd of May* I attended a Requiem Mass for dear Percy Ffrench at St John's Church, in Great Ormond Street. It was not impressive—a long and tedious service.

At the beginning of May I went to Paris to see the Salons. That of the Champ de Mars has, among many thousands, only one really fine painting, that by Dagnan Bergeret, "The Last Supper"—a very remarkable and striking work. The light in it seems to emanate from the figure of the Saviour, marvellously filling the scene. It is difficult to see from whence this supernatural light comes; for there are no deep shadows as in Rembrandt's works.

While in Paris that week I saw a good deal of the Dufferins. Their unmarried daughter, Lady Hermione, and

Dufferin's cousin, Lady Ulrica Thynne, were staying at the Embassy. Lord Dufferin is troubled by increasing deafness, and told me he now never dines out, as he cannot hear general conversation. He spoke with much feeling of old days, when he visited my parents at Trentham and Dunrobin. That was, he said, by far the happiest time in his life, like going into a better world, after leaving all the gossip and worldliness of the set he then also saw much of.

HAWARDEN HOUSE, *20th May.*

I came here yesterday on a visit to my niece, Gertrude Gladstone. This pleasant little red brick house overlooks the beautiful park of Hawarden, and the keep of its old ruined Castle. This house was built by Willie Gladstone a few years after his marriage. It is just large enough for Gertie and her three children, and for a casual friend. We dined at the Castle, about a mile from here. Dear Mr Gladstone received me in the most kind manner, coming out to the top of the stairs in the entrance hall, a thing which my niece afterwards told me she had never seen him do for any one! So I may well feel flattered! He led me into a sitting-room, and had a good look at me, and I at him. He is a good deal aged since I last saw him, two—or is it three?—years ago in Downing Street, at the time of his resignation of the Premiership; still, for eighty-six, he seems marvellously vigorous. "My trunk," he said, "is all right, and my heart as strong as ever;" and he then expatiated on the marvel of our hearts pumping up daily twenty-four tons' weight of blood—the labour, he said, of an ordinary navvy. Mrs Gladstone looked very frail. She is much more aged than he is, and has lost all her former vivacity. She sits at times quite silent; but she woke up when we talked of old days at Dunrobin, and those happy recollections brightened her up wonderfully. As soon as dinner is over she lies down on a sofa and sleeps. Mr Gladstone was full of his wonderful talk: he seemed to have all subjects as much as ever at his command. He told me he had just bought a bust of George III. in his old age, by Nollekins. This is one that we of the National Portrait Gallery declined purchasing at our last meeting. He said that he could not bear that "honest old George III." should be left out in the cold. I believe the real reason of his buying this bust was an act

of charity to its former owner, who has fallen on bad times. Mr Gladstone complained more of his deafness than of his sight, and I was surprised to find how little the latter seemed to affect him, for he reads much, apparently without effort. He told me that he had kept a diary since 1823, till the cataract came on and stopped his keeping it. He appeared to make a hearty dinner; we drank champagne. Mrs Drew (Mary Gladstone that was) and a daughter of Mary Wickham were the others at dinner. After dinner I sat by him, and we continued our talk, which was almost constant and uninterrupted, from eight till half-past ten, when Gerty and I left.

To-day (*20th May*) has been a stormy one. Gerty took me out to see the "sights," namely, the new library Mr Gladstone has recently bestowed on Hawarden, where some half-a-dozen students come during every week; they stay at the hostelry adjoining the library, where they are lodged and boarded for 26s. per week. The Superintendent of the library is Mr Hodgin—a clergyman friend of Sid Propert's. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes, admirably stowed away in a fashion of which Mr Gladstone is justly proud, it being his own invention: the bookshelves project some eight feet from the wall, containing the books in front and on both sides. The same system has been carried out in his own study—"the Temple of Peace," as he calls it. We also visited the church, and strolled down to the Castle. It was at Hawarden that my dearest mother paid almost her last visit, I think in '66. Mr Gladstone always talks of her with immense admiration and affection; this alone would make me attached to him.

At luncheon appeared little Dorothy Drew, a delightful little creature of six, with a fluffy touzle of hair all over her head. After luncheon I had half-an-hour's talk with Mr Gladstone in his study, while he lay on a small sofa close under a window, a little portrait of his great-grandfather hanging over his head. In this room are his two writing-desks—one for his correspondence, the other for his literary work, but of the latter he does, he tells me, but little now; his average correspondence is five letters a day. He would not have known what to do without post-cards, so much time and trouble had they saved him. Of John Morley he said that well as he knew him, he had no idea what his religious views were.

He greatly praised Purcell's "Life of Manning." He spoke with affection of Dean Wellesley, and said he had offered him the Archbishopric of Canterbury, but that the Dean would not hear of accepting it. He said he thought Charles II. a great scoundrel, and all the Georges up to George III.; "that scoundrel George IV." he added. No royalty he had ever met, he declared—"but my experience is limited"—had such charm and tact as the Prince of Wales. He was surprised and shocked to hear that Chiswick had been sold and converted into a private lunatic asylum; he spoke of the supreme absurdity of spending £50,000 on Leighton's house—which I am glad to see has been bought in for £1200. He said the Sultan was the "greatest murderer of modern times," and added that no Minister had ever made so astounding a statement as had Lord Salisbury, when he averred that the Sultan had no connection with the Armenian atrocities. He said that statesmen were never popular except immediately after their death. No complete "Life," he said, exists of Sir Robert Peel—or, for that matter, of the Duke of Wellington. He approved of my idea of trying to start an illustrated life of the Duke. He had read President de Brosses' "Letters from Italy," which I need hardly say few Englishmen have done. Referring to Willie Gladstone's illness, he said he thought the original mischief was occasioned by Willie, when a child, hitting his head violently against a "buhl" piece of furniture in Carlton House Terrace. He gave me two photographs of himself. Gerty drove me afterwards with her boy through the lovely park. Robert Tuffs' copy of Millais' portrait of Gladstone has a commanding place on the wall of a saloon in the Castle.

The following day my niece drove me all about the park and woods, after we had had luncheon at the Castle. Mr Gladstone said it was not one of his good days, and he lay on his sofa in the "Temple of Peace." In the evenings the Stephen Gladstones—she, the daughter of a Liverpool doctor, a very pleasing person—dined with my niece; and the day after, *21st of May*, I left Hawarden for Trentham, stopping on the way at Stoke, where I called on Solon, the French artist in *pâte tendre*, who made me a present of one of his very prettiest plaques—Cupids blowing soap-bubbles.

Trentham is in great beauty, with great blotches of glorious pink, purple and flame colour, from the rhododendrons and azaleas; the May blossom is still brilliant. After

wandering about the garden, I called on old Roberts, Clerk of the Works, who was born in the same year as Gladstone. I told him that I looked upon him and Mr Gladstone as the two most extraordinary old men in England, to which he assented, only he said, "He is out of office, but I am not!"

Frank came down the next day from town for a short holiday; he is thoroughly worthy of the charm and beauty of the place. We went to Spring Valley, where the woods most look like "heavens uprising from the earth," so blue is the soil with the hyacinths.

On the *25th*, F. went to town for his newspaper work, and the next day I left Trentham, going to the Newdigates' place, Weston in Arden, near Nuneaton. I had received the sad news that morning of the death of Madame Scalia at Malfitano. I cannot imagine her poor daughter's life without her mother, so wrapped up was her spirit with hers. Frank Newdigate and my cousin, his wife, who was a Bagot, had some other guests at their Jacobean home, which is homelike and comfortable.

The next day he drove me some half-dozen miles to Arbury, Sir Henry Newdigate's fine place—the house somewhat of the Strawberry Hill Gothic in style. There are some interesting Elizabethan portraits, and a fine pair of full-length Romneys of the founder of the Newdigate poem prize, and that of his wife, a handsome lady all in white. Arbury has been described, and the country is that celebrated, by George Eliot, who was born close to Arbury. There is still an Evans, her nephew, living here, who is the Newdigates' solicitor. In the afternoon we drove over to the Denbighs' place, Newnham Paddox, but they being away, we did not go into the house; it stands in a pretty park with fine timber. We attended a Primrose Tea at the Denbigh Arms in the adjoining village, and looked in at the church, where are a pair of fine old Fielding tombs.

My next visit was to my friend E. ff. Mathews at Sonning, certainly one of the prettiest villages in England; the cottages there are now (*May*) all covered with white clematis and *gloire de dijon* roses. There I passed a Sunday, mostly on the river, and in reading Dr Jessop's clever little book, "The Trials of a Country Parson."

On the *11th of June* to the wedding of Miss Horatia Williamson to a brother of Meysey Thompson's.

On the *6th of June* to Bulstrode, Sir John and Lady Gwendolin Ramsden's. Slough is the nearest station to Bulstrode, but is six miles distant. Bulstrode is a place of no beauty, but it contains some good pictures and a portrait of Shakespeare—said to be by Jansen. The house stands in a good-sized park with some fine trees, good cedars, and an avenue of limes planted by the first of the Bentincks, to whom the place was given by William III. Previously it had belonged to Judge Jeffreys, but there is nothing left of this infamous man's building, except one ivy-covered archway which leads to the lime-tree avenue—which avenue ends in a kind of canal, also the work of the Dutchman. Sir John has laid out some pretty green walks in the pleasaunce, but the gardens are not well kept. The house is of red brick, of no particular style of architecture. The interior was decorated by the Duke of Somerset, Lady Gwendolin's father, and the beautiful Duchess, of whom there is not a single good portrait or bust extant. It is said that the Duke had intended to leave Bulstrode to his second son, Edward, who was killed in India; but on his death he willed it to Lady Gwendolin. The party in the house consisted of Lady Penrhyn and her daughter, Miss Douglas Pennant, R. Munro Ferguson and Lady Helen (*née* Blackwood, Lord Dufferin's eldest daughter), and some others.

The next day was a wet one; I passed most of it in the library. There are two small Frans Hals in the drawing-room, and a superb small half-length Holbein of Lord Vaux, *une pure merveille.* The Shakespeare portrait was a disappointment; it is poor in colour and in treatment; the owners will not allow it to be photographed, nor did I like to ask them to allow me to copy or have it copied. On the *8th of June* the Bulstrode party broke up. This visit will probably be my last for some time to come. I do not feel at all in the vein for meeting people I do not know, and when visiting is more of a toil than a pleasure, why should one expose oneself to it?

On the *9th of June* I went to see Sir Francis Cook's pictures at Richmond—a fine collection of "old masters." There is a grand half-length by Murillo of Christ crowned with thorns, some really fine Italian and Dutch paintings, also a good deal of rubbish. Sir Francis has a large shop in St Paul's Churchyard, and a splendid villa and garden at Cintra. Lady Cook is an American (*née* Tennessee

Claflin)—a striking-looking lady with grey hair and regular features. She diagnosed me as soon as she saw me—said I was passing through a critical period of life, and recommended some peculiar pills and a *masseuse*. She however assured me that I was through the worst of the crisis, and that if I followed her treatment would be all right soon. Sir Francis only arrived from town just as we were leaving. He is eighty years old, but does not look more than sixty-five; this, his wife says, is owing to her care of him. The end room beyond the gallery is fitted up with an altar and all its appliances.

I had written some time ago to Mr Gladstone of an old wish of mine, which had been revived when I saw him at Hawarden, where I had found him as full of love for my dearest mother's memory as ever. My wish was that he should write his impressions regarding her, for no one could do that better than he could. In answer to my letter, I received the following from him this morning:—

"HAWARDEN CASTLE,
"CHESTER, 13*th June* 1896.

"MY DEAR RONALD,—Few are more keenly alive to the interest and importance of the subject on which you write, than I. I remember, that when I was asked to write the little Latin inscription, I said you (or 'they') must give me six months to do it. As to any effort of larger, even if a little larger, range, I despair. Feeling, however, that there was still a work to be done, I have urged (long ago) Argyll to do it. He seems to me admirably competent, and his opportunities were, of course, much before those of any other person, after your own; indeed in a manner he had the advantage of preceding you. It requires the most delicate discernment and the finest hand. There is still living another person who, I think, could do it well" (I wonder who this "other person" is that Mr G. alludes to?) "I have nothing but a good will, and a good will is nothing. It is like asking me to execute some great work of art. I will ponder, but at present, as already said, I despair. It was a great pleasure to see you; but indeed you flew too fast.—Ever yours sincerely, W. E. GLADSTONE."

A delightful letter, worthy of the subject and of him

who wrote it. What had made me rather hopeful, when at Hawarden, that he might be induced to write something in the shape of a Memoir, was his deploring the very inadequate notice that there is regarding my mother in the so-called "Sutherland Book," by Sir W. Fraser, which is indeed meagre in the extreme.

15th June.

Called early on Billy Russell: he had been to see poor Millais some days ago, and gave a sad account of him. Although the papers continue publishing the most favourable accounts of his health, the poor man is speechless. Ozone seems to have had a wonderfully good effect on his general health, but if the growth which has stopped up the wind-pipe is a cancerous one, he cannot possibly live long. It is indeed, a sad ending to a great and prosperous career.

On the *16th* I ran over to Paris to pay my sister-in-law, Grace Gower, a visit at Versailles. Her son Freddy had arrived from Oxford, where he had just taken his degree.

I was back on the *22nd*, and gave a dinner to three great-nieces and a great-nephew. The former were the two Bairds and Elspeth Campbell, and there came to meet them young Douglas Loch, a tall youth in the Foot Guards (son of Lord Loch), and young Lord Elphinstone. They all made themselves very pleasant, and played billiards after dinner. The great-nephew was Niel Campbell.

I went that afternoon to Dr Mond's villa in St John's Wood, in Avenue Road, next door to poor 'Gus Harris's place, whose body had been brought back from Folkestone that morning—a very sudden ending of a very crowded life; and, on the whole, I imagine, a well employed one. Dr Mond has some superb Italian pictures—among them the famous Raphael "Crucifixion," once in Dudley House.

On the *25th of June*, called on Edward Clifford, in Kensington Square, who took me to make the acquaintance of Mr Carlile—at the headquarters of the Church Army, of which Mr Carlile is the founder. This was at 130 Edgeware Road. I was most favourably impressed by Mr Carlile, a man of immense force and energy, who

has done, and is doing, a very great and good work among the poor young men of London, and I hope to see more of him and of his work.

To a theatrical luncheon party at Hamilton Aïdé's. Mrs Patrick Campbell and Forbes Robertson, Mr and Mrs Bourchier and Miss Fanny Brough, bright and pleasant.

On the *26th* to a house, one of the many of the Church Army, in Star Street, Fulham, not far from me, where some fourteen lads and young men are boarded and given work, making up small bundles of firewood. Mr Hamilton showed me over the house, which is small, but clean and well-aired.

The following Sunday I went to St Philip's Church, in the City, to hear Mr Carlile preach; a very close, hot day. Again in the evening I went to St Mary's "At Hill," where he held a kind of Salvation service out of doors, with band and banners; this is followed by a magic lantern in the church, but having to dine with the Marshalls, I could not stay for it.

Next day I had dinner at the Portsmouths, where I met Sir Augustus Paget, the Bathursts, Duchess of St Albans, and F. L. Gower. I had to go in my uniform, as I had to attend a concert later at the Palace. I always like to see the pictures and art treasures on these occasions. The next day, with my two little great-nephews, George and Alastair, from Stafford House to a bazaar at Streatham, for the Incurables. The little boys' tutor, Mr Evans, a pleasing young Cambridge man of one-and-twenty, came too. It was very hot, but I was glad to take the little men over the hospital; they behaved beautifully with the poor bedridden people, shaking hands cordially, and looking full of sympathy.

On *1st of July* I paid my niece Beatrice Chesham a visit at their new place, Upton House, seven miles west of Banbury. Upton had belonged to the Jerseys. It has been much neglected, both within and without, and, during the last two years, the Cheshams have greatly improved it. The house is a long, narrow, ugly building; the park extensive, with some fine Scotch firs and respectable cedars. In a hollow in front of the house is a garden, but the prettiest thing there is a long, terraced bank a blaze of red poppies. We visited Compton Wynyates—which I had not seen since my driving tour to York in '74,

when I stayed there during one August Sunday—and Broughton Castle, Lord Say and Sele's, now let to a Mr Gladwell, who is very well informed about the old place. He ciceroned us all over the building, from the crypts to the battlements; I had visited Broughton also in '74. A place that was now new to me was Wroxton Abbey, with its fine hall and dining-room, full of Jacobean carving and many interesting portraits of the Norths. There is a beautifully timbered park at Wroxton. *À propos* of Broughton, I see in my "Reminiscences" that I mention a full-length Gainsborough there of a Mother and Child; I saw this painting, or rather what I imagined to be the same picture, but Mr Gladwell told me that the original had been sold by Lord S. and S., he receiving £1,000 for it from a dealer, who resold it for £17,000. The present Lord never knew of the transaction till the pictures were valued at his father's death.

The Chesham children are charming. Charlie is at Eton, age seventeen; the eldest girl, Lilah, is twelve, not like what she was in old days at Latimer, but a dear thing; the next is a delightful little woman of six, who answers to the odd name of "Peter"; and the youngest, a very fine boy, aged two, "Johnnie," a blue-eyed little fellow, with yellow hair, and invariably in high spirits. Sunday was gloriously fine; we passed most of it out on the lawn.

On the *7th*, Lilah Ormonde asked me to help her to entertain at luncheon the Duchess of Albany and her sister Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck; the latter is rather a pretty brunette. Lady Hastings (*née* Harbord), young Lascelles, my cousin Frank's eldest son, who is in the army, Dr Frank and his wife, who is an aunt of Lilah's, were there, a good worthy pair. Lilah's daughter, "Beasie," in great beauty.

On the *9th July* to a very hot ball at Bridgwater House. I was glad to meet there Lady Haldon, who had seen much of poor Percy Ffrench during his last illness at Naples.

On the *11th*, Lady Walsingham brought her granddaughters to tea at my house, the two Donna Colonnas, also a Polish lady. The young ladies are very pleasing; the youngest is handsome.

On *Sunday, 12th July*, I went with Frank to morning service at St Paul's, afterwards having luncheon with the Archdeacon and his sister, Miss Janet Sinclair, at the Chapter House. They (the Archdeacon and three elderly choristers) had some glee-singing after; it reminded me of the description Samuel Pepys gives of his musical pastimes—the old tunes, and the men's voices.

On the *13th*, broiled in the gardens of Buckingham Palace from five till seven, in a detestable "top" hat and an equally uncomfortable frock-coat. There were some five thousand people there; the sight a pretty one. The grounds are beautiful, and the great numbers of ladies made pretty patches of bright colour. The refreshment tents much crowded.

On the *15th of July* took place the unveiling of Mr C. C. Walker's (of the Old Hall, Lillieshall) monument to Heminge and Condell in the churchyard of St Mary at Aldermanbury, near the Mansion House. The ceremony was well ordered, and I liked the monument, an excellent bronze bust of the Bard, with a good inscription, one to the point. The Lord Mayor, Sir W. Wilkin, came in state. Mr Bayard, Sir Henry Irving, Sir T. Martin, were there. After a service in the church, we all adjourned to the churchyard, where some speeches were made. Bayard was rather indistinct, but one heard every word of Irving's address; he was loudly cheered when leaving by the crowd outside. After this a big luncheon was given in the "Long Parlour" of the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor. I sat next to Mrs Walker, wife of the donor; she is German. One was glad for the sake of the good old man that everything had turned out so satisfactorily, as he has taken great trouble, and probably gone to great expense in this undertaking. We have had a good deal of correspondence on the subject. People are leaving town now in shoals, and the tiresome season is at its final gasp.

On the *24th of July* I went to Ascot, on a visit to Hamilton Aïdé and the Colliers. Mrs Hodgson Burnett came for the day, an interested and interesting lady, with pretty golden hair and a pleasant, sunny face and expression,

Early in August I passed some time at Harrogate, staying at the Granby Hotel, where my friends the Whitakers were already residing. I had been feeling unwell, the consequence of gout, of the kind called "suppressed," and my doctors had recommended a course of the very nasty Harrogate waters. I found there had been greater sufferers than myself in my house, and a few days before leaving London I had sent off my housekeeper to Bath. "I feel quite mortified and ashamed of myself to think how long it is since she (nine years) has been there, poor thing; we think far too little of the comforts and even the necessities of those we employ. I should of course have given her the benefit of the cure every year—*mea culpa!* and now, unwell myself, and trying by coming to this place to get back my health, I feel more than ever how neglectful I have been of others." Benson's company were then performing at Harrogate. This was a great resource. I have attended more plays here than I have during the last three or four years. The plays, all Shakespearian, were admirably acted and produced, notwithstanding the disadvantage of wretched scenery and a small stage. Frank Rodney, an excellent player, is one of the company; him I have known for long. My other dissipations here have been a flower and a horse show, and I have been busy correcting the proofs of that interminable De Brosses' translation. I fear it bristles with mistakes, but Frank Hird has been kind enough to correct the proof before it goes back to the printers, so I hope the worst of the mistakes will be eradicated.

Poor Millais' sufferings came to an end last Thursday (*13th August*). He is to be buried at St Paul's. His loss is far greater to English art than was Leighton's. I believe his fame will increase with the lapse of time; he was certainly the most distinguished and energetic of our painters. He deserves a niche among the very greatest painters of all countries. To me he was always most kind and generous. The last time I saw him was when I took Pierre Troubetzkoi to him, the summer before last; he was even then very husky, but looked his old self. That terrible cancer of the throat seems often to attack the most healthy and robust in appearance.

Leaving Harrogate towards the end of August, I paid a visit to Dunrobin. I was glad to leave that place (Harrogate) and to finish imbibing those foul-tasting waters, but sorry to leave the Whitakers, she still so full of deepest

sadness for the loss of her mother. The day before leaving, Whitaker and I went to Fountains Abbey, where a so-called pageant took place, consisting of a procession which purported to represent the chief personages of English history from the times of Boadicea to those of Victoria. I had visited Fountains Abbey in the summer of '74, when Lord Ripon had taken me over the beautiful ruins of that matchless abbey. This time it was very different. We found the place full of a crowd of sight-seers, and the ruins crammed full with the performers of the Show, who took shelter there from a heavy downpour. The sight, but for the rain, would have been a pretty one.

While at Dunrobin I made the acquaintance of a distinguished American, Mr Albert H. Whitin, who was making an artistic tour through Great Britain, his *specialité* historical portraits; so we had much in common. He told me that he came to Dunrobin principally to see the Orkney portrait of Mary Stuart; and he agreed with me that it could not date farther back than the time of Charles II.

Lord Loch and his family were in Sutherland, living at his old home, Uppat House, near Dunrobin. It was a pleasure to find him and his at that pleasant old place again. The Lochs have two daughters at Uppat, and a Miss Hayward, and a brother of Lord Loch's, William, rather like George Loch; he is eighty-two, but does not look seventy. The Lochs walked with me through the devastated woods (shattered by the great cyclone three years since) to the beautiful granite Temple which my parents erected to the memory of old James Loch—Lord Loch's father. They both speak with deep feeling of my dearest mother; it is a real pleasure to find—what, alas! is so rare nowadays—those who knew and could appreciate her.

Calling on Mr Joas at the manse at Golspie, on the *25th*, I found there Mr Nicholson, the Librarian of the Bodleian. He is writing a book on Golspie and its folk-lore. He has for many years past been an annual visitor at the "Sutherland Arms" here.

Millie took me to see some new houses she is interested in at Golspie, a Sailors' Club, and the home of a local nurse. She shows keen interest in the welfare of the place and people.

On the *29th August*, with my nephew and Mr Joas, in the yacht to Cromarty Bay; we landed, and were met by Lily Cromartie and her daughters Sibell and Constance

(the eldest of these is eighteen), and Lily's husband, R. Cazenove. Both my great-nieces, although they cannot be said to be strictly handsome, have bright manners and pleasant, pretty, childlike ways about them. The next day, a Sunday (*30th August*), we went up to Tarbat House; its delightful old-fashioned garden, a blaze of colour, smelt deliciously sweet. The day after we left Cromarty Bay the weather had become stormy, and we gave up a cruise to the North, and, instead, put in at Invergordon. The weather getting worse we landed, and returned from Fortrose by train to Dunrobin.

The Volunteer Review was the next item at Dunrobin —always a picturesque sight, with that background of castle and sea. "An interesting person has been staying here," I write on the *3rd of September*, "a Miss Shaw—who writes for the *Times* on colonial matters. She left the morning after our return from yachting, so I had little opportunity of making much acquaintance with her; but on the previous evening, and on the morning that she left, we had some talk. The Rossmores have also been here—she a pretty person, he a good type of the red-hot Orange Irish Landlord.

DUNROBIN, *6th September.*

I have been in the gardens, and all about the place—my final visit to these loved spots, so full of old memories—and this afternoon with Rosebery along the shore, as far as the Pictish Tower at Strath Steven. When alone with him he is pleasant, and drops a good deal of his cynical manner. His admiration for this place is very great; he admires it more than Windsor. He is much aged in looks since I met him here two years ago, and is getting rapidly grey; he is still very like Archie Campbell. He talked of Eton days, where, he says, he was very happy, much more so than when at Oxford. With me, I told him, it was the reverse, far happier at College than I was at school. I am as sorry to leave Dunrobin as in parting with a loved old friend.

On the *8th of September* I attended the wedding of my cousin "Veta" Gower (the Granvilles' eldest daughter) with Harold Russell, eldest son of Lord Arthur, at St Mary's, Kensington. After the service Lady Granville received the wedding guests in Kensington Palace; her small rooms there somewhat crowded.

VENICE, *27th September.*

In the *Daily Mail* of Friday last I see the sad announcement of the death of my niece, Elizabeth Clough Taylor. She was my eldest sister, Elizabeth Argyll's, second daughter, and must have been about forty. The saddest part of this is her leaving two children motherless—a boy, and a delightful little girl, "Lesly." "Libby" had a strain of humour, and was of a kind, affectionate nature.

VENICE, *7th October.*

Horatio Brown, Mr Armstrong, of Queen's College, Oxford, a writer of historical books, who has been staying here, and I made an expedition last Sunday to Vicenza, driving thence to Soave, a couple of hours. Soave is most picturesquely situated, crowned by a fine castle, which has been well restored by its present owner. The view from its battlements over the fruitful plains is very striking, the hills dotted with villages, with the distant sea beyond. The day had been gloriously fine, great banks of splendid clouds resting over the hills. The sunsets of late have been most beautiful; they are one of the joys of beautiful Venice.

By the middle of October I was in Rome, where I write: "Rome I prefer to any place, for here I feel life worth having, and never the dulness and depression of spirits visit me here that I have elsewhere, and the feeling of rest and tranquillity, with occupation and interest in the beauty of the place, is the cause, I think, of this; besides, here, in Rome, unlike some people, I feel mentally and physically better than in any other spot; these alone are good reasons for liking the Eternal City."

25th October.

Luncheon at the Embassy. Sir Clare Ford in very good vein. The Trabias of Palermo, and some Attachés, and a poor little Turkish Ambassador, were there. A new Attaché, Beauchamp Brown, seems to be an addition to the amenities of this somewhat dull Embassy.

A torchlight procession that evening in front of the Quirinal, and fireworks on the Janiculum, which I watched from the Ponte Garibaldi. The prettiest of the illuminations consisted of bars of light across and all down the Via Nazionale.

ROME, *28th October.*

We have had a brilliantly fine week for the Royal wedding, and its attendant festivities, and Rome is, and has been, looking its best, which is saying much. The animation in the streets, the cheerful and well-behaved crowds, and the general look of rejoicing, have been the most marked features. On the *23rd*, the bride, Princess Helena of Montenegro arrived. I saw her drive in from the Piazza dei Termini, close to my hotel (the Grand). She is pretty, but not very distinguished-looking, with large, dark eyes, but a sallow complexion, and to judge by her portraits, she has very little expression. On the *24th* the royal wedding took place. Had I thought of it I might have got a ticket for the inside of the church, that of S. Maria degli Angeli; but not having done so, I contented myself by seeing the outward show from the tribune that had been erected near the fountain in the piazza before the church, where my American friend, Frank Blackinton, was my neighbour. The show of royal carriages was a pretty one, but one missed all sounds of rejoicing; not a single wedding-bell was rung, and there was hardly any military music during the whole time that the wedding lasted. The Italians do not cheer, but the royalties received a cordial reception.

That afternoon I went to the gardens of the Villa Medici—one of the loveliest places in Rome. I think nothing can be more delightful than the view of St Peter's from the terrace of its garden, and the ilex wood leading up to the little belvedere from which all Rome lies at one's feet.

6th November.

The papers to-day announce that Edward Carr Glyn has been appointed Bishop of Peterborough. Both he and Mary will be terribly missed in Kensington, but I am glad he has got the appointment, as he is a most deserving, hard-working man. The papers also announce that M'Kinley is elected President of the United States. Visiting the Church of St Gregorio to-day; the view towards the Palatine was like a landscape by Claude—the Palace ruins bathed in a silvery light: also the view from the gardens of St Giovanni è Paolo of the Coliseum was a sight to be remembered, for it was one of those wonderfully luminous

evenings after heavy rain, when all nature seems to be bathed in an almost unearthly light.

On *Christmas Day* I dined at the Embassy, where I had much talk with Mr Stillman, correspondent in Rome and at Athens of the *Times*. He knows Montenegro well, which he has frequently visited, and speaks with the greatest admiration of that heroic little race. Every Montenegrin, he said, considers himself equal to ten Turks in the field. He affirms that Gladstone's admiration for the Montenegrins is all owing to him. He is a great admirer of Crispi. He said England had not behaved well to Crispi in the Abyssinian matter, and that it was owing to the Italian Premier relying on England that that most unfortunate war, ending in disaster, was undertaken. He thought Lord Salisbury had allowed himself to be intimidated by France and Russia, and that he had lost a great opportunity two years ago in not joining the "*triplice*," an opportunity which will never recur. Stillman says he will retire from his post on the *Times* next year, when he will be seventy; he looks more than his age.

1897

Arthur Symonds, poet, one of the chiefs of a rather morbid school of English decadent writers, a follower and admirer of Huysmans, but a very agreeable companion, was then in Rome. On the *6th January*, with H. Brown, Miss Madge Symonds, and Arthur Symonds, went to Frascati and Albano; we also visited the lake of Nemi. The views were lovely, but it is yet too early for this expedition.

8th January.

Signor Venturi, who is the head of the Fine Art Societies here, came to luncheon; an agreeable, quiet, well-informed man; tall, and looks delicate. He is engaged in bringing out a superbly illustrated edition of Vasari's "Lives," which Horatio has begun to translate, with which work he has occupied his early mornings here. Miss Madge Symonds has returned to Perugia, where she is working on a book on that town. All these busy people around me make me feel uncommonly idle, and I must soon set to work on something. I have an idea of writing an account of the Tower of London; it is a fine subject, which I don't think has yet been properly done. At length my translation of De Brosses' letters has appeared. It forms a handsome quarto of about three hundred pages, and is neatly bound in pale green buckram, the paper and type both beautiful. Copies of the book have been placed in the window of Spithoever's bookshop, in the Piazza di Spagna, where the genial profile of the old Burgundian (for the book has the portrait of De Brosses opposite the title-page) seems again to survey the spot in which he and his fellow-travellers lived while in the Eternal City; for they had apartments at the foot of those vast stairs of the Trinita dei Monte.

Hendrick Andersen, a clever young Norwegian sculptor, was then working in Rome on some colossal statues, also drawing portraits in black chalk. I sat to him at the end of *January* for one of these. On looking at it, I felt inclined to exclaim, like Charles II., "Odd's fish, if I am like that, I am an ugly fellow!"

On the *5th February* Frank Hird appeared. He had been in Egypt, and now he and I are off to Corsica to meet Hamilton Aïdé there. A day or two before leaving Rome we called at the Villa Medici. I had a letter from François Flaming, the painter, for the Director, Mons. Guillaume, the well-known sculptor. We—Andersen, Frank and I—had a pleasant interview with the kind old gentleman, who is an admirable specimen of the now very rare type (if it ever existed) of "grand seigneur" artist. On my asking him whether the splendid head of the Apollo in the garden of the Villa had been cast, he said it had, and gave me a copy, which I was delighted to accept.

On the *8th* we left Rome—going to Nice *viâ* Genoa. Of the former place I have had a kind of horror, ever since my sister Evelyn Blantyre's death there in '68. I have hardly been there since. It is a place which seems to me a huge sink in which all the scum and riff-raff of Europe congregates.

NICE, *February*.

Nice is crowding for the approaching Carnival, which we shall be glad not to attend. The streets are choked with a horrible flash mob. This place is a combination of Rosherville, Margate, with a strong smack of garlicky Marseilles, and we were glad to pass the day after we arrived out of it, Frank going to Mentone, I to Cannes, where I passed a delightful day, that of the *12th* of *February*, I drove from the station at Cannes to the Villa Thorance, where in the winter of '79 I spent some weeks—Westminster having taken it from the old Duchess of Montrose, at the beginning of my sister's illness. Then it was quite an unpretentious villa; it is now a palace, thanks to Lord Rendel's good taste, and an outlay that must have been lavish. The house is three times its former size, and splendid to behold in its crisp white stone richly carved. Beneath the

villa there are terraces, and a garden full of splendid palms and eucalyptuses, the last the finest I have ever seen. Fountains play and splash among the verdure; these and the lovely view over the town and sea and hills which surround Cannes, make the place appear like one of Dizzy's *châteaux d'Espagne* described in one of his most florid moods. Here Lord Rendel has given hospitality to the Gladstones for several winters in succession. I sent in my card, and soon after Helen Gladstone came and told me that her father would come to me at half-past twelve, and that luncheon would be at one. It was then noon, and I passed half-an-hour in wandering in the well-remembered grounds. On returning to the terrace I found Mrs Gladstone with Lord Rendel. The dear old lady was, I thought, much aged since last summer, when I saw her at Hawarden, but as full of kindness as ever. In a few moments Mr Gladstone came down the terrace steps to us, bare-headed, and without a great-coat, dressed in a pale blue coloured serge suit, and looking extraordinarily well and vigorous. Lord Rendel had Mr Gladstone's hat and great-coat brought from the house, and we sat chatting on the terrace, till we were called in for luncheon at one o'clock. Besides the Gladstones, and Helen Gladstone, there were the Rendels, two daughters, and a couple of nameless ladies. I sat between him and Lady Rendel, on the side of his "good ear," as he calls his right side.

The conversation embraced many years, subjects, places, and people. Among other subjects, Mr Gladstone recalled his recollections of the most conspicuously beautiful women that he had known; of these Mrs William Ashley, he said, was the most beautiful. "When," he said, "in St Peter's, in '37, she quite knocked me down by her beauty." I asked him if it was on that occasion that Macaulay introduced himself to him. "Not on that day," he answered, "but at that time." He then went on to say that on Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St Peter's, Mr Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.

Mr Gladstone is reading Zola's "Rome" with deep interest, and believes the young hero priest in that novel to be intended for Lamennais. He also had read, but had not approved of, a novel by Zola called "Le Frère Paschal," in which there is a most graphically described scene of death by spontaneous combustion. After the ladies had left the dining-room we sat over coffee and

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 10.

By William Behnes.]

[*To face page* 212.

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 10.

By William Behnes.] [*To face page* 212.

cigarettes (Mr Gladstone does not smoke), until Lord Rendel said he must take us over the grounds of his villa. Mr and Mrs Gladstone drove in a pony carriage, while Lord Rendel and I walked up to the back of the hill, which has been transformed into a large grass-swathed garden, whence there are beautiful views over the sea. Returning down the hill, the Gladstones walked back to the house with us, occasionally resting on a garden-seat to enjoy the view, and the sun, which had now come out. It was nearly four o'clock, and I had to catch my train, for which Lord Rendel had thoughtfully ordered a Victoria. The dear old couple volunteered to come with me to the station, and we drove away together, I on the dickey—although both Mr and Mrs Gladstone made urgent efforts that I should sit between them! Thus ended a most pleasant and interesting visit.

After Cannes, Nice looked more like a rowdy "Hall by the Sea" than ever.

AJACCIO, *21st February.*

We have had a week of glorious weather in this beautiful place; the moonlight nights have been perfect. I never came to a place which pleased me more; it is far more beautiful than I had expected.

Lady Burdett-Coutts, "the Baroness," as she is invariably called, is in this hotel, the "Continental," and I have seen more of the dear, kind old lady these few last days than in the whole of my previous existence. She looks wonderfully young for her eighty-two years. I cannot see that she looks a day older than she did a quarter of a century ago. I think she is the only person now living who knew my grandmother, the Duchess Countess, who, Lady Burdett-Coutts told me, was most kind to her when she was a young girl just coming out in the world.

We called ("we" always being Hamilton Aïdé, Frank Hird and self), with the Dartmouths and their pleasant children—the eldest son Lewisham and a smaller boy, two daughters, and a cousin, Walter Legge—on an old Englishman named Bradshaw, who lives near our hotel in a house in the midst of a pretty garden with a German named Strasse and his pleasant young English wife. The villa was left him by an old Miss Campbell, who reigned in Ajaccio some years ago, and who employed herself by collecting shells.

Next day (*17th February*) Lady Burdett-Coutts asked me to meet an old *chanoine*, Padre Salicati, a delightful old priest, who talked incessantly, and was most interesting on subjects relating to the island, of which I urged him, backed by the Baroness, to write an account, or at any rate his recollections of Corsica and its people. He is a native of Paoli's birthplace, and had the honour of being sent to England to bring back that patriot's bones from London, where they had been placed in the cemetery of St Pancras.

On the *19th* we had an enjoyable day's outing, a picnic with the Dartmouths at a pretty villa among the hills, once a Bonaparte property, whence the views are divinely beautiful. I was much interested by seeing a place among the rocks which Napoleon's mother is said to have been fond of visiting. It was from a house near by that she and her children took flight when obliged to leave Ajaccio. What is most interesting here is the fact that the town and the country around cannot be much changed since the days of Letitia Bonaparte, with the exception of a few new houses, villas and roads; in all respects the place looks much like what it must have done in 1779, when the future Emperor appeared so unexpectedly in the ugly house in an old street in this town of Ajaccio. I imagine Ajaccio to be one of the best, if not the best, winter places within two days' journey of London, for it is quite as warm as Palermo, and certainly in every way preferable to Naples. Alec Yorke, who has lately arrived here from Marseilles rather unwell, now says he feels better than he has for a year, and the last fortnight here has done us all good. May one "be spared" (as the Scotch say) to see these lovely hills of Corsica again. The walks here by the sea are delightful. Among the rocks one can find quantities of those lovely translucent shells which we used to call "Venus's Ears."

Among other places we have visited is one called Casteluccio, where from a terraced garden one commands a view of the snow-capped hills in the centre of the island.

One day the Baroness had a coffee party, in the hotel gardens, for the children of the Countess Pozzo di Borgo—two stout girls, with their handsome French mother, and a beautiful dark-eyed lad of ten, like a Bronzino; the old *chanoine* came too.

One evening the Dartmouths, after dinner, went out in the bay, spearing fish from a boat; the sailors burning lights had a pretty effect, reflected in the water.

On the *24th* we saw some places of interest in the town—Napoleon's birthplace, the Town Hall and the Cathedral. The first is very interesting, and would be still more so, could one be certain that the furniture it contains was actually the same as was there in the days of Napoleon's parents—the sofa on which he is said to have been born, the old Sedan chair in which on that occasion his mother was so suddenly brought back in from the Cathedral, etc.[1] In the hall of the Hotel de Ville are some interesting Napoleonic portraits—the full-length of the Emperor in his coronation robes, by, or after, David, and some others of his brothers, and two wretched copies of the full-lengths of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, after Winterhalter. What interested me most there was a landscape, over the entrance door, representing a youth seated under a tree. This painting the caretaker who shows one over the building affirmed to be a picture of Napoleon; but it is probably that of one of his brothers. The Cathedral is an ugly, squalid, hideously decorated building, but of interest from its associations with the Bonapartes; and the baptismal font of *café au lait* coloured marble is indubitably that in which the great conqueror was christened. This church is within a few yards of Napoleon's old home.

That evening I dined alone with Lady Burdett-Coutts. She was most interesting and agreeable; talked much of old days, and of people she had known, including my grandmother, the Duchess Countess.

Two days after, we visited Cauro, a beautifully situated village among the hills, picnicking on a terrace of a little inn overlooking the road, and then strolled some way up the hill to St George; the views superb.

On the *26th* we passed the day at a picturesque place called Barbicaya, half park, half garden, on the way to the "Isles Sanguinaires." There is a small house on this property, now let, formerly belonging to a General Hayward. Here, on the grass, a most luxurious picnic was spread. Our hosts were Dr Trotter and his pleasant

[1] Later on it will be seen that one can rely on this Napoleonic furniture being that used by the Emperor's parents.

wife; there were some twenty of us: all the Dartmouths came, and many friends of the Trotters. After the picnic, some of us climbed up a steep hill to a cave at the top; there were only some half-dozen of the party who performed the feat, including Dartmouth and his young cousin, Walter Legge, and the Doctor, who acted as our guide. It was an effort, but the labour was well repaid by the splendid views we had at the summit of the hill, and all the way back to the hotel. As we wended our way along the brow of the hill, the sunset steeped the mountains in a rosy glow.

On the *27th of February* "King Carnival," as they call him here, appeared. His jovial Majesty came by sea. Our English contingent was increased here by the arrival of the Lichfields, with a daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen. Lady Lichfield is a sister of Lady Dartmouth's.

That morning as I was watching Dartmouth and Dr Trotter playing lawn-tennis on the field near Napoleon's cave, the former shouted out: "The Hertford Collection is left to the nation!" This good news was brought that morning from France by the Lichfields. Since hearing of Lady Wallace's death, one had felt quite uneasy about the fate of that glorious collection in Manchester Square; to know that one's hopes had been realized was a real happiness. England will now possess by far the finest art collection that has been brought together in our time.

We all went down to the port after dinner to see the arrival of "King Carnival." What with the boats all lighted up by Japanese lanterns, and the soldiers on the quay holding flaming torches, with the red, blue and green lights burning around, the scene was quite brilliant.

On *Sunday, 28th February*, the Carnival was in full swing. I went to the High Mass at the Cathedral, at which the old *chanoine* figured conspicuously as he processed round the building, under a kind of palanquin, all of gold and silver brocade, borne by three priests on either side, he holding the Monstrance high before him. All that afternoon we were pelting and being pelted with paper *confetti* in the Place du Diamant. The ground was inches deep in green, red and yellow paper. Dartmouth was the foremost in the fun, and enjoyed himself like a schoolboy; also Frank, while both Hamilton and Alec tried to appear dignified and indifferent to the showers of

paper with which they were liberally covered. Both had at length to become aggressors as well as aggressed.

On the 1*st March* we went to a ball at the "Cyrnos Palace Hotel," given by the Strasses. The best part of the evening's entertainment was a very long, and a very lively, "Sir Roger de Coverley," which evidently filled the French present with surprise, but many joined in the gay dance.

Another evening Alec Yorke gave a "one-man" (himself) entertainment after dinner, in the Baroness's sitting-room—imitations of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Irving, Buckstone, and others, all uncommonly good. Old Mr Bradshaw was so convulsed with laughing that he nearly rolled off his chair.

On the 3*rd March* (*Ash Wednesday*) we watched in the afternoon a "Battle of Flowers," sadly marred by rain. In the evening the gigantic figure of King Carnival, mounted on a donkey, was burnt *cor. pub.*

One morning early that month we went to see a wild boar hunt, which had been got up by the Prefect. We drove to a place near the "Isles Sanguinaires," going up a hill, on which we lay for a couple of hours among the *maquis* (underwood). We had been enjoined to keep silence, and spoke hardly a word. At the end of three hours of silence, as no wild boar had been seen, we returned to our hotel. Some of the others, however, stayed on for fresh exploits, and, after being out all day long, returned in the evening without having seen even a bristle. "The Baroness" had taken places in the theatre for a dozen people. We all went, and saw a very stupid play called *L'Empereur*. It began at eight, and by ten we had had enough; for the play consisted of a succession of dull scenes, taken more or less from episodes in the life of the Emperor. The least bad of these was a scene between him and the Pope. The next day we crossed the bay in a steamer to Chiavari, but we had barely time to picnic there, as, the wind getting up, the captain ordered us soon on board. We dined with the Trotters, and Alec Yorke performed his imitations to a most appreciative audience.

The next day we visited Afa, a little hamlet situated among Scottish-looking hills, which Hamilton Aïdé sketched, and the next day we went to a huge villa which an eccentric Pozzo di Borgo has built at the top of a mountain,

from the remains of the burnt palace of the Tuileries, placed some two thousand feet above the plain. The view from the plateau in front of the building, over Ajaccio and the mountains behind, is grand. We went into the villa, which is handsome, and contains many relics of the famous Ambassador and Minister, Pozzo di Borgo, the bitter enemy of the Emperor. There is a curious life-size portrait of Napoleon in his campaigning dress and grey cloak, and a good kit-cat of Paoli, whose portrait was new to me. The bedrooms look rather as if furnished by Maple. It would be a delightful house were it in a town, but placed where it is, it is an absurdity.

The following day we visited another place belonging to the Pozzo di Borgos. This is the Châlet du Scudo, a pretty spot on the shore, in the direction of the "Isles Sanguinaires." There we found our Irish artist friend, Thaddeus, painting from a peasant lad. He has been in this island some time, and has made some clever studies. The Scudo is a delightful spot—a pretty shore-front, with a picturesque wild garden at the back, in which stands the châlet-villa.

On the 14*th of March* Lady Burdett-Coutts asked me to call with her on an old lady, a distant connection of Napoleon's mother, Letitia Ramolino. This old lady bears the name of Madame Ramolino. We climbed up to a third flat in a house near this hotel, and within found a little old lady, apparently of about eighty, with good features and a good deal of charm of manner. The only person with her was one of her daughters, who appears over fifty. The old lady talked much—a great deal about old days. She has only left this island on three occasions, each time to go to Paris; the first of these was in the year '50. The late Emperor and the Empress Eugénie made much of her, both in Paris and when they came here. At one time the house in which Napoleon was born belonged to this old lady; but she gave it to Joseph Bonaparte, retaining the furniture, which she removed, and this furniture was bought by the late Emperor and replaced in the house from whence it had come; so that, apparently, the furniture one now sees there is that which belonged to the Bonaparte family. Madame Ramolino said that it had been much maltreated, and that some of it had been stolen from the house. Among other things which had disappeared was a piece of sculpture, of Greek

workmanship, which had been brought to Ajaccio by Napoleon Bonaparte from Egypt. Some one is said to have seen this in Fould's house in Paris. The kind old lady said she had nothing belonging to her now of Madame Mère's except a few wine-glasses, and she insisted on both the Baroness and myself taking each one of these; they are long-necked liqueur glasses of dull glass. I felt disinclined to take the glass, but Lady Burdett-Coutts told me she would take one, and that she thought I should do likewise, so I obeyed. I believe the relationship of the old lady to Madame Mère was that her husband was the first cousin of that lady's. There was a portrait of Napoleon in the house, but the *appartement* in which it hangs was let, so we could not see it.

Very early on the morning of the *15th March* we went by train to Tivario, where we intended driving back across the forest. However, the snow lay so thick on the road that the little horses which drew our little trap could not reach Boccognano, and we had perforce to return to Vizzavono, where we had a couple of hours to wait for our return train to Ajaccio. Although we had not been able to carry out our intention, we had had a pleasant day's outing, and picnicked at a pretty spot on the roadside overlooking a grand panorama.

On the *17th* we started on a three days' drive. It was one of the most beautiful expeditions that I have made. We went over some hundred miles of splendid road, in perfect weather, and through some of the finest scenery that one can imagine. Nothing that I have seen in and out of Europe can beat the grandeur of the road between Evisa and Piano. We had a capital little carriage, two excellent little horses, and our coachman, "Jacques," was an intelligent and willing Jehu. Our first day was to Vico—*viâ* Calcatoggia—at which place we arrived at noon, where we waited for a couple of hours. We reached Vico at five, and put up at the not-attractive inn. The beds, however, were clean, and we had brought out provisions, as we were warned that the food at the inn was of the poorest. Hamilton Aïdé had a pot of Bovril with him, from which he manufactured excellent soup. Right in front of the village towers a splendid mountain range, called Balogna. The moon rose as the setting sun cast rosy shadows on the clouds gathering above the mountain peaks.

We left Vico at eight o'clock the next day, driving up a long ascent, along a road fringed with ilex woods, which grow there in splendid profusion. We picnicked near Cristinacce, reaching Evisa at three, where we put up at the inn kept by a civil old landlord, named Gigli, whose son acted as our guide, taking us up through the chestnut-tree forest to a place among huge boulders of rocks, to a belvedere from whence the view of the granite cliffs (which are of a deep rosy hue), with the distant sea, is incomparably beautiful. A huge gorge separates these cliffs into two huge chasms, through which rushes a mountain torrent. Nothing that I have seen in the Rocky Mountains is as fine as this green island mountain chain of Evisa. Later on we had a splendid full moon,

Next morning Hamilton Aïdé was sketching soon after seven, and at eight we left Evisa, and for the next three hours drove through magnificent scenery. The almost perpendicular cliffs of rosy granite, flecked with vivid and dull green-coloured bushwood, are indescribably beautiful, and with the sea below form a vision of loveliness—and we had the good fortune to see this on a perfect morning. We reached Piano at noon; thence a drive of some four hours brought us to Cargese, where we put up for the night at a very rough *albergo*, which rejoices in the name of the "Hotel Continental!" But the beds were clean, and the good people of the place civil and obliging, as they appear to be everywhere on this island. A widow with seven children had all the work to do, and we gave her little trouble. Our pleasant expedition ended on the following day. Leaving Cargese at nine, we reached Calcataggio at noon, and there by the roadside, in a pretty *bosquet*, we had our mid-day meal under the trees. Most of that afternoon we drove by the shore, the sea a deep blue, flecked with white, from the silver-lined waves breaking on the rocky strand. At five we were back again in Ajaccio, in our comfortable quarters, after a most enjoyable expedition, which, under similar circumstances, I should be glad to repeat; but alas! in this world nothing can be repeated. Hamilton Aïdé has brought back quite a small collection of capital water-colour sketches of the beautiful places we had visited. I regret my stupidity and laziness in having completely given up my sketching—although I should never have succeeded in giving even a faint idea of the wonderful beauty of form and colour of those places which we have seen during the last few days.

AJACCIO, *28th March.*

Our last week at this delightful place has ended; Frank left to-day for Marseilles. Last Sunday (*21st March*) we went to Scudo, where we found "Thady" painting a portrait of the little Pozzo di Borgo boy, and two days later, when again in that pretty wild garden, we found quite a number of the Pozzo family. We were shown some pictures by Longhi in the villa, by Count François, a brother of the Duke's, which he had got in Paris—one with a hippopotamus, like the Longhi in our National Gallery.

One evening the Baroness gave a large dinner, succeeded by fireworks in the hotel garden, and by a ball in the dining-room; not so successful as that in the Hôtel Cyrnos. Perhaps Alec Yorke's absence accounted for some loss of gaiety.

On the *31st of March* I arrived with Hamilton Aïdé at Nice, where we were the guests of the Bodleys at the Villa Damianti. This is a pretty little house in a garden, but all places after Ajaccio seem to look less well than if one had not come from there so recently, and Nice itself I always think detestable. H. Aïdé left for St Raphael, and his place was filled by Alec Yorke. I went up to Cimiez, to write my name in the Queen's book at the huge and hideous "Hôtel Regina"—which looks like some monstrous stage decoration, with grotesque pinnacles and ugly, bloated, white-domed towers. The day after, the Campbell Clarkes came to luncheon, and Alec York left for Marseilles.

2nd April.

About the town, very dusty. Nice is as unpleasant as it is possible for a place to be. Were it not for my kind hosts, I should not stay an hour longer here.

NICE, *7th April.*

I have now been here a week, and intended leaving for Paris yesterday, but a gendarme arrived early in the morning, as I was packing up my things, with a "command" to dine with the Queen.

On the *5th April* Mrs Bodley drove me to the English cemetery, where, in November '69, my sister Evelyn

Blantyre was buried. We had no trouble in finding the grave—a plain white marble cross, with her name, date of birth and death cut out on the marble below. I gathered some rose-leaves near it to send her daughters.

Three of the Queen's ladies came here to tea that evening—Lady Antrim, a very distinguished-looking dame (whose father was General Grey), Miss Harriet Phipps, and Miss Bulteel. During the last few evenings, mine host has read aloud to his charming little wife and me his proofs and MSS. of the book he is writing on France, on which he has spent so much time. Only the first volume is completed. He intends to add two more, but if they take as long to write as the first, the next century will be well on before they appear. What he has written is very good, and most of it very interesting; but France is such a changeable country that long before the book is completed the whole structure of its government will probably be changed from its present state.

My "command" from the Queen's - "Equerry - in Attendance" stated that the dinner hour at the Hotel Regina was at a quarter to nine. On arriving, I found W. Carrington, the Equerry-in-Waiting, in a brightly-lighted sitting-room, and we were soon joined by a naval officer from H.M.S. *Hawke*—the warship which had recently arrived from Malta. Then came in a handsome, elderly French General, with many stars and orders, followed by a couple of little French captains; these dined with the "household." Soon after half-past eight we trooped into the Queen's drawing-room, the walls of which are covered with red paper, and hung with some tolerably bad paintings, lent by the old picture-dealer Gambart, who has a large villa near Nice. In this room we found the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd-Carpenter) and his wife, a very agreeable lady. Then Lady Antrim entered and completed the party. We were then told by Carrington to place ourselves near the door by which the Queen would come in. It was a trying moment. Soon, however, our trial was over, when the old major-domo opened the door and announced, "The Queen." Her Majesty walked into the room, leaning on the arm of one of the Indians, who wore a striped turban. The old General made his bow, and the Queen held out her hand to me. I knelt and kissed her hand; she said, "Very glad to see you, Ronald." We then followed Her Majesty into the next room—the dining-room—which has a vulgar, glaring paper, on which

hang the full-length, life-size old copies of Ramsay's coronation portraits of George III. and of his queen. These pictures are lent, I am told, to the hotel by the English Consul, Sir James Harris. We were ten at dinner. On the Queen's left sat Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, I next the Princess, and on my other side, Mrs Boyd-Carpenter. Princess Beatrice I had not seen since her widowhood; she looked well in a Marie Stuart widow's cap. Princess Victoria is pleasant. Mrs Boyd-Carpenter talked much all through dinner, and both she and the Bishop were most kind in asking me to pay them a visit when again in Yorkshire.

After dinner, the Queen, who was seated in the middle of the drawing-room, received her guests one after the other. She was amused at the idea of Lorne writing an opera, for I rather naïvely spoke as if he had written the music of an opera: "Not the opera," said her Majesty, "but the story." The Queen had forgotten the place and circumstances connected with my sister Evelyn Blantyre's death here, and inquired much regarding her place of burial. This was a topic of interest to Her Majesty. The Queen looked extremely well in face, but is much bowed, and walks with difficulty, and rises from her chair with still greater. Miss Bulteel and Miss Phipps joined us after dinner. Her Majesty told me she was pleased to have my "De Brosses" book, which I had sent the Queen by Miss Bulteel and Princess Beatrice. I told Her Majesty I hoped it would amuse her. At eleven o'clock the evening came to an end. I walked back from the Cimiez hotel to the Bodleys' villa, and found him sitting up, anxious to know whether I had spoken to Her Majesty about himself and his book. I told him that I had, and that I had mentioned his having been a friend of Prince Leopold's at Oxford, and I hope that he went to bed that night all the happier for the information.

It has been very delightful thus seeing the dear, good Queen in this most interesting year of her reign. I wished I could have had some opportunity, without being bumptious or indiscreet, of saying to her how one wishes Her Majesty every blessing and happiness in the days and, it is to be hoped, years, to come that God may still accord to her most beneficent existence.

TREBOVIR ROAD,
Easter Sunday, 18th April.

Here I am once more in my well-beloved little West End house, surrounded by "lares and penates," my small household all well, including two cats! I was heartily glad to be back, after an absence of nearly seven months, in this snug wigwam, everything looking so spick and span and "sprack," as old Lady Granville would call it.

To return to Nice. As I was getting ready to depart on the morning of the *7th*, a book arrived from the Queen, with a note from Miss Phipps. The book is a "Memoir," by Mr Prothero, of Prince Henry of Battenberg; very short, but not without interest, and with some good portraits of the handsome Prince, one especially so, taken at the time of his marriage. What makes the book precious to me is that the Queen has put her and my name in it. I regret to see that her once splendid handwriting has become somewhat shaky. I left Nice that day, slept at Marseilles that night, and reached Paris at ten the next, again staying at the Hôtel de France and Choiseul in the Rue St Honoré; Paris was cold and wintry.

Frank Hird was in Paris, and we had a Lucullian dinner given and ordered and arranged by Alec Yorke at the Restaurant of the "Bœuf à la Mode," in the Rue de Valois, near the Palais Royal, after which we went to the theatre, where Celine Chaumont, now looking quite old, acted with all her former "verve" and spirit. Another day was passed at Versailles and the Trianons in brilliant sunshine. I never remember seeing the palace chapel looking so gorgeous; it has been most judiciously restored, and looks quite ready to receive a Court in its gilded interior. On Sunday we watched High Mass in Notre Dame, from the gallery above the choir; the Cardinal Archbishop present, and the whole effect very stagey, pompous, but not religious.

After having luncheon at that excellent Restaurant, "La Perousse," on the Quai des Grands Augustins, we went to a *matinée* at the Français. Molière's *Avare* was given, followed by *La Joie fait peur*, in which Coquelin, *cadet*, played the part of the old servant to perfection, and although I have seen Regnier in that *rôle*, I do not think even he acted it better.

I called on Madame Dronsard, the authoress. She intends translating the Duchess Countess's letters from

Paris, in 1789 (which I published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*), in a French magazine. Robert Chanler, a grandson of my old American friend "Uncle Sam," whom I had met a year ago in Rome, at the Elliots', called on me. I took him to see François Flameng at his beautiful house in the Rue Ampère, where we found him at work on a nearly finished picture of the last charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo—a very spirited performance. R. Chanler has a pleasant apartment at 125 in the Champs Elysées; also a pretty fair-haired wife. He is working hard at painting; his ambition is not to be considered a mere amateur. He has been most kind to Hendrick Andersen, my Norwegian sculptor friend in Rome. I also paid my "*belle-sœur*" Grace and Freddy Gower a visit at Versailles, and called on Pomar, the son of Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, who died some years ago, and is buried in Holyrood Chapel. She was under the impression that she was Mary Queen of Scots revivified, and the house, or rather palace, which she and her son built is full of portraits of Maria Reg. Scot., and some good prints of that queen. Most of the remainder of my time in Paris I passed in the Louvre, leaving on *Good Friday, 16th April*, for London, which, after Paris and Ajaccio, did not look very bright; but after all, there is no place to compare with it in the essentials.

Easter Sunday to St Paul's, which was crowded. The singing of the grand old Easter hymn, in which all the congregation appeared to join, was worth coming miles to hear.

Sunday, 25th April.

This last has been an interesting week. On the *19th* I called on "Billy" Russell, who was staying at the Hotel Windsor in Victoria Street, rather unwell, but always cheery and amusing. He promised me then, and has since given me, a letter to Sir Daniel Lysons, the Governor of the Tower—this with a view to the new work I have in my mind's eye, namely, a history of the Tower! May I have the energy and the health to accomplish it—Amen. I made a copy of my old friend's letter to Sir D. Lysons, for it is certainly a most charming introductory letter—

"Copy of W. H. Russell's letter introducing me to Sir Daniel Lysons, V.C., Constable of the Tower."

"ADARE MANOR.

"MY DEAR LYSONS,—I sit down the moment I have arrived here, after adventures, to write a line in compliance with the request of Lord Ronald Gower to make him known to you in connection with a purpose of which he will speak to you, and in which you can render him invaluable assistance from your position, and from your excellent artistic taste and sympathy with art itself, and I do so with great pleasure indeed, for I consider it a privilege to act as introducer in such a case. It will not commend Lord Ronald Gower to you to tell you he is the son of such a one, or the uncle of another one, but you will receive him on the most friendly native footing if you know that he is artist, sculptor, and man of letters, though he calls up fragments of Argylls, Devonshires, Howards, Sutherlands, etc., and in his body corporate he has illustrated the treasures, once of his brother—the Lenoir collection at Stafford House—has written charmingly of Marie Antoinette, of whom he made a very graceful statue marching to the guillotine, written also a very delightful and pathetic study of the Maid of Orleans, his own Reminiscences of a very gay time not long ago, and, above all, executed the Stratford-on-Avon Monument. If these things don't move you to give him welcome, I must come to the last appeal—he is my friend; and I have every confidence that you will admit the force of the appeal on that ground of your, my dear Lysons, ever truly since time long ago,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

I might say with Queen Katherine—

> "After my death I wish no other herald
> . . . . . .
> To keep mine honour from corruption,
> But such an honest chronicler."

On the *22nd of April* I paid Stratford-on-Avon a visit, when I stayed with the Edgar Flowers at the Hill. Mine host introduced me to his new son-in-law, young "Monty" Erskine, who married a year or two ago Miss Florence Flower—a very pleasing, handsome fellow. The two Flower sons, Archie and Fordham, and three daughters were the party, Mrs Edgar being away at Millhill.

Shakespeare's Day followed. We had a meeting of

Trustees in the Memorial Building; afterwards visited the Church, where the tomb is most beautifully bedecked with wreaths of flowers. It gave one a lump in the throat, feeling the beauty of nature as shown by the flowers lying on that sacred stone, beneath which nothing of the Great Immortal now remains but a little dust. Luncheon with Mrs Charles Flower at Avon Bank, widow of my old friend, who had done far and away the greater part of the building and endowment of the Shakespeare Memorial; some dozen people there; among these Miss Constance Kingsley, daughter of the great Charles. I sat by her at luncheon and found her most agreeable and clever; we thoroughly agreed about things both temporal and spiritual. She has a look of her father, at least in the eyes.

We then went to the old Guild Hall in the Grammar School, where Miss Kingsley read an excellent lecture on "Shakespeare in Warwickshire," which, as I told her afterwards, was worthy the subject. In the evening *Henry V.* was given by the Benson Company; the house was packed, with a most appreciative audience. Behind me sat Sir George Trevelyan and his wife. I was sorry to hear from him that he does not intend, as had been said, to publish his uncle, Lord Macaulay's, diary in full; for he thinks that what has already appeared of that diary in the "Life" is sufficient. Perhaps it is, but one would have loved to have read it *all*. Young Charlie Trevelyan has altered his appearance by shaving his moustache. *Henry V.* was admirably given and splendidly mounted. After the play there was quite a large reception on the stage; the Bensons were much commended and congratulated. I left Shakespeareville early the following morning.

Sir Henry Irving had been so kind as to make me the present of his box at the Lyceum one evening. The play was *Madame Sans Gêne*, translated by Comyns Carr. Ellen Terry is delightful as "Madame Sans Gêne," and Irving extraordinarily metamorphosed into a very palpable likeness (but too aged) of the great Corsican; the dresses are superb.

OXFORD, *2nd May*.

I came here yesterday on a short visit to Tom Allen at Queen's. Formerly my chamber consisted of a little room under the roof, near the Hall, of which the only window had iron bars across it. One could not help the un-

comfortable feeling that in the event of a fire one would be grilled alive, as the only approach to the room is by a steep wooden stair. Now, however, I am splendidly lodged, in rooms near to those of my host, and have a sitting-room with a bedroom beyond; the latter looks out on the courtyard of the college, facing the Hall.

On the *28th of April* I paid the Wellingtons a little visit at Strathfieldsaye; Mortimer, near Reading, is their station. The last time I had been to Strathfieldsaye was on the occasion of the late Duke's funeral, some eight years ago, when I drove from Mortimer with Mr Gladstone and the late Dean of Windsor. "Spurgeon," as his friends call the Duke regnant, has been terribly ill during the last year, and was indeed given over once last summer; however, he has made a wonderful rally, and now looks quite robust. Although he can only walk a little on the level, he had been out rook-shooting, in a chair, that morning, and, I regret to say it, had also shot some squirrels. He does not seem to have an idea how near death he was, and that he is still of this world is entirely due to the unremitting care and devotion shown him by his devoted wife, who has never left him a single day, I believe, since they came to Strathfieldsaye last June. The Duchess and I had a walk before dinner, in the gardens; we passed "Copenhagen's" grave, and were followed by half a dozen Chow-chow dogs, of which she is very fond, and also of a delightfully tame Persian grey cat. It was a perfect evening, huge masses of silver-lined clouds gradually fading into a tawny orange under-sky. The party consisted of two girls, Vivian Montgomery and Gwenfra Williams (the Duchess's nieces), Mrs Owen Williams, the Duchess's youthful stepmother (she is the daughter of Sir J. T. Sinclair), and a pleasant old gentleman, Captain Tom Thornton. I had the impression that there were at Strathfieldsaye many pictures relating to the great Duke's campaigns, but I only found a few; of these there are three water-colour paintings by Atkinson, two of which represent Waterloo; there are several portraits of the Duke. There is a fine bust portrait of him by Sir T. Lawrence, and an unfinished equestrian one, in the entrance hall, by Goya. Returned to town the following day.

Next day to luncheon with James Knowles. Lady Wynford, Lady Morris, the pleasant wife of the Irish law-lord and wit, Charles Wyndham, and Miss Mary

Moore, the cheery and pretty actress, and Prince Christian were among the guests. The subject of "tall hats" was introduced, upon which I sent for my brown "pot" hat, and all the men present tried it on, with the exception of Prince Christian, who would none of it. "How can one wear it with a frock-coat?" asked he. "Why wear," said I, "an ugly frock-coat," at which H.R.H. did not look overpleased.

François Flameng came to dinner, and brought with him a little half-length he had painted of me some nineteen years back. Roussel was also my guest. On the *1st of May* I took F. Flameng over the Grosvenor House pictures, Apsley House, with which he was much interested, with his fresh interest in Waterloo; his painting of that battle is now being exhibited at Tooth's Gallery. It is always with rather mixed sensations, I think, that one takes a Frenchman over Apsley House. In the Museum we were joined by Colonel Coxon, the Duke's secretary. Later I went to Oxford.

I called while at Oxford on young Bernard Grenfell, a fellow of Queen's, who is hard at work unravelling and reading obliterated-looking papyri, and made the acquaintance, in the fine Ashmolean Museum, of the Keeper, Arthur Evans, and there met young C. F. Bell (Sir J. Poynter's nephew, I believe), who came one day to see my things in Trebovir Road; he is Assistant-Keeper of that Museum, full of zest for his work. To luncheon at Queen's came young Gunther of the Natural History Museum, whom I met two years ago, when staying with Duchess Teresa at Naples. Loftus Tottenham was also of the party. I had a drive with Mrs Allen in the afternoon. Dined with the Allens and Miss Cunninghame Graham, and next morning saw me back in town.

On *5th May* I called on General Sir Daniel Lysons in Warwick Square, *à propos* of my idea of writing a history of the Tower of London. I found a most delightful old veteran of eighty-two, fresh in colour, with snow-white hair, very lame; in fact Sir Daniel has to use crutches, and the poor old man is going blind, for he tells me he has catarrh in both eyes. We had a good talk. He told me of his Crimean experiences, how he had been twice wounded, and that he still carries a Russian bullet in his thigh, which he received in the Redan. (Since writing this he has sent me his two books; one of these is called "Early

Reminiscences," the other, "From First to Last," an account of his Crimean experiences). He gave me a letter for General Godfrey Clerk, who is now in temporary command of the Tower during General Milman's absence on leave.

That afternoon I went to a huge tea-party given by Mr Astor at his new house, or rather palace, which I believe he calls his "office," on the Embankment, at the corner of Essex Street. It is a most stately mansion, and looks for all the world as if one of the Elizabethan palaces which formerly lined the shores of the Thames had returned in redoubled splendour. The hall is paved with rare marbles; a big gallery above is panelled and roofed with cedar; the library with satin-wood, while his bed-room, which has a huge old Flemish four-poster in it, of the time of Louis XIV., is all empanelled with some rare Eastern wood; the roof is a sheet of lurid gold. I was quite oppressed with the crowd of Duchesses that were there, their Graces of Buckingham, St Albans, and Cleveland among others. The awful tragedy of the day before in Paris, the burning of the Bazaar in the Rue Jean-Goujon, was the general topic. I have heard since from Pomar that he has lost twenty-two friends in that terrible conflagration.

On the *7th May* I paid Lionel Cust and his wife (who was a Lyttelton) a visit for the day at Windsor; they have Mrs Oliphant's (the authoress) house in Clarence Terrace. I walked down to Eton with L. Cust, and left a card on Arthur Benson, but did not ask to see him, as I knew how upset he would be at the sad death of poor young De Grey, who had been mortally hurt by jumping out of a train on returning to Eton two days before, and who had died the previous evening; being the only son of his widowed mother makes this additionally tragic. The playing-fields looked beautiful with their old elm trees in their fresh green livery.

After luncheon I was introduced to the Cust baby in his perambulator on the lawn in front of the house.

On the *8th of May* I began to work on my new task—a history of the Tower of London—going by the underground from Earl's Court to Mark Lane, thence on to the Tower, where I gave my letter from Sir Daniel to General Clerk, whom I found at the Governor's, or the "Queen's" House, for it is known by both appellations, which is in itself a building

of historical interest; for there—but I am not now or here writing the story of the Tower. They—for Mrs Clerk was also there, and as full of interest as the General in the history of the place—took me all over the building. Mrs Clerk reminded me of portraits of Queen Elizabeth, an almost startling resemblance to find in the very house in which that Queen was sometime an inmate. Saturdays and Mondays being free days, and the place full of holiday folk, I contented myself with seeing the Governor's House, leaving the rest of the place to many future visits. That evening I employed in getting up my now all-absorbing subject. I find the best books on the Tower are those by Lord de Ros, published in 1867, very slight, and the earlier works by Bayley and Britton, which are very tedious.

CLIVEDEN, *Sunday, 16th May.*

Here I am for the second time since Mr Astor bought this place. Since my last visit, two years ago, immense alterations and, I must admit, improvements, have been made, both to the outside and, especially, to the interior.

Last Wednesday I went to a party given by the Duchess of Cleveland in the Grafton Galleries, where is now a most interesting exhibition of theatrical portraits, among which my sketch by Lawrence of Maria Siddons looks uncommonly well, though it hangs next to, and above, the splendid Gainsborough of Garrick from Stratford-on-Avon, and that lovely sketch by the same painter of Miss Linley and her brother from Knole.

The next day I passed at the Tower, and feel that I am beginning to know something about it. General Clerk had given orders that I should have a warder told off to take me over the place, and I was lucky in getting an uncommonly intelligent one, named Thomas Lowrie, from Dalkeith. This worthy veteran lives in the Bloody Tower, which he showed me thoroughly. He also took me through all the principal buildings. The following day was also passed in the Tower, where I met Lord Dillon, who has for several years been busy among the collection of armour and arms in the White Tower. It was interesting being shown over the collection by one who knew every detail regarding it, and who could point out the true from the sham, for, unfortunately, among many rare and historical suits of armour, many are false. While I was in the White

Tower the two daughters of the new American Ambassador, Mr Hay, were being taken round by General Clerk and Colonel Colville. I was introduced to them. They seemed much interested in what they were being shown.

Cliveden is in rare beauty, owing somewhat to the wonderful varieties of green that this strangely backward season has made the trees assume. A somewhat large party are here—the Duke of Cambridge, with General Williams, his A.D.C., whom I remember some thirty years ago, when he was in the command of the Artillery at Woolwich, and many others.

The hall and staircase are quite transformed, the walls and ceilings lined with splendidly carved panelling, and a superb row of half-length portraits of five ladies lights up the walls, by Romney and Sir Joshua. Mrs Bunbury's beautiful face, by Reynolds, is excellent; next to her hangs a fine Romney of Mrs Chaplin. Next is Lady Hamilton, in a queer-shaped bonnet, by Romney—not so beautiful as most of his representations of "Nelson's Enchantress." Next to her is the famous seated portrait, in Turkish costume, by Sir Joshua of Mary Horneck—afterwards Mrs Gwynn—"the Jessamy Bride," whatever that may mean, and the fifth is a fine portrait by Sir Joshua of Miss Kennedy.

Driving up yesterday evening to the house, on turning the angle of the lime-tree avenue that faces the house, I felt a little pang at seeing that my father's statue had been moved away from its place, facing as it formerly did the house; but on my asking Mr Astor where he had put this statue he told me it was in a place of vantage overlooking one of the finest views of the river, standing above a terraced seat, which he had been told my father loved to go to; and there I found it this (Sunday) afternoon, and very well it looks. Both my parents' portraits are in places of honour in the house; that of my father, painted by Partridge, hangs at the foot of the principal staircase, and the copy of my mother's portrait by Winterhalter higher up on the same stairs. The drawing-room is resplendent with tapestry, and the library lined with a beautiful brown-coloured wood called "Jugula."

Outside, beneath the terrace, is the famous balustrade from the front of the Villa Borghese in Rome (which I deplored the loss of when I found in Rome that the beautiful old balustrade, dear to me for many winters past, had been removed, and a bad imitation put in its place). This balustrade, with its fountains and golden-coloured

stone, is most decorative. I am sure my mother would have liked it here, much as she would have regretted the beautiful stones having been removed from their original site. Beneath the great terrace are eight fine old Venetian well-heads, in white and red (Verona) marble, here used as flower-pots. On the entrance side of the house are eight sarcophagi, also turned into flower-stands. These also came from the Villa Borghese, as well as a bronze group in the style of John of Bologna, which is placed at the base of the old chalk pit, under the Green Drive. What is enough to make (artistic) angels weep and mortals swear is, that a female head, painted in encaustic, from Rome, which used, in my mother's time, to hang over a door at the end of the corridor, near the dining-room, was, while the alterations were being made recently, taken down, broken in pieces, and the fragments thrown away. This woman's head, which had been a thing of beauty for over a thousand years, was needlessly and wantonly destroyed—ruined, nay pulverized—alas! and alas! Mr Astor knew nothing of this Vandalism, and was quite perturbed about it. He let me have an interview with the head carpenter, a Russian, this morning, and I then knew the worst.

I was up at five this (Sunday) morning; the view from my window (I have a room in the new East Wing called the Canning Room, after the Premier who was here often in Sir George Warrender's time) looks towards the Thames. The morning was exquisitely lovely, and the early sun threw long shadows across that matchless scene—the woods and meadows all golden, and covered with flowers and verdure.

The next week I went to Paris for a few days to see the Salons—from the *19th of May* till the *23rd*. On the *20th*, I passed the day in the two Salons, in the morning visiting the new one in the Champ de Mars, where I saw absolutely not a single painting I should care to possess, and where the sculpture is deplorable, and in the afternoon to the Exhibition in the Palais d'Industrie, the last exhibition that will be held there, as the building is to be pulled down for the Exhibition of 1900. There some of the work was better. I looked afterwards at the spot, through chinks in the hoarding, where that ghastly *auto-da-fé* had taken place on the *4th* of this month; only a few upright calcined beams remain of that ill-fated bazaar. On the other side of the street, and opposite to where the

bazaar stood, the walls and doors of the houses bear the marks of that terrible fire; the plaster is peeled from the walls, and the paint is all blistered on the doors.

At a big dinner that evening I took in a lady named Madame Le Ray, who has travelled much in Persia, China, etc. She eats nothing, and lives entirely on milk. She reminded me in looks of the Duchess of Cleveland, but is, I believe, older. On my other side sat a white-haired lady, an American by birth—Madame la Comtesse Soltyk. She escaped without a scratch or a bruise from the awful fire at the bazaar the other day, but I could not get her to give me at all a distinct account of how she had done so. Prince Roland Bonaparte, with a sister of his, were also at this dinner, and an old Baron de Mesnarel, with whom I had much talk of the Great Revolution days. He belongs to a family who were devoted to the Bourbons.

I paid the Baron a visit the next day at his apartment, 95 Faubourg St Honoré, where he showed me a curious plan in relief of the Temple and its adjacent buildings, none of which now exist.

I also visited an exhibition of portraits, of the early part of the century, at the "Beaux Arts," all of women and children. I had no idea that there were so many fine Reynolds, Romneys, Hoppners and Lawrences in Paris as this collection proved. Among others is a lovely full-length small one, by Gainsborough, of Lady Sheffield, similar to the two small monochromes of Mrs Sheridan and the Duchess of Devonshire, formerly at Dover house. At night to a new piece at the Français, *Frédégonde*, the principal parts played by Madame Dudlay and Mouny Sully; a poor piece, but with some fine passages in it. The next day I was back in London.

The day after to a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, given by the Surgical Aid Society, where I sat by a very interesting man, Doctor Bond, who is the head surgeon of the Westminster Hospital. He made the very long dinner (which began at seven and lasted till eleven) pass quite swiftly away. In spite of my protesting I was asked to give the "Navy, Army and Reserves," which I got through tolerably.

Next day I took my young Norwegian sculptor friend, Hendrik Andersen, who is staying for a few days in town, to the Temple Hall and Church and to the Tower, with all of which he was much interested; later on called on Eugen Sandow, where I arranged to go through a course of his

physical training. Sandow, besides being the "strongest man in the world," has good looks and extreme modesty; his English is quite fluent. The next day Andersen brought his friend, Baron A. de Rosenkranz, to luncheon at my house. He is an artist, and that afternoon I paid Mr Watts a visit at Little Holland House, Melbury Road, bringing my artists with me. The splendid old man was most kind. We passed a very delightful hour with him in his studio. He showed us the colossal equestrian group of "The Horse and his Rider" that he has long been at work on. Although over eighty, he gets up every day at five, and is at work by six. In his ruby-coloured skull-cap, Watts' resemblance to Titian is more marked than ever.

On the *29th of May* I paid my old friend, Oscar Browning, of King's College, Cambridge, a visit. After dining in Hall, we looked in at the old Court of Trinity, as I wanted to see my old rooms on the Lecture-Room staircase, now occupied by a youth named Barkley. Seeing them brought back vividly old days in those rooms, of thirty years since. To both services each day in King's Chapel, and had a stroll on the beautiful "backs," a blaze of green, and called on Lord Acton in his rooms in Neville's Court. I told him that one of my inducements in coming to Cambridge was to hear him lecture on the great French Revolution. "You are," he said, "the very last man whom I'd wish to hear my lecture," which remark, I suppose, he intended to be taken as a one-sided compliment. He was extremely agreeable and greatly instructive. To my cousin Geoffrey Howard (Carlisle's third or fourth son) for luncheon in his rooms in Trinity Street, where I met two other young men; one of them was Paul—son of Kegan Paul, the publisher.

Very superb did King's College Chapel look in the evening light at the later service. "O. B.," as all the people here call Oscar Browning, entertained some thirty undergraduates in his rooms after dinner, and sang "Mandalay" to them with much effect.

Next morning I attended Lord Acton's lecture with G. Howard and a son of Sir G. Trevelyan's, and met young Lytton in the lecture-room, a bright, intelligent-looking youth. The lecture was extremely interesting, the subject, Robespierre; it is the last but one of the course. I told Lord Acton, after the lecture, that it is rather a singular coincidence that the last lectures I attended when an

undergraduate at Cambridge, were given by Charles Kingsley on the same subject as those he was then delivering. When calling on Lord Acton I had been struck by the want of anything pictorial on his walls, and I ventured to send him a large photograph of a bust I had made, called, "It is finished." Soon after I received the following note from him:—

"*3rd June* 1897.

"I have been away from Cambridge, and am tardy, though not ungrateful, in writing to thank you for your kindness in sending me what is the supreme ornament of my room.

"I never saw the head, or any reproduction of it, and it brings with it the missing note of elevation and dignity. Nobody could treasure the gift more than I shall do, and it will be preserved in memory, not of the wretched lecture you heard, but of our long acquaintance."

Lord Acton's thanks are so beautifully expressed, and his writings so rare, that I need not apologise either to him or to any one else for quoting from his delightful letter.

On the *1st of June* Sir Arthur Hodgson and Sidney Propert came to luncheon with me; later I called with Sir Arthur on Lady Burdett-Coutts in Stratton Street. I had a little scheme, namely, to get the Baroness to visit Stratford-on-Avon, as peradventure she might, on visiting the Memorial Library there, have been inclined to give some of her Shakespearian first folios and other relics to add to its treasures. I thought that if she were to be the guest at Clopton of Sir Arthur, this might have helped its consummation. The venerable couple got on splendidly together, and it was a pleasure to watch them, with their delightful old-world manners in the drawing-room, that afternoon in Stratton Street. I left early, as a meeting was about to take place, and the room filled up with bishops and dowagers. In the evening I went to a very large and smart party, consisting principally of dukes and duchesses, at Mr Astor's house in Carlton House Terrace. There was to be a concert, but it was timed to begin so late that I left before it commenced.

London looks now as if it were principally built of wood, for all the clubs in Pall Mall, St James' Street, and Picadilly are boarded over.

On *Sunday, 6th June*, Mr Coleman (the artist whose children painted on china have had so great a success) took me to see a collection of modern paintings belonging to Mr Barrett—who is the chief proprietor of Pears' soap—in a house he has built at Hampstead. He has some good paintings, mostly by English artists—Landseer, Nasmyth, Bonington, etc. He also possesses Gibson's famous tinted Venus. We went to the top of the house, where, on a clear day, one can, Mr Barrett said, see the time on St Paul's clock, and the shipping in the Thames; but the afternoon was too hazy to permit of this.

I made another flying visit to Cambridge on the *15th* of the month. Finding the "Bull Hotel" full, I got a room in Trumpington Street, over a florist's. After dining at King's with Oscar Browning, went to an amusing skit called *The New Dean*, on the question of women being admitted to the Colleges. A youth danced a wonderful skirt dance. I passed most of the next day (Trinity Sunday) in the Chapel of King's, where the grand old Trinity hymn was splendidly given, and called on Lord Acton. The day ended by a dinner with "O. B." in Hall, and a musical party in his rooms. The next evening we went to the old A.D.C. theatre, where Lord Lytton's play, *Money*, was performed, and very badly; young Lytton was the least bad in an 1830 costume. How those A.D.C. rooms, and especially the Green Room, brought back old happy days to my memory!

On the *19th* Lord Acton came to luncheon with me, in order to meet Horatio Brown, S. Propert and Thaddeus among others. The luncheon was a success. Lord Acton and Horatio Brown got on well together. The former had told me at Cambridge that he would like to make Horatio's acquaintance, that they had corresponded frequently, but never met, and it was a pleasure to bring them together. Much interesting talk from both of them.

That evening I met Mr Dunn, the new Editor of the *Morning Post*, at Frank's rooms; a very clever Scot.

On *Sunday, 20th June*, the streets were almost impassable. I went to the Thanksgiving Service at St Paul's, and had luncheon at the Chapter House with Archdeacon Sinclair; some fifty people there. I sat between Miss Janet Sinclair, the Archdeacon's sister, and Lady Napier,

née Macdonald, a sister of my niece-in-law, Lily Cromartie. The next evening I dined with the Bairds, afterwards going with them and some of their guests to see the illuminations in the city; but we were rather what in America is called "previous," for the illuminations were few and far between; however, the aspect of the streets and the vast and wonderfully well-behaved crowd which thronged them was well worth seeing.

Tuesday, the 22nd of June, was the day of the Jubilee. Up early, and soon after seven on my way on foot to Stratton Street. The sun did not appear till later on, but in spite of a pleasant breeze the day was very close. Crossing Hyde Park, which was already crowded, I got to Stratton Street before nine. I went up to the top of the house. I found the kind Baroness as brisk as possible, and receiving shoals of guests. Then came a long wait till eleven o'clock. However, the house is full of interesting and some good pictures, and I whiled away the time pleasantly enough. I saw all the show from the bow balcony in the great drawing-room on the first floor, and a better place for seeing that wonderful pageant one could not have had. Piccadilly was gorgeous, and when the sun came out, as it did in its loyal fashion at the very time that the Queen left the Palace, the scene was most beautiful. The Colonial troops looked superb, splendid men, and well mounted; they were much cheered by the crowd. It was half-past eleven when the Queen passed, looking delightfully bright, happy, and interested; her reception was magnificent. The only jarring note in that wonderful scene was when a German General rode by, for the crowd groaned at him; and one felt what a fortunate thing it was that the German Emperor had not put in an appearance. The Henry Bentincks and the Duchess of Montrose, all pleasant people, were in front of me. Afterwards I crossed the Green Park and looked in at the Bairds at Eaton Place. Every one was congratulating everybody else on the perfect success of the day, and on the splendid behaviour of the weather and the crowd.

Late that night I went to Westminster Bridge, and on as far as London Bridge, from which one had a good view of the illumination by flashlight of the Dome of St Paul's. The scene looked like Venice, and I felt back there again, looking across the Giudecca, with the dome of

the Salute to the left. The lights upon, around, and above the river were most splendid.

On the *25th of June*, Lady Garvagh, a beauty of some time past, *née* Le Breton, came to me for information about a dress of the Louis XVI. period she wishes made for the Devonshire Fancy Ball. I lent her some prints and photographs of the fashions of that reign, for which she was quite unnecessarily grateful. In the evening I ran down to Windsor to see the Eton boys with torches serenade the Queen in the quadrangle of the Castle. I dined with the Lionel Custs, and then up to the top of the Round Tower. After a wait of two hours, the boys at length appeared, and the Queen at a window. The illumination of the Round Tower with coloured lights was the most effective part of the proceedings.

On the *28th of June* took place the Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. The Queen arrived soon after five; the gardens with some six thousand guests in them looked very picturesque. Her Majesty was in an open carriage, drawn by a pair of white ponies, and with the Princess of Wales drove through lanes of her guests; the Queen looked most amiable and happy. It was altogether a most successful affair, and thoroughly enjoyable, which is not the case with such entertainments generally; but this was an exceptional one, for one saw without fuss or trouble all the world and his wife. I had some talk with Argyll, whom I had not seen to speak to since his third marriage. He was in high spirits. I liked the little that I saw of his new wife.

On the *29th* I paid the Gladstones a visit at Hawarden Castle. At Cannes they made me promise to pay them a visit this summer, and hearing from Lord Acton that he would be there this week, I arranged my plans accordingly. Coming to Queensferry Station, I found on arriving at Hawarden Castle Mr Gladstone in splendid form. I had a short talk with him last night (*Tuesday, 29th June*) before dinner. On my asking him if he had any recollection of Waterloo, he said he had not. "I did not live among illuminations," he said, but he remembered when with his parents stopping at the Royal (?) Hotel in Princes Street, in Edinburgh, hearing the Castle guns fired and the rattling of the windows of their room; this he thinks was when the

news arrived of Napoleon's abdication in '14. We were six at dinner, the G.O.M., Mrs Gladstone—whom I was glad to find much better than when I last saw her at Cannes—Helen Gladstone, Lord Acton, and my niece "Gerty" Gladstone. There was much interesting talk during and after dinner, when the ladies had left us. Soon after we joined them in the drawing-room, Mr Gladstone curled himself up in an armchair, in which he read, and then fell asleep, and there was an end to the chief interest of the evening. Later, however, in the smoking-room Lord Acton was most interesting. I have a room looking out on to the garden, which is full of roses; beyond stretches the beautiful park, with its splendid timber. We breakfast (but not the old folk, who have theirs in their own room) at nine.

Wednesday, 30th June.

Walked through the village, and called on "Gerty" Gladstone at her house, where I stayed a day last summer. I found her with her children, to whom she is devoted. Luncheon at the Castle at 1.30. Mr Gladstone very enthusiastic about the cold mutton pies supplied from a Chester pastry-cook's. Conversation turned on Sydney Smith. The afternoon was a glorious one. We drove through the woods, Mr Gladstone with Lord Acton, and Mrs Gladstone and I following. Little Dorothy Drew a great dear, now aged seven; a most charming child. Her mother gave me Dorothy's photograph with quite a *meute* of little black Pomeranian dogs sitting round her. I bought in the village an excellent photograph of the G.O.M., on which he was good enough to append his signature.

BATSFORD PARK,
Sunday, 11th July.

I came here on a visit to my old friend "Bertie" Mitford yesterday. But to return to Hawarden. On Wednesday evening "Gerty" Gladstone dined, also a young local clergyman. Mr Gladstone was in great talk. One sign of old age is, that after dinner, even on a warm night, as that was, he has an india-rubber bottle of hot water at his feet, and he seemed to regret that there were no fires in the rooms. Although we had wished the Gladstones farewell when we parted that night, Lord Acton and I had another glimpse of him the next morning, just as we were leaving the house

at ten o'clock, on *Thursday, 1st July.* Mr Gladstone appeared in his tweed suit, and again bade us a hearty farewell, and told us to return when we could to Hawarden, and I hope that this may still be accomplished. A pleasant journey up to town with Lord Acton. At Chester I provided myself with a luncheon basket, but Lord Acton would have none, saying that as he would dine with me that evening he would not require anything in the way of food till then.

At eight o'clock my guests arrived, Lord Acton, Horatio Brown (just back from the Naval Review at Spithead), Frank, and a cousin of Horatio's, Professor George Forbes, a rather weird-looking person, who has been successfully employed in turning Niagara into an electrical factor, and is now engaged in similar works on the Nile. The party was pleasant, and the talk good. Tom Allen of Queen's was also at this dinner.

Late the next afternoon I received a telegram announcing that an accident had happened to little Marjorie Cavendish, my niece, B. Chesham's daughter, and later another to say "All was over." It has been a most sad and tragic event. She was a most charming little girl of nine (whom I thought delightful when I saw her at Upton just a year ago). She had gone out riding on her pony, was run away with, and, in falling off, her foot got caught in the stirrup, and she was dragged and fatally injured.

BATSFORD, *10th July.*

I came here from Paddington to Moreton-in-the-Marsh Station. Sir Ernest Satow, our Minister in Japan (whom I had met in the winter of '83-'84, when going round the world), and I were met by our host, and a short drive brought us to the house, which is a handsome building in yellow stone, built by "Bertie" some ten years ago. We found Lady Clementina, "Bertie's" wife, with her fine children—the eldest a boy of twenty, who is at Cambridge —two daughters, and a charming duo of twins, a boy and girl of two. There are two other boys, but these were not here; one is tea-planting in Ceylon, the other a middy. The house is a very roomy and a most comfortable one, of no style in particular, with a large hall and a spacious dining-room. There are some family portraits, but the principal feature of this place is over a mile of wild garden.

A path winds up a hill by the side of a brook, paved and lined with rocks, and planted with every conceivable kind of native and foreign flower and shrub. Among these is an unique collection of bamboos. On this plant mine host has lately published an elaborate book, of which he has given me a copy. He and Satow discussed most learnedly on bamboos. Later arrived a great botanical authority, no less a personage than the Keeper of Kew Gardens, Mr Thiselton Dyer—a great talker; an interesting personality, with a dome-shaped brow. Lady Clementina is a martyr to hay fever, and retired early.

Next day, *Sunday, 11th July*, was a hot one. We visited the rare water-lilies, before church—a church built by Lord Redesdale close by the house. Lord Redesdale, to whom this place belonged, left it to B. Mitford, his nearest relative. A pretty Japanese-like effect occurred in the early morning, about half-past four, when, on looking out of my window, I saw the low-lying land around Moreton-in-the-Marsh hung over by a white mist, with clumps of trees rising through it like rocks in a white sea; the church tower and steeple of Moreton rose in the middle distance. I was asked by mine host to return to Batsford whenever the spirit moved me to do so, and I shall hope so to do.

OLD WARDEN, *18th July*.

I came to this place, Major Shuttleworth's, near Biggleswade yesterday. This house is a large modern one, in the so-called Tudor style, built of Bath stone by the Major's father, some thirty years ago. It had belonged to an eccentric Irish peer, Lord Ingley. He laid out the gardens, which are very extensive, if somewhat depressing, and on these he is supposed to have spent £50,000. The house, large and very comfortable, and very much decorated. There are some good pictures here, bought by the Major—some portraits by Romney, two of Lady Hamilton. One of these is a half-length in a red dress. She holds her hands behind her back, and a dog frisks before her; this portrait has been engraved. The other is a head of the beautiful Emma, with very yellow hair, looking upwards; and a fine sketch of Mrs Tickell, Mrs Sheridan's sister, a beautiful face. Here are also some good Gainsboroughs—the most important, the life-size picture of a peasant girl, known as "Lavinia," carrying a

dish of milk, very vigorous, forcible and strong in colour. It is the same little girl as he painted watching the little pigs drinking the milk, of which the best example (for Gainsborough painted the subject twice) is at Castle Howard (or was, as some of the Castle Howard pictures have been sold), and a superb portrait, a kit-cat of Signor Giardini in a red coat. Major Shuttleworth told me that Millais, when this portrait was exhibited at the Old Masters, had offered to paint him any portrait he chose to have in exchange for this admirable painting, but that he declined Millais' offer. Besides these, there are a great number of more or less good paintings here, and many excellent mezzotints of the last century.

To return to last week. After returning to London from Batsford I went to Oxford, where Bernard Grenfell, at University College, had asked me to see his new discovery of the so-called "Words of Jesus," which he and another Oxonian, Hunt, have unearthed in Upper Egypt. Grenfell introduced me to Professor Petrie, who is at the head of the Egyptian department in the College. The Professor looks like an Arab. Their discovery is a most interesting one.

LONDON, *25th July.*

I left Old Warden on the *19th* for London, with Sir R. Blois and Mrs Ashton. Major Shuttleworth made me a handsome gift of a curious kit-cat portrait by Kneller, of a youth with dark-brown hair falling down his neck, only partially clothed, holding a wine-glass in one hand and a gilt beaker in the other. It is finely painted, and is traditionally said to be the portrait of John, Duke of Marlborough, in early youth.

On the *9th of September* I called on Sir John Taylor at the Office of Works in Whitehall Place. Together we went to the Tower, where General Milman, the most courteous of officers and deputy-governors, escorted us all about the fortress. We had luncheon with him in the Queen's House. A more delightful old warrior than the General it would be impossible to find. The next day Mr Walter Colls, who is photographing the Tower for my work, came to luncheon. He brought with him some excellent photographs he has taken there, in the fortress, and of old prints and views in the British Museum and elsewhere.

On the *11th* I paid a visit to the Portsmouths at their place in Hampshire, Hurstbourne, of which Whitchurch is the station. I started from that detestable station, Waterloo, arriving an hour late at my destination. A drive through a splendid park brought me to a red and unfinished huge building, of the Tudor style; it has been building these last seven years (since a fire destroyed the former house), and is now partly habitable. It will be a fine house when finished. My bedroom looks north, with a fine view of the park. Nothing can be kinder or more amiable than is Lady Portsmouth. She comes of Quaker stock—a Pease, and an heiress. Lord Portsmouth has a Shakespearian look—a kind, hearty man of some five-and-forty. The Wantages are here (her I knew in old days when keeping house for her father, Lord Overstone, in Carlton House Terrace; he a fine specimen of the aristo-military type, of seventy or thereabouts); also Lady Rosamund Christie, a sister of Portsmouth, like in appearance, voice and manner to poor Libby Clough Taylor. Kempe is also of the party. He is helping Lord Portsmouth in the building and decoration of this place; also Raper of Trinity College, Oxford.

Sunday, 12th September, was a gloriously bright, warm day. Walked through the park to a little church near the park gates. Lord Portsmouth read the Lessons, and read them well. We had in the afternoon a long stroll in the very beautiful park. The next morning we drove to Laverstoke, belonging to the Portals, where they manufacture the paper for banknotes. "Willie" Portal took us over the buildings, workshops, etc., and showed us the different processes—rather difficult to understand. What I liked best was his work-room, which is immediately over a rushing stream, an offshoot of the river Test, in which large trout were basking in the sun, looking clear as glass in the crystal-clear water. We had luncheon with him and his wife (who was "Puckey" Glyn's daughter, one of three) at their pretty little house not far from the works. There, too, is a trout stream running through the garden, a delightful possession.

The day after, I had the great pleasure of seeing Bramshill, a place one had often read about, and felt to know from the charming views of it by Nash and others. It was owing entirely to Lady Portsmouth's kind thought that we saw Bramshill. She had written to Lady Cope, asking her if she might bring some friends with her to

luncheon there to-day. Our party was a small one of four—Lady Portsmouth, Kempe, Raper and I. To get to Bramshill, we had to go by train from Whitchurch to Winchfield, driving thence to Bramshill, across a lovely stretch of heather land. Bramshill crowns a hill, up which a grand avenue of old chestnuts start from a double lodge. The Copes, Sir Anthony and his wife, were most civil. We had luncheon in a long gallery all hung with green Mortlake tapestry. After that we went on the terrace, which is the most picturesque part of the building; the brilliant glow of the Virginian creeper on the old bricks of the house was extremely fine. We then went through all the great rooms, which have gorgeously decorated ceilings; the Great Gallery is 130 feet long. From Bramshill I returned direct to town.

On the *17th* to the Tower, where I found Colls photographing. Being a bright morning, I got him to take an interior view of the Council Chamber in the Governor's House. *A propos* of the Tower and its illustrious prisoners, I had written to my cousin of Norfolk, asking him whether he could give me any information regarding his ancestors, so many of whom passed much of their existence in its walls. In relation to their Tower experiences his answer contained the following:—"I am looking into the matter you write about, but greatly fear there is nothing. It is a subject in connection with which our family have often lost their heads so completely that you can hardly expect me to give any very clear information."

Although I had been twice to Kempe's beautiful home, Old Place, this was the first occasion on which I stayed over the night. On Sunday evening Kempe held a service in the pretty chapel in the house, which he conducted himself, and gave us an eloquent discourse on the festival of harvest. I slept in a beautiful room, within a beautiful four-poster, and under a very ornate ceiling. The house is quite a thing of beauty, every room and every passage a picture.

VENICE, *29th September.*

Here Frank Hird and I arrived on the *24th*. It has been intensely hot, heat that makes one miserably slack, and feeling good for nothing. Horatio Brown, whose guests we are, has also Tom Allen staying here;

but one sees little of him, as he is at work most of the day in the Library of St Mark's. We have seen a very fine Clerical exhibition of Church properties in the Scuolo di San Rocco, a fine show of albs, croziers, dalmatics, and other church frippery and finery, including some of the splendid treasures of St Mark's, onyx cups, etc.

ROME, *8th October.*

Our Dalmatian tour has not taken place, and I seem fated not to see Spalato. Year after year I have wished to do so, but have always had to defer doing so for some reason or another; and this time, when actually on the way to it, had on account of the elements to renounce the visit. We left Venice; on our last evening there we were devoured by the mosquitoes on the Lido, where we dined, and they too, *al fresco.* We bore our sufferings with great equanimity, "we" being Horatio, Tom Allen, Frank, and I. The moon, a golden crescent, rose beyond Malamocco; but for heat and the mosquitoes that evening would have been almost divine. The pleasant little doctor, Van Someren, and some others came to see us off the next night, *11th October.* As the bells chimed midnight our boat, an Austrian Lloyd s.s., steamed from before St Mark's; it was most uncomfortably crowded. It was a relief when at seven the next morning we landed at Trieste. We found that the steamer by which we had hoped to go to Pola had already left, so we had to stay a day at Trieste, putting up at a poor but pretentious hotel, the Del'orme. We drove to Miramar, a second-rate submarine villa, in which are bad copies of bad Austrian royal portraits, past and present. The gardens are prettily laid out, but the hills at the back are low and scraggy, and in no respect is Miramar to be compared to Mr Rendel's villa at Posilippo. A circus served to pass the evening. The next morning we went to Pola by rail, leaving at eight and arriving at one. Pola is all dust when fine, all mud when it rains. Baedeker recommends an hotel called the "Austria" at Pola; there we went, and a dirtier, more squalid place I have seldom seen. As we took our walk abroad, we came on a very clean, respectable, little hotel, the Central, so we transferred our bags to the latter from the Austria; in the former we had nothing to complain of during the three

days it was our fate to pass at Pola—for the next boat bound for Zara was only due to leave Pola three days later. Suddenly the weather changed completely; the heat of the last few days departed, to be followed by torrential rains and that detestable *bora*, the north wind. For the next two days it poured in torrents and blew great guns; we struggled through it to see the few sights of Pola, of which the great Arena, a splendid shell of a building, bare and denuded within, is the principal. There is there, too, a beautiful frontage of a Roman temple dedicated to Augustus, with graceful columns, and two arches, the so-called double one, and the Golden Gate, the Porta Aurea. When Wednesday morning dawned, dull and damp and dreary, we made up our minds to return to Trieste, and thence go to Rome as quickly as possible; and we gave up seeing more, on this occasion, of what Frank has not inappropriately called this d——n coast. So that, again this year, and perhaps never, shall I see Spalato; a more miserable trip than going by steamer down the coast in such weather as we had at Pola could hardly be made.

Leaving Pola on the *6th October*, we stopped that night at Trieste, where we found a far better hotel in the Central than the Del'orme had proved, the former a most clean, comfortable little house. We travelled through the following night, reaching Rome next day at noon, where we are staying at the luxurious Grand Hotel. Fleecy white clouds stud a deep blue sky, the air brisk and bracing, as I have so often found it in the City Eternal.

On the *11th of October* Frank had an interview with the Italian Premier, Rudini, who was most amicable, but eschewed politics, a disappointment to Frank, for an article for the *Morning Post* was the object of his visit to Rome. (This, however, was written, and led to his getting the appointment of correspondent in Rome for that journal.)

On the *18th* we were in Florence, staying at the Hotel d'Italie, where we found our friends, the Whitakers. One day we went to see Mrs Ross. A brilliant day; we drove out to Poggio Gherardo, where I was already once, on the day on which J. A. Symonds died, four years ago. A very handsome and talented young lady, whom Frank had

already met at H. Aïdé's at Ascot, Miss Duff Gordon, a niece of Mrs Ross, was staying there. After luncheon we sat out on the terrace, from which there is a superb view over Florence and the whole valley of the Arno. I persuaded our hostess to play the guitar. Mr and Mrs Harold Boulton joined us on the terrace; he is a man of winning manners and most useful in his generation.

Frank's article on his interview with Rudini has appeared; he has also written others for the *Morning Post* on Italian subjects, so his time has not been wasted; he has a great facility in dashing off excellent articles on all manner of subjects, a very valuable gift. He is anxious to act as regular correspondent for the *Morning Post* in Rome; he is certainly quite capable of making a first-rate one.

After visiting the Pitti and the Uffizzi Galleries, we left Florence on the night of the *21st*, and were in Turin early on the next morning. All day long it poured in sheets; we, however, saw some of the things best worth seeing, namely, the Armoury in the Palace, and the Picture Gallery where the Vandyke of Charles I.'s children is worth stopping at Turin to see. The following day we were at the Hôtel Choiseul in Paris.

After an absence of five weeks I was glad to get back to my London home, although to find London hidden in a pea-soup-coloured fog, but that is better than the *scirocco* or the *bora*.

On our way from Dover we saw the announcement of the death of good-natured Princess Mary. A most warm-hearted individuality is lost to English society, and one feels for her children.

On the *13th* of the month I paid my niece, Beatrice Chesham, a visit at Latimer. Chesham has sold the place where the tragic death of their poor child occurred, and they have returned to Latimer for good. My dear niece is wonderfully brave in her great sorrow, and not in the least morbid, but full of the deepest affection for the memory of her child. The eldest of their three children, Charlie, is now a youth of nineteen, the youngest, Johnnie, a delightful little chap of three, with flaxen curly hair and a bright little face.

On the *3rd of November* I called on Lorne at Kensington. He had been to poor Princess Mary's funeral, which he said had been an impressive and touching sight. He is

much pleased with his libretto *Diarmid*, and of the success of its performance at Drury Lane; as he was leaving that night for Scotland, that will be my last sight of him for the present.

I went to a bazaar at St Augustine's Mission, in Lillie Road, of which Sidney Propert was the moving spirit; he is working hard, too hard for his health, at raising money for a new church he is anxious to build there.

I went again to Latimer at the end of the week. It was looking, with its beech-woods, which were all golden with the dying leaves, most beautiful. There I heard from Frank that he is to go almost immediately to Rome as correspondent for the *Morning Post*. It would be most selfish of me to repine at this, although I shall miss him much during the next five months; but for him it is a great advancement in his career. A few days after I was at Ascot with Hamilton Aïdé and the Colliers, where I called on my niece, Constance Emmot, who has a pretty home not far from Hamilton. She looked very happy and proud of a girl baby. We called, too, on Mrs Palmer, a great friend of George Meredith's, who calls her "My Queen." Mrs Palmer gave me an interesting account of a visit she had made to Ruskin and the Severns at Brantwood. I was again at Latimer on the following Sunday, the beech-woods still purple and golden. We had a bonfire under them in honour of its being my niece's birthday, for little Johnnie's behoof, and a large cake.

25th November.

To-morrow Frank leaves for Rome. What a blank his absence from London will be to me, and how I shall miss him I need hardly say.

On the *8th of December* I made a little trip into Essex—a very short journey, but it took me an egregiously long time. I had first to go to Liverpool Street Station, an hour's drive. Thence to Elsenham, where I met my hostess, Mrs Cranmer Byng; from there, over muddy roads some five miles, we drove to our destination, Horeham—a fine old Tudor building, which looked most picturesque under a brilliant moonlight; the house was built by a Sir —— Cutts, and here Elizabeth passed some time in captivity. As we drove up to the entrance, the scene recalled one of Cattermole's pictures, the great

oriel window through which the firelight glittered making an effective contrast with the white moonlit walls, and a great, black mass of Scotch firs on the right of the building, with the scurrying wrack of clouds hurrying across the moon-lighted sky. The interior of the old hall was as picturesque and romantic as the exterior, with its huge fireplace in which a wood fire crackled. Unfortunately, everything of eld has been swept away in the shape of furniture, tapestry, etc., and only two much damaged kit-cats by Gainsborough and a clever sketch in body colour by that artist of a landscape, are left at Horeham. Beside my host, Launcelot Cranmer Byng, his younger brother, and Lawrence Housman were the party. I slept in a huge bed in a large room, in which the atmosphere was as cold as charity.

The next morning was a bright one, but bitterly cold. We drove to Audley End, a place I have longed to visit, but we only saw it as the short day was waning, and fading away in a lovely pink and saffron sky. Before reaching Saffron Walden, where there is a good inn, "The Rose and Crown," where we had luncheon, we had a drive of nine miles; we visited its fine old church, and had a couple of miles more before reaching Audley End, where I longed for half an hour's more daylight to see more of that most stately and beautiful old place; second only, if second, in magnificence to Longleat of any old English country house. The Braybrooks were living in the place, but we were admitted, and we were shown the house. The "fish-room" is most gorgeous, with a ceiling *à la Kempe*. Here are some, but few, good portraits. A fine half-length by De Heere of the Lady Audley, who, I think, married a Duke of Norfolk, hangs in the hall; and there is a Romney of a lady in black. We drove back under a glorious moon to Horeham, where we found a newly-arrived guest, an Italian, named Rossetti, a very good piano player. Dampier May, my painter friend, had byked over from Colonel Byng's, my host's father's place, not far from Horeham. We dined on dressed crab and pork, and although there was much talk of ghosts, I heard or saw none of them during the night, until a heavy roll in the early morning, caused by Housman dragging some heavy furniture outside the bedrooms, aroused the sleepers. At dinner Byng appeared in the garb of an Elizabethan courtier, ruff, trunk hose, and all complete, and he looked very appropriate in the costume to his surroundings.

On the 16*th* I looked in on the Shannons, after dinner, in Kensington, at 3 Holland Park Road, where was a large party. In his studio he showed us some of his excellent and striking portraits; a fine half-length of Lady Granby and child, among others. Mrs Shannon a very delightful person; there were there an American couple named Hitchcock, he is a landscape painter, and works mostly in Holland. The day after Percy Anderson came to dinner, and John Walker, whose *nom de plume* is "Rowland Thirlmere"; he lives at Bury in Lancashire, a very clever writer, whose little book lately published, called "Spanish Idylls," I first saw at Hamilton Aïdé's, at whose place at Ascot I met J. Walker. I passed the following Sunday at Ascot, when Hamilton Aïdé read us his new play, *The Shadow on a Great Name*, a reading which lasted over two hours; it is a joint work of his and his American friend, Jessop. Lady Di Huddlestone came in after dinner; I had not seen her for many years; she brought one of her nephews, a Beauclerk, with her, whom she has adopted.

That Christmastide I passed at Latimer, alone with the Cheshams and their children, and a very delightful quiet Christmas that was. "To-day," I write on Christmas Day, "is an ideal one; brilliant sunshine, and the trees all covered with the frosty silver rime."

At the end of the year I was for a few days at my old Staffordshire home. The Chaplin children are here, Edie and Florence; the eldest is a charming creature, fair and fresh as a rose, with much of her mother's charm and brightness. The house is now lighted by electricity, a blaze of light.

One evening was devoted to an entertainment at the Trentham Institute, some three hundred Trenthamites and others from Tittensor and Hanchurch present, who had a supper provided them, after which Millie recited a thrilling poem about a signalman and his child; Mr Nichols, a musical master, sang and played, accompanied by a young girl from the potteries on the violin; glee singers performed, and "Edie" Chaplin sang a pretty Jacobite song, called, I think, the "Song of the Skye Boatmen." It is pleasant to see the heads of this place doing so much for the happiness and welfare of those among whom they live; and both here and in Scotland Millie Sutherland works hard in helping the poor about her, and one must acknowledge that she fills her position admirably. I know of no other young person who could do so better.

Some fresh visitors have arrived, among them Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, a clever shrewd Scot, whom I met first some four years ago at the Dufferins in Rome, and Seymour Wynn Finch, who was one of old Pasteur Eymar's pupils at Colovrex, near Geneva, in the early sixties —he is now a very grizzled man about town—and Hugo, Lord Elcho.

We are very nearly in the year 1898 (I write two hours before midnight). I have been re-reading Horatio's "Life of J. A. Symonds," and the last lines written by him, quoted in that book, seem to me very pregnant.

"Life of the Universe, God, everlasting Law, from which no soul can flinch, soon must I go back to you, bruised, maimed, afflicted, to my sense of dwarfdom. My hope is that you made me thus, and that I play a part in the unknown drama. Blind and stupid; like a cockchafer, I have buzzed in crepuscule. Brain and heart, with all their light and heat in me, inefficient. Yet have I striven in my gross way. And, after all, a man may be tested by strife, even though he feels at life's ending that strife is only one line, and not the finest line of action."

And this from a tomb in San Onofrio's Church in Rome, "Labor et gloria vita fuit, mors requies." That I remember Johnnie pointing out to me, as one of the most perfect epitaphs he knew. It is not an easy one to translate.

1898.

TRENTHAM.

ON the first evening of this New Year there was a Christmas Tree in the Sculpture Gallery. Among other children came those of Henry Grosvenor, two nice little brown-haired girls, and a small, fair boy. I saw them again at Tittensor, where Henry is living, but he was away hunting; his little girls were most delightful. There was something very sad in seeing the single place laid for his dinner in the little dining-room at Tittensor; he feels his loneliness acutely, but having these children should be an interest in his life; how far less lonely is he than some are.

On *Sunday, 2nd January*, I remained for the Sacrament in Trentham Church. I was near my dearest mother's monument: it is always a satisfaction to me to look at that beautifully sculptured face, so divinely calm and peaceful, and so like her dear self.

Lily Cromartie arrived with her two daughters. Sybell is now of age, and Countess of Cromartie in her own right. I have seen so little of these great-nieces, that I cannot form any opinion on their characters. What has struck me here is the attractiveness of the Chaplin children, Eric is a delightful boy, and Edie a thoroughly good type of English girlhood, bright, handsome, frank, and *débonnaire;* her younger sister Florence is also very pleasing, but somewhat shy.

I left Trentham for London on the *4th of January*, and went with Lilah Ormonde to the Criterion Theatre, where we saw a play called *The Liars*, of which one could not say much, although Wyndham, whose acting I always think perfection, played in it; it is a pity he does not play in better and more important parts.

LONDON, 18*th January*.

Since my last entry I have received a letter from the Queen. Some days ago I sent Her Majesty a silver-gilt German cup with coins of the three German Emperors let into it. (This I ventured to do, having seen that private individuals had given the Queen Jubilee gifts.) Mine was intended as a little New Year's present. I sent it with a letter to Osborne, and on the 14*th* I received the following letter—

"OSBORNE,
"13*th January* 1898.

"MY DEAR RONALD,—Pray accept my best thanks for the very pretty cup you have so kindly sent me for my Jubilee, as well as for your kind letter. It is indeed a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and I hope to do on my return to Windsor. Hoping that you are well, believe me always—Yours most sincerely,

"VICTORIA R. I."

This letter seems to me more firmly written than the signature Her Majesty wrote on the fly-leaf of the Memoir of Prince Henry of Battenberg, which the Queen sent me when I was in Nice.

On the 6*th*, at Kensington Palace, Princess Louise showed me a monument she is working at for Prince Henry's tomb at Osborne—a Crucifixion, with the Angel of the Resurrection supporting the head of the Saviour—an ambitious work, and a very original idea. Visited the Millais Exhibition with Lorne at Burlington House; an interesting show, although many of his inferior works were exhibited. On the 10*th*, dined with Princess Louise at Kensington Palace, where I found little Ralph Glyn, Mary's boy; afterwards we went to the Garrick Theatre to see the pantomime of *Cinderella*; dresses good. On the 11*th* to a charity performance at Stafford House, in aid of a home for nurses at Plaistow; and there again on the following day to meet Mr Baggaley, who is writing a new catalogue of the pictures.

On the 14*th* I went to pay my niece, Alice Fitzgerald, a visit at Eastbourne. She and her husband, Colonel G. Fitzgerald, live there in a comfortable little house called

"Dunmore." They have a family of four—two boys, and two girls, the eldest a girl of about thirteen; the youngest a boy of three. Next day we went over Compton Place, outside and within. The interior is handsomer than one would think from the outside of the building; there are good coloured, last-century prints and two Downmans. The house has recently been done up by its present owners. The grounds are picturesque, and have some fine old trees in them; the next day my niece took me to see a collection of modern pictures formed by Mr Gurney; he has some fine Hooks, and a good Millais—a girl in a *tricorne*—is called "Di Vernon." We also called on a painter, named Pearce, and his wife. On the 18*th* I attended an entertainment given by Miss Helen Stormont Murphy to a large number of cabbies and their families, at St James' Hall. Archdeacon Sinclair was in the chair; the luncheon was followed by a concert.

I called later on Sidney Propert in Lillie Road; coming from there, accompanied on my way home by him, I suddenly fainted dead away, and when I recovered my senses, found myself in his house; luckily, a doctor and Miss Whitby—also a doctor, and an admirable one—were present, and I was soon on my legs again, but for the next three days I felt the effects of the fall. (This was the second of these fainting fits, of which the third nearly sent me into a "better world.")

LONDON, *2nd February.*

My heart is very happy to-night, for I have just received a letter from Frank accepting the offer I made him through Mr Dunn—editor of the *Morning Post*—last week, of coming to me after the completion of his work of correspondent to that paper in Rome, and of becoming my adopted son. "I congratulate you both," Mr Dunn said, when he learned from me my intentions regarding Frank's future position; he has acted most kindly and generously in the matter, for in losing Frank's services as correspondent in Rome to the paper of which he is editor, he puts himself to some inconvenience, as he had expressed the wish to Frank that he should, when the winter season was over in the Eternal City, go to Vienna as the permanent correspondent to the *Morning Post*. Foreseeing that if this came about I should no longer have

the society of my friend in England, I called on Dunn, and put the case before him, with the result already stated.

From *Saturday, the 22nd of January*, till the following Tuesday, I was at Mr Kempe's at Old Place; my friend S. Propert came with me. Young Percy Fielding and Walter Tower (a clever young architect) were also there, and Mrs Morell and her daughter came from Oxford, old and very pleasant friends of mine host. The next Saturday saw me at Peterborough, where I went on a visit to the Bishop and my niece. The Bishop, I found on arriving, had gone to Sandringham; other guests were there, Mrs Finch, daughter of old Alfred Montgomery, and her pretty daughter, who goes by the name of "Pearl." They are charming people, they live in a beautiful home, Burley-on-the-Hill, where I am asked, and hope soon to visit.

Next day, *Sunday, the 30th of January*, I passed mostly in the Cathedral. An old cleric named Macdonnel came to tea; he has written the life of his great friend, Archbishop Magee. Next day arrived Frank's telegram in answer to Dunn's letter, which put my mind at rest. Mary gave it me at noon when we were in the Cathedral, all flooded by glorious sunlight. I was somewhat reminded then of that beautiful passage in "Esmond," where the scene is laid in Winchester Cathedral, when Esmond returns "bearing his sheaves with him," the quotation taken from the evening psalm of the 27th day.

A telegram reached Mary at the same time telling of "Josey" Percy, her nephew's death, a youth of six-and-twenty. I had never even seen him, but was told he was very like my father in his youth. The Bishop arrived that afternoon; it is evident that both he and Mary are much liked in their new diocese; she is so popular that I suggested she should be sent round to all the other Bishoprics and lent for a month or two at each *pro bono ecclesiæ*.

On the *2nd of February* I called on Mr Du Cane at Gray's Inn to alter my will; the will was forwarded to me on the same day, and on the following, at a Trustee meeting at the National Portrait Gallery, finding myself placed between Cobham and Lord Knutsford, I got them to witness it. "It's not often," said the latter to me, "that you get two Viscounts to witness a will."

Dinner at Kensington Palace — the Glyns, Lady Granville, Freddy Gower, Carlisle. I tried, but in vain, to induce the latter to give one of the portraits of the fifth Lord Carlisle with George Selwyn and his pug "Raton" to the National Portrait Gallery.

On the *4th* I looked in at the Merchant Tailors' Hall in Threadneedle Street, where three days later I had to deliver prizes to the Female School of Art. A very civil Secretary of the Guild, a Mr Crace, or Grace, showed me the magnificent building. Besides the Great Hall the house which surrounds a courtyard contains some very fine rooms, with some interesting portraits; and some superb pieces of ancient gold embroidery, used in former days as palls.

On the *7th* with Sidney Propert to the Hall of the Merchant Tailors, where Prebendary Whittington (a descendant, he tells me, of the famous Lord Mayor) received us, and old Miss Gann, the head of the Royal Female Art School. About thirty of these so-called "female" students received prizes; my address came after the giving of the prizes. I ventured to regret the term of "female" being applied to these gifted young damsels; I also took the opportunity of pitching into the hateful "top hat." The proceedings lasted a couple of hours.

I have been to see Mr Birch, the new custodian of the Soane Museum, a very genial architect and antiquarian; he put me up to some new material relating to the Tower, and showed me the murderer Fontleroy's copy of Pennant's London, which contains some very interesting views of the Tower, which I hope to get reproduced. To two theatres that week, once to the Lyceum with Lilah Ormonde to see Irving in his son's play, *Peter the Great*, and where we also saw what was better than the play (which will never keep the stage), Ellen Terry in her dressing-room. The other play, which I also saw with my niece, was at the Court theatre, *Trelawney of the Wells*.

BURLEIGH-ON-THE-HILL,
St Valentine's Day.

I came here on the *12th*. At Kettering Station, where I had to change trains, I met mine host, Mr G. W. Finch, Member for Rutland. I recalled his face from old days

when we were both in the House of Commons. He has a look of Henry IV. of France, and the Somerset nose, for his grandmother was that Duchess of Beaufort, who is one in the group of dancing children in Romney's great picture at Trentham, a picture which is known to the numerous descendants of those children—Harcourts, Gowers, Sandons, Somersets and Eliots—as "The Dancing Grandmothers," consequently Mr Finch and I are cousins, his mother, Lady Louisa Finch, being once or twice removed, but I forget how often. Mr Finch has been married twice, his first wife was a Balfour, by whom he had two or three children, now grown up. His present wife is that Mrs Finch whom I met with her daughter two weeks ago at Peterborough; she was Edith Montgomery; her sister is Lady Queensberry. From Oakham to Burley-on-the-Hill is an uphill drive of about three miles. Only the family are here; including the four daughters. The eldest by the second marriage, a Margaret, who they call Pearl, is writing a history of the place. The house with its courts, inclusive of the forecourt, covers seven acres; in front is a fine terrace with a grand view over the county of Rutland beneath, and superb avenues which remind one of Versailles; only here the country is infinitely more beautiful. The building is ugly externally, of the time of Vanbrugh, but not designed by him; the interior vast, without any really grand room in it; the entrance hall and principal staircase are lined with badly painted frescoes. What is most remarkable here is the immense quantity of fine tapestry. My bedroom walls are covered with that delightful series of Brussels tapestry, designed by David Teniers; my last look at night before I sleep, and my first on waking is on these. I have also the pleasure of contemplating a fine half-length of Henrietta Maria and another of Catherine of Braganza, while immediately over my bed in the tapestry are a group of three little pigs suckling Dame Sow with the greatest gusto. A quantity of family portraits—Finchs, Nottinghams, and Winchelseas—pervade the house; but none by any of our great painters, and Reynolds, Romney and Gainsborough do not put in an appearance at Burley-on-the-Hill. To dinner came Lord and Lady Gainsborough with a daughter; their place, Exton Park, is near here; also two young men "in pink," one a Noel, the other a Gosselin.

Sunday, the 13th, was fine and sunny. Miss Pearl, after morning service, took me all over the house; she is very

well up in everything relating to the place; in one of the upstairs rooms is a magnificent state bed made for Mary II., when that Queen came to Nottingham House—now Kensington Palace; it is in most beautiful preservation. The Church, which, like that at Trentham, is also the church of the parish, is at the end of the left wing; to get to it one passes through a long narrow library, over a hundred feet in length.

In the afternoon walked in the woods with Mr Finch; the following day he took me to see the sights of Oakham, of which the principal is the very interesting and historical old Norman Hall, once in the centre of the castle; the walls within that unique old hall are covered with gigantic horse shoes, of which there are about a hundred, beginning with one given by Queen Elizabeth, down to recent times—mostly the gifts of peers and princes. Oakham Church we also visited. In the afternoon Mrs Finch drove me over to the Gainsboroughs at Exton. We visited the church, which has some very fine monuments of the Noels, with pennons hanging above the arches. We also visited the ruins of the old hall, which with its ivy-clad walls is most picturesque. It is rapidly falling into ruin. Lady Gainsborough was ill, so we did not go into the house. The next day I was back in town.

At the end of the week I went to Latimer. On the *19th* my niece and I drove over to Moor Park, Lord Ebury's, half-a-dozen miles from Latimer. Moor Park is close to Rickmansworth, and is a most beautiful place. I had been there once many years ago from Cliveden, in old Lord Ebury's time; he was a dear old man, not unlike the French caricature of an ancient *Milor Anglais*. Lady Ebury told me that there is an unpublished diary of his from 1820, continued till the year of his death, in the eighties; I tried to persuade her to have it published, for it would be most interesting. Lady Ebury was a White, a daughter of the first Lord Annaly, and a very charming person; her eldest daughter married last year a Glynne. Moor Park has passed through the hands of a great number of people, some of them remarkable, and others not. One of its possessors was poor Monmouth, and I was pleased to find a fine portrait of him there by Lely. We strolled about the place, in the gardens and the park. I was glad to see again a matchless last-century chimney-piece in one of the rooms, in which is a frieze in white marble in low relief of maidens dancing on a groundwork of *lapis lazuli*—the

Muses, I believe, they represent; at any rate, there are nine of these lovely little figures some four or five inches high. The room in which this work of art is placed is now used for a dining-room; when I was there before it was the drawing-room. Some time ago some thieves broke in and tried to get this charming frieze off the wall; they must have been artistically inspired, perhaps one of them was a collector of antiquities and objects of vertu? The next day my other Grosvenor niece came to Latimer, "Meggie" Teck; a delightful little person, very bright and sympathetic; little Johnnie Cavendish and his aunt were great fun together.

The next day I returned to town for a *Levée.*

To a meeting of Trustees at the National Portrait Gallery, called in order to elect a new Chairman in the place of Lord de Lisle, who died last week. Devonshire was Chairman, Lord Peel was voted to be our new Chairman. I was in a minority of one in favour of Lord Dillon. Later, called on that most delightful of Museum Curators, Mr G. Birch, at the Soane Museum, and arranged with him to call on his friend, Mr Gardner, to look over his collection of views of Old London, with the hope of adding material to the Tower Book. On the *26th February* I went to St John's Park Road to Mr Gardner's house. I used to meet occasionally at an elderly man's dining club, "Ours," I think it was called, in Covent Garden, this Mr Gardner some quarter of a century ago; among the members of this club I remember meeting Dr Doran, Hepworth Dixon, and other celebrities of the literary world of that day, among others, Mr Gardner, who had a big lamp shop in Charing Cross, and the finest collection of views of London, *à travers les ages*, that exists. I now was able to examine his collection, thanks to Mr Birch of the Soane Museum, who is an old friend of Mr Gardner, and who had arranged this meeting. This old gentleman, he is past eighty, is very fragile and very bronchial, but he came from his bedroom to the library, and showed us an amazing number of views, which are kept in three huge portfolios of drawings, prints, water-colours, etc., all relating to the Tower. Out of these I selected between thirty and forty, which I shall hope to get photographed, Mr Gardner kindly giving me leave to have them reproduced.

WINDSOR CASTLE,
2nd March.

An invitation from here "to dine and sleep" reached me yesterday. I came here this afternoon at six. I have a room on the west side of the Quadrangle near the Library, high up, looking out on the Round and Norman Towers—the latter recalling days passed there with the Ponsonbys. Before dressing, read Zola's "Paris," which has just come out. Down to the corridor at eight forty-five, with General Clerk, my old Tower acquaintance; both he and his brother dined with the Queen. In the corridor were the other guests—the George Hamiltons, the Duchess of Roxburgh, Miss Hughes, and old Lord Bridport. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, arrived at nine o'clock, and walked at once into the dining-room. The Queen much bent, and leaning on the arm of one of the red-coated Indians, and with a stick in her left hand. I sat between the Duchess of Roxburgh and Lady George; the Duchess sat next to the Queen. Her Majesty held out her hand to me, and I passed round behind the Duchess's chair, knelt, and kissed her hand, which was rather a difficult feat to perform. The Queen spoke seldom during the dinner. She looks well, but seemed to me to take less interest in the general conversation than of yore. However, after dinner, when seated in the corridor, the Queen was as animated and full of interest as ever. I noticed that her hand shook. Her Majesty was wearing many jewels—a great number of rings. Lady George is a great talker, and during dinner rather took my eyes and ears from the Queen. The wine, as always, excellent; towards the end of dinner one had a glass of wonderful Château Yquem. After dinner, in the corridor, close to the dining-room entrance, I had about a quarter of an hour's conversation with Her Majesty. The Queen again thanked me for the little silver goblet, and for a little wooden engraved die of Queen Elizabeth's, which I had also presented Her Majesty through Miss Bulteel and Princess Beatrice's hands—"the most valuable and interesting relic of Queen Elizabeth," Princess Beatrice wrote to me of it. Nothing could have been more gracious than was the Queen to me. At parting Her Majesty again gave me her hand to kiss.[1] At eleven o'clock the Queen left with Princess Beatrice, and the men went to the billiard-room,

[1] This was the last time I spoke with our ever-lamented Queen.

where I remained till the Castle clocks chimed midnight. There was a jolly old Admiral in the billiard-room, Sir Edmund Commerell and an agreeable Equerry, Colonel Davidson, also Fritz Ponsonby.

The *3rd March* was brilliantly sunny, and Windsor was looking its best, which is saying much. Prayers for the household in the private chapel at nine o'clock, read by the Dean, to a very small sprinkling of housemaids and footmen; but all the ladies-in-waiting, and most of the gentlemen, were present. Prayers over, breakfast took place in the room where we had dined the night before. There were at breakfast only the Duchess of Roxburgh, Miss Hughes, Miss "Bessie" Bulteel, and one other lady, Lord Bridport and myself. Afterwards Miss Bulteel and I wandered through the State rooms. I was struck when alone in the Armoury by the glamour of that hall. Nelson's bust by Chantrey, placed on the fragment of the mast of the *Victory;* the busts of Wellington and Marlborough, to the right and left, and before one, the great round keep of the Castle, the Royal Standard fluttering proudly over it, a glorious blue sky over all. It was a sight to make one feel very Chauvinistic, but of a worthy Chauvinism which embraced a deep loyalty for our Queen and island. I waited some time to see Holmes in the library, and left by the mid-day train. The Finchs and Sidney Propert came to me for luncheon; they got on admirably together, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves.

On the *5th* of *March*, while in the Goupil Gallery in Waterloo Place, it occurred to me to write to the Secretary of its publishing department, Mr Tinson, at 25 Bedford Street, to suggest illustrating some great painters' lives, as has been done by them for Bishop Creighton's "Queen Elizabeth," and Holmes' "Life of the Queen." I suggested Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Romney or Lawrence. I have had an answer from Mr Tinson saying that my idea had been at various times under consideration, and that with my name and advocacy "the matter will now be more thoroughly examined." So it is on the cards that I shall, besides my book on the Tower, undertake a new work on one of our great painters; *nous verrons.*

At the end of that week I paid my friend Kempe another visit at Old Place. On *Monday* (*7th March*) we

went to Brighton together. We had luncheon with the Vicar, Mr Hannah, a very robust-looking parson. On our way we looked into the Church of St Nicholas, which was the old parish church of Brighton, and where are some of Kempe's early windows, and in the churchyard some interesting gravestones. One of these is to the memory of a lady who had been wounded at Fontenoy, and lived till 1831. Another, close to the church, records the burial place of Tattersall, who had helped Charles II. to escape to France after Worcester. I remembered having been (some thirty-five or more years ago) in that church on the occasion of our old German tutor Gäbler's marriage.

On the *9th of March*, at luncheon at Lowther Lodge, I met a very pretty Australian lady, Mrs Ivo Bligh (she is a great friend of the Watts), also a sculptress, Miss Hope. On the *12th* of the month I had at luncheon, Lord Dufferin, the Bodleys, Mr Birch, of the Soane Museum, his nephew, Roy Senior, and Cartlidge. We had quite a good time, and Lord Dufferin, in spite of his deafness, was the life and soul of the party. C. Bodley much delighted in consequence of his two volumes on France having appeared and having been favourably received; and his dear wife as charming, as pretty, and as debonair as ever. To Cambridge that afternoon, putting up at the "Bull Hotel," and dining with O. B. at King's.

Sunday the 13th was quite a spring-like day; one could almost imagine one saw the willows in the College "backs" sprouting. In Oscar Browning's rooms, after our dinner in Hall, he introduced me to an Indian scholar, whom O. B. dubbed an Afridi; but Sir Alfred Lyall, who was there, told me that this native is not an Afridi, but belongs to a submissive and friendly tribe.

The next day I attended a meeting of the Church Army at the Mansion House—which was dull and uninteresting—but I sat by young Noel Buxton, whom I much like (he is living now with Edward Clifford in Kensington Square), so the time of the meeting passed pleasantly. To a concert got up by Sidney Propert in the Fulham Town Hall that evening, at which young Fröhlich sang splendidly. I had supper for some of the performers afterwards.

On the *14th*, Mr Tinson, from Goupil's, called about the

idea I have of writing a new "Life" of Lawrence. He met me more than half-way regarding it, for my offer of writing the artist's life has been accepted by Goupil, whose terms are liberal; in fact, I shall be better paid for the "Life" than was Bishop Creighton for his on Queen Elizabeth. A few days after, I went to the British Museum, where in the Print Room, Laurence Binyon, the young poet, showed me what they have in the way of original drawings by Sir Thomas Lawrence; some of these I hope to have reproduced for my life of the P.R.A. Later, called on Lord Wallscourt, to see a beautiful sketch he has by Lawrence of Mrs Angerstein, which, too, I hope to reproduce.

Propert brought Dr Furnivall to me for tea that (*17th of March*) evening. The great Shakespearian made himself extremely pleasant; he is a very handsome old Signor, with a noble forehead. Noel Buxton came also; they remained a couple of hours; much interesting talk.

LATIMER, *19th March.*

I saw, three days ago, at Christie's Auction Rooms, a painting which took my fancy greatly—in fact, it quite "lifted me off my legs," to use a hyperbole. This was a gorgeously painted landscape by Titian, about six feet in length by four high. In the sale catalogue it was called "A Grand Stag Hunt, called the Death of Actæon." It had belonged to Benjamin West, P.R.A., and was sold to-day by his descendants, in whose possession it had remained since West's death in 1820. I saw it again yesterday in the great sale-room, under a burst of sunlight, in which it looked amazingly fine. I felt I should not be able to buy it, little thinking that in another twenty-four hours it would be mine. I called on the picture-dealer, Gribble, in King Street, this morning, with whom I have had some small transactions relating to the buying of pictures, and he said that it was possible the picture might go for not a very large sum. I put my limit on it, and at one that afternoon we met in the sale-room, half-an-hour after the Titian was put up. I had had rather an anxious quarter of an hour, for Gribble told me that Sir Charles Robinson might perhaps bid for it against him—he had in fact asked Gribble to get it for him; but G. was loyal to me, and secured the picture. I think it as fine as the allegorical

Titian at Bridgwater House; this is the highest praise one can give it. It is reported to have belonged to Charles V., and was either given by Philip IV. to Charles I., or obtained by Sir Endymion Porter for the King. It undoubtedly belonged to Charles, as it is described in Vanderdoort's catalogue of the King's collection, but as a Giorgione. When West's pictures were sold at Christie's after his death, in the year '20, it was bought in for £1700. The colour, the drawing, and the general effect of this painting is superb—such trees, such a sky, such a landscape, such hounds, such horses and such huntsmen careering in the foreground, such gods and goddesses in the middle distance! It is like one of Shakespeare's sonnets, or "Atalanta in Calydon," in form and colour.

On the *24th of March* I left London in a snow-storm. A gale had sprung up that afternoon, and became one of the fiercest and most destructive storms of the winter. I arrived the following afternoon at Milan, where as usual I put up at the Hôtel de Ville; Frank, to my great content, as Pepys would say, joined me there the next day. I called on a friend of Oscar Browning, the Countess Brascha, to whom he had given me a letter of introduction. Her principal place is a villa out of Milan, an historic villa, with a museum in it of art treasures. Her house in Milan is palatial. I saw in one room two large Canalettos, almost identical with those at Dunrobin. On the *29th* we left Milan for Vienna, arriving there the next day. Frank has never been in the "Kaiserstadt," so there is much for him to see. We are staying at the Hotel Imperial. One day we visited the Lichtenstein Gallery, and on another the splendid Imperial picture collections of the State, now housed in noble buildings, with a matchless assemblage of armour and many antiquities.

TRIESTE, *6th April.*

We came here to this same Central Hotel last *October*, after our abortive attempt to get down the Dalmatian coast. This time the fates seem more propitious; the weather is glorious, although we have had what the Americans call "samples" of good and bad weather, while in Vienna. We enjoyed the inside of a week there. Unluckily we found that at this time of the year

all the private galleries of paintings are closed, and it was only by "greasing the palm" of a porter at the Lichtenstein Gallery that we were admitted; that gallery and the other private collections are only opened to travellers in May. We left Vienna on the night of the *5th of April*, arriving here the next morning.

HÔTEL SOLO D'ORO RIVA,
21st April.

During the last fortnight we have accomplished our Dalmatian trip; it has been a most pleasant one. During the ten days, between leaving Trieste on the *7th* and returning there on the *17th*, we saw many places, some of the greatest interest, and scenes of great beauty, which will always remain a pleasant memory. Our ship was the Austrian Lloyd s.s. *Stephanie*. Weather perfect all the time, for which—knowing by our experiences last autumn what the weather can be like on this coast—we were most thankful. Our first stop was at Pola, a place which we knew only too well. Our fellow-passengers consisted of some sixty Austrians and four English all told. The Austrians kept up a mighty din, but were very amiable and good-natured.

On *Good Friday* morning we arrived at Zara, a most picturesque town, full of colour, and gay with the bright, picturesque costumes of the people who filled the narrow streets. Zara has a dark, but handsome, little cathedral, in the Lombard style of architecture, and a museum in a church, which is not unlike the central portion of the cathedral of Aachen, a church possibly converted from an ancient temple. We steamed off the same evening for Sebenico.

Early the next day we visited the Kerka waterfalls, going to them from Sebenico in a steam launch; these falls are like a very miniature Niagara.

Our next halt was at Trau, a very paintable place. Trau stands on an island. It has a fine cathedral, with a magnificent portal, on which appear sculptured forms of Adam and Eve; a beautiful baptistery, on which, in grandly modelled *alto-relievos*, children bearing garlands surround the inner wall; a noble campanile, and a Venetian *loggia*. At Trau the Lion of St Mark appears frequently on the public buildings. Some of the really

exquisitely decorated private houses there are worthy of being on the Grand Canal.

From Trau to Spalato takes two hours by steam. We arrived at about noon on *Saturday the 9th of April.* I had formed a very great idea of Spalato, and when I saw it I was not in the least disappointed. After the Pantheon, there is, I imagine, no building of the Romans so perfect as what remains of Diocletian's vast palace at Spalato. Of course it is no longer in the same state as the illustrations show it in Adam's great work, as the last century and a half have been destructive to much that Adam either saw, or thought he saw, of the palace. However, what remains is splendid, especially the cathedral, once the Temple of Jupiter. Unluckily, the great tower close by that temple is now invisible, owing to the scaffolding with which it is surrounded; one could just see part of its basement. The baptistery, formerly The Temple of Æsculapius, is also interesting, but small in size compared to the other. Some of the party made an expedition to the ruins of Saluna, but we devoted all the time we had to Diocletian's palace. The day we passed at Spalato was *Easter Sunday*, the *10th of April.* It was one that will be remembered, and I now feel that I have seen one of the few places left in Europe that I most wished to visit.

We left Spalato that evening, arriving early next morning at Gravosa. We drove to Ragusa, another place of much beauty, a Venetian-like town, surrounded by grand walls and towers, both on the land side and towards the sea. Within its walls is a fine convent, that of San Francesco, with beautiful double rows of columns. The cathedral is poor, seventeenth century, rebuilt on the site of one founded by Richard Cœur de Lion, and destroyed by an earthquake two centuries ago. There are some handsome columns outside the Town Hall. At Ragusa is an excellent Hotel, the "Imperial," started and run by the Austrian Lloyd Company, which would make it a pleasant spot to stay at. The following morning we went to see the source of the River Ombla. This stream literally gushes out of the side of a hill, and at once develops into a mighty river. Here are some famous Maraschino factories. Returning thence, we landed below the pretty gardens of Count Gozze, and climbed up a steep path to Canossa, where tower two immense plane trees, which are said to be a thousand years old. Beneath them, on a terrace overlooking

the sea, we had a monster picnic, and then, passing by Gravosa and beyond Ragusa, we steamed to the island of Lacroma, where we intended landing. However, it was voted too rough to do so, and returning to Ragusa, we walked back to Gravosa, leaving it the same night for Cattar, where we arrived the next day at noon.

Half of the passengers in fourteen carriages started off for Cettinje, a drive over a splendidly engineered road, which mounts in long zigzags the mountains which divide Austria from Montenegro. Half-way up a heavy storm of rain, hail and snow broke, and had we not been well provided with plaids, etc., we should have been soaked. The further we got the wilder and arider the scenery. In a little village where we baited we had our first introductions to the Montenegrins; a finer-looking race of men it would be difficult to meet with. The most striking part of that drive was when we reached the summit of what had seemed an interminable mountain, and began to descend into the valley in which lies the little one-streeted town of Cettinje, the capital of this handsome and hardy race. The panorama from the mountain-top was one of splendid wildness; a vast wilderness of mountains rose as far as the eye could see, an arid and stony waste. The sun was sinking behind great masses of storm-wracked clouds, and the tumult of the storm rolled away beyond the pathless hills. We reached Cettinje about seven that evening; it reminded me of some Highland village, not unlike Golspie. We lodged at a decent inn, called "The Grand Hotel," where we were agreeably surprised by the excellence of the cooking; the evening was too wet for us to go out.

The following morning (*14th April*) was a fine one, and we visited the place, where there is little to see except the people; they indeed are worth coming a long way to see. We called on the English Chargé d'Affaires—or rather Minister, as he is now—Mr Kennedy, who, with wife and family, lives in a good house opposite the Prince's so-called palace. Mr Kennedy told us the latest news; war not yet declared between America and Spain, but it seems drawing very near, and a slightly better account of Gladstone's health. We visited the Armoury, a long, low building, where we were shown a number of Turkish guns, cannon and colours taken during the late war between Montenegro and Turkey. At noon we left, and reached our floating hotel by six that evening.

The next morning we reached the island of Cornissa, where we landed, but there is little to be seen on it. We visited the blue cave in the little island of Busi, entering it in boats. It is a good imitation of that at Capri, but with a less intense blue colouring, but beautiful also, with its azure-hued water and lofty, grey, dome-like roof, with the sunlight shedding through the double entrance a rosy gleam. Off the island of Lissa we saw the whereabouts of the sea-fight between Persano and Tegethoff, when the Italian ironclad fleet was destroyed by the wooden Austrian war-ships. We also landed at the very picturesquely situated little Venetian town of Lesino, which has a pretty *loggia*, a handsome church, and a delightful little monastery overhanging the sea, and where, in a little garden, a fine old yew overshadowed the place. Lesina is one of the prettiest of the old Venetian towns on the coast. We saw a beautiful sunset from its monastery garden which will stamp the place in one's memory. We left at midnight, and arrived early next day at Metkowitz; there a large number of our party landed, and left the ship, on their return journey to Pesth and Vienna. We then stood out into the Adriatic; when beyond the islands it felt more like getting into the Atlantic, for we met a squally sea. We made Trieste at nine that evening, and then and thus finished our trip down the Dalmatian coast, and a more generally successful and pleasant one it would not be easy to make.

Next day we left Trieste for Verona, where we stopped at the Hôtel de Londres, in the same street in which Bonnington painted a beautiful picture, now at Trentham. The following day we passed in sight-seeing, principally the churches—the Duomo, S. Giorgio, S. Anastasio, S. Stefano among others—and remained an hour or two in the afternoon among those splendid old cypresses in the Giusti gardens. We left Verona on the 20*th*, and came here by steamer from Desenzano. Lake Garda, and especially Salo, brought back freshly to my mind the days in June of '66, when I found that place full of Garibaldians, and whence I made my way up to Rocco d'Anfo in the Austrian Tyrol. Riva is a delightful and beautiful place, mountains coming down sheer into the blue waters of the lake.

RIVA, *26th April.*

We are leaving this beautiful place for Milan to-day. Here we have passed five delightful days, amongst some of the loveliest scenery; much of the time we have passed on the lake, sailing or rowing on its blue waters, and we paid a visit to Arco, a most picturesqne place. Garda I think more beautiful than any of the Italian lakes, and prefer it greatly to Lucerne. War has at length broken out between America and Spain. The bulletins of Mr Gladstone are of the shortest and slightest; he appears to be no worse. We met Horatio Brown and his mother when we arrived at Desenzano, they having come from Venice, and together went on to Milan.

The day after we visited Bergamo, and saw all we could of that most interesting town in the two hours and a half that we were able to give it before returning to Milan, and the next day left for Turin, putting up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, which overlooks the Piazza del Castello, the Palazzo Madarna on the right, and the ugly Royal Palace in front. The Piazza, a blaze of bunting and purple, in honour of the King and Queen, who arrived the day before in state for the opening of the Exhibition, which took place this *1st of May*. To that function Frank has gone, as he intends to describe it for the *Morning Post*. I declined the honour, although the possessor of a ticket, as it entailed donning evening-dress in the day-time. Later we visited the Exhibition, which we found in a most unfinished condition, nothing in its place. That afternoon we went to the Church of the Superga, which I had never seen during my hurried passages through this town.

On the *4th of May* we were back in my house in Trebovir Road. On the *6th* I attended a meeting at Bridgewater House for the Cambridge House at Camberwell; Lorne was in the Chair. Among other speakers were Alfred Lyttelton, President of the House, and the Bishop of Rochester, Talbot, and Professor Jebb, whom I had not seen, I think, since old days at Cambridge.

27 TREBOVIR ROAD, *13th May.*

A pleasant, well-filled week has passed, and we have settled down into our way of life here. Breakfast at nine, then work indoors, or go out till two, when luncheon, to

which a friend often drops in—sometimes "the Bishop," as all his friends call Sidney Propert. I have been most days into town, one day of this week at the British Museum, where Dr Garnett, Keeper of the Printed Books, did me the honours of his department in the kindest manner. I had met him at the Booksellers' Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on the previous Saturday, the *7th*, and had sat next him during that long repast. Speaking of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he had told me of a copy of Williams' "Life" of that painter, containing notes written by Haydon, and these I went to see at the Museum, but there was nothing in them of any interest, and only abuse of the President. I read also Lawrence's letters which are there, but all of any interest have already appeared in Williams' book. I have also been to the Soane Museum, where I found Birch rather ailing. He had not found any letters written by Lawrence to Soane, as he had given me hopes he might.

The Booksellers' Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on the *7th* of *May* was a long and tedious function, but I was well placed between two agreeable men, Dr Garnett and Colonel Sir G. Clarke, and had a good deal of talk with John Murray, who was next but one to me. Zangwill made an uncommonly amusing speech. Both in appearance, manner, and expression, one was reminded by him of Dizzy.

All these last few days there has been a kind of Revolution raging in Milan, where street fighting like that which took place in Paris in '48 has occurred. It is difficult to realise this state of things, having been there so recently, when there was no sign or symptom of any disturbance. Manilla has been bombarded, and the Spanish fleet off it destroyed. Mr Gladstone appears to be gradually losing strength, but one is glad to hear that he is suffering little pain.

19th May.

The end has come at last at Hawarden, and the Great Man is at rest and with the immortals! He died at five this morning. One feels grateful that his long sufferings are over, but what a blank his death makes in the world! A great link gone with one's old memories. Naturally I feel his death deeply when I recall the great admiration and affection my dearest mother felt for him, and which he so

entirely returned. It is only a few weeks ago that he spoke with deep affection to my niece "Gerty" Gladstone about "Duchess Harriet," as he was wont to call her. It is difficult to realise that he is no more, when I recall his vitality when I was at Hawarden last June. Deafness was the only physical failing he appeared to suffer from, for his mind was as clear as ever. Mr J. Murray, at luncheon to-day, told me that when he saw him in London last November he complained of loss of sleep, and that since September he had hardly slept well one night. I think the beginning of the end must have commenced within two months of my visit to Hawarden. How glad I am now that I went there; it was the last time I was destined to see that wonderful man. My memory of him harks back to the fifties, when he and Mrs Gladstone were at Dunrobin; how well do I remember their coming in rather late to luncheon in the little dining-room on the ground floor, fresh from their sea bath; that must have been, I think, in the autumn of '56—two-and-forty years ago! I have written to G. Gladstone and told her how glad I should be to go to her, if I could be of any use to her. In answer to my letter, my niece wrote on Ascension Day, saying that they were all coming up to town for the funeral. "It has been," she writes, "a sad and trying time since Tuesday morning, waiting and watching by his bedside. Several times he seemed to be going, they could feel no pulse, but he rallied. The last few hours were very peaceful. He lay breathing quietly, till just at 5 A.M. when a change came, the breathing almost quite still, and he was gone, most peacefully, without a word; he had been unconscious nearly all the time. Dear Mrs Gladstone bore up so bravely; so good in doing what she was told, but very heart-broken, as you will know. She has most devoted sons and daughters to care for still. It is such a comfort to think of him now with all suffering ended, at peace, and at rest, his prayers at last granted in God's own good time."

I had written to my brother-in-law Argyll about this time to know whether he had the letters, written during a long friendship between my mother and Mr Gladstone, by the latter, to which he answered in a letter from Inverary, "I have all the letters you ask about. I am writing my own memoirs, and will use them at my discretion. Of course many are not suited for anything but family reading. I have not come to that time in my life yet."

No. 50 Albemarle Street, where I went to lunch on

the 19*th*, is an interesting house. In the drawing-room, first floor, Byron first met Walter Scott, and Mr Murray's father could remember the two poets hobbling down the stairs together. The late Murray, as his son said, was probably the last man of the day who knew personally Scott, Byron and Goethe. In the dining-room, and also in the two drawing-rooms above are many interesting portraits, of Gray, of Byron, and of lesser literary lights. Mr Murray showed us his literary treasures after luncheon, among them the first MSS. draft of *Childe Harold*, much scored and corrected; the MSS. of Scott's "Abbot," beautifully written in a neat, small hand, with scarcely a correction; Gray's MSS. account of his travels in France and Italy, and some beautifully printed old books, among them a superb Caxton. I had to leave seeing these treasures, and to hurry off through the rain and the 'buses in Piccadilly to a meeting of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, where Lord Peel, for the first time, was our Chairman, and where I met for the first time the newest of the Trustees, to wit, Creighton, the new Bishop of London. I introduced myself on the strength of our mutual friend, Horatio Brown. Some pictures were to be looked at, the gift of the Duke of Bedford; one of them, was a poor half-length of Lord John Russell.

Saturday, 28th May.
(The Day of Gladstone's Funeral).

Yesterday I went to Westminster Hall to see the lying-in-state; I went both in the morning and again in the afternoon. It was not an impressive sight; the general effect was bare and somewhat tawdry—a few black benches, some candelabra, a cross and a coffin, and that was all. The crowd, a most orderly one, streamed through the hall; there was no hindrance or pushing. Perhaps the absence of flowers helped to give the bare look, and one grudged the beauty that one single garland of white flowers would have given; but it was Mr Gladstone's wish to have none at his funeral. The funeral to-day, however, made up for the want of impressiveness yesterday, and I imagine that not since the Duke of Wellington was buried at St Paul's has there been in London so impressive a funeral as that of the Great Commoner. I had got a ticket from Herbert Gladstone yesterday, at Mr Armitstead's house in Cleveland Square, with "for family and

friends" marked on it, and this enabled me to get an excellent place in the Abbey. I reached Dean's Yard at nine o'clock this morning, and found that even at that hour the Abbey was filling fast. I got a corner seat under the lantern, within a few steps of where stood the trestles in front of the High Altar. One of the first persons to follow me was Canon Knox Little; we sat side by side. He was most agreeable, and kept up a perfect flow of Hibernian talk, principally on matters relating to my poor brother, and also on recollections of Hawarden, where he had been frequently during the last few days.

It was past eleven before the service commenced; the Abbey appeared quite full. The House of Commons filed past us into the South transept; it seemed an endless procession. After them the Peers passed into the Northern transept; then came the Clergy, the Archbishop of York followed by ten Bishops. The music magnificent, especially the singing of the hymns, also the "Dead March." Perhaps the most impressive moment was when at the grave-side the grand old hymn, "Oh God, our help in ages past," was sung.

I called in the afternoon at my niece's in Berkeley Square, to see G. Gladstone, who had come up yesterday for the funeral with her children. She told me that the last time, towards the end of April, that Mr Gladstone spoke at any length to her, was to tell her that he wished she would look on Hawarden Castle as her home. However, she does not wish to leave her little house there for the Castle. She said Mrs Gladstone kept up wonderfully all through the last days, and sat up all through the last two days and nights with him, and she seems to have endured the weariness of the long watchings better than the others. "Gerty" also told me that the time he seemed to suffer most was when he was at Bournemouth. Mrs Gladstone only thought he was dying of old age. "What shall I do without William!" she cried over and over again after his death. "Gerty's" boy, "Willie," is twelve, her girls sixteen and fourteen; the elder is handsome. "Willie" appears intelligent, but no trace of his grandfather in manner or look. It is strange that none of Mr Gladstone's children resemble him; the eldest, had he lived, might have grown somewhat like him, but all the other sons and daughters resemble the mother like two drops of water.

At the end of the month we paid Kempe a visit. On the *30th* we drove over the Cuckfield, its old elm avenue a mass of foliage. The next day we were taken by our host to see one of Bodley's churches, of which Kempe had designed the glass, and to an old manor-house called Horsted, belonging to Mr Brand, once a large house, but now much reduced in size, and turned into a farm-house. We also visited Keymer Church, where Archbishop Leighton is buried in the churchyard.

On the *14th of June* we went to see an American actor, Gillette, in a comedy at the "Garrick," of which he is the author. I am generally bored at a play, but it was impossible not to be amused at this one. Gillette's acting was perfection.

On the *6th*, over Windsor Castle with Librarian Holmes to choose those portraits by Sir T. Lawrence which the Queen has given me permission to have reproduced for my book on that painter. About fourteen will have to be done; these are mostly in the Waterloo Gallery. It was a radiant morning, and the Castle looked well, the rooms flooded with sunshine.

Next day Mrs Hodgson Burnett came to luncheon. I got Sidney Propert to meet her. Both are great talkers, and the flood of conversation was amazing. After luncheon she drove me to see the Home for Children at Kilburn, St Monica's, about which she has written delightfully in a little pamphlet called, "The Story of a Beautiful Thing." It was after her son's (Little Lord Fauntleroy) death that she began to take a deep interest in that Home, and also in the Society for the Relief of Crippled Children, founded by Mr Graham. We were taken over the house by its two founders, who are two dear old ladies—Miss Marshall and Miss Turner. Mrs H. Burnett distributed quite a shopful of toys and flowers to the poor crippled little sufferers, of whom there are about eight-and-twenty in the hospital; all seem happy and wonderfully cheerful. We spent over two hours among them.

On the *9th* I went to the wedding at St Peter's, Eaton Square, of my cousin George L. Gower to Miss Monson. Looked in at the house in Grosvenor Place, where the bride's parents, Lord and Lady Monson, were doing what is called

"receiving the wedding guests." The bride is stately and handsome, and extremely pleasing in manner.

The next day took place a meeting, at the house of Mrs Taylor in Grosvenor Square, for the Children's Aid Society, Sir Charles Fremantle in the Chair. I had to speak, but I had an address written, and also extracts from Mrs H. Burnett's pamphlet, "The Story of a Beautiful Thing"; she was present. All went well, and a collection took place after, which I hope was a prolific one. Sidney Propert spoke well and to the point. In the evening to see *Julius Cæsar* at "Her Majesty's," having been asked by Hamilton Aïdé, who had a box. The piece is admirably rendered and splendidly mounted.

Visits by the river followed during that leafy month, to Cookham and to Sonning. I went to luncheon one day towards the end of the month at the Abercorns, at Hampden House. The Duchess showed me some charming children's heads painted by Lawrence of Hamiltons, and kindly allows them to be photographed for my book. Both she and the Duke were most amiable and ready to help me regarding these paintings. I had not been inside Hampden House since old days, when I used to go to the balls given there by old Mr Oswald. The house is a delightful one, full of good pictures, some splendid portraits by Tintoretto, and a very fine Velasquez of a young prince with his dog. There is a good-sized garden at the back of the house, which is a blaze of colour. We dined with the Braunsteins that evening, where we met Mrs Mona Caird and a few more. The end of that week we paid Mary Glyn and the Bishop a visit at Peterborough. On *Sunday, 26th June*, Mary took us to see the Huntlys' place, Orton, a couple of miles from Peterborough, an ugly house, standing in pretty grounds. The Huntlys were away, and the next day she took us to see Lord FitzWilliam's place, Milton. We went over the building, which is Jacobean, and much in need of re-furbishing. There are a few good pictures, the best, Sir Joshua's "Puck," a delightful work; there are some tolerable Canalettos in the dining-room. We had a pleasant, quiet evening with our hosts and their dear little girls, the Purvises (he M.P. for Peterborough) and his wife having left the palace. We went all over the cathedral in the morning, accompanied by old Mr Irving, the Superintendent of the restoration works.

On the *6th of July* I met the Paul Bourgets in the evening at George Wyndham's and Sybell Grosvenor's house in Park Lane; his wife spoke English perfectly, Mons. Bourget less well. He had read my "Reminiscences," and was very complimentary about them. Mr Sidney Lee, Editor of the "Biographical Dictionary," was also there. Some days after, Monsieur Bourget came to my house.

On the *8th* I paid Kempe another visit at Old Place. Lutyens, the young architect, and Mrs Preston, a cousin of mine host's, were there. The latter is a widow, and has lived long in India. The occasion of this small party was that Lord Wolseley was expected there from Aldershot, after a review held by the Queen, but he only came the next day.

I heard from Frank of the successful opening of the *Morning Post* Embankment Home for waifs and strays, at Millbank, that morning, which good work he has been so instrumental in starting by his letters to the *Morning Post.* At the opening of the Home, Lord Glenesk referred to the great use he (Frank) had been in the initiation of that excellent charity, coupling his name with Dunn's, the Editor of the *Morning Post.* I was delighted he gets such well-merited praise; he deserves it all.

On *Saturday, 9th July,* Lord Wolseley arrived just before luncheon. I had not seen him for about ten years, but found him apparently not a day older, and as delightful and brilliant as ever. Canon Evans and his wife were of the party. He and Lord Wolseley talked without ceasing of the campaign of Waterloo, about which the cleric seemed to know as much as did the soldier. It was most interesting to hear Lord Wolseley's reminiscences of his own campaigns. We walked and wandered about the garden and in the meadows, these fragrant with the smell of the hay, which was being "lifted."

All, with the exception of one, went to church next morning (*10th July*), and sat on the right of the choir against the wall. In the afternoon I went with Lord Wolseley over the way to a little place called "The Firs," belonging to Kempe, where Lady Gordon, the widow of Sir Henry, Charles Gordon's eldest brother, lives with her daughter and her daughter's little girl. I wanted to see the inside of the house, as I have some idea of taking it when Lady Gordon leaves next year. It has

a nice lawn behind, with a pretty view; the house, though small, looks comfortable enough. Lord Wolseley knew Sir Henry, but did not remember Lady Gordon. Our host had his evening service in the chapel at Old Place at eight that evening, after which we had a cold collation. This time I slept in "the Spanish Ambassador's bedroom," as Lord Wolseley occupied the larger "Dial Room." Next morning I returned to town with "C. in C.," as Kempe calls Lord Wolseley; he slept most of the way in the train, a habit he says he always indulges in, and which he finds very beneficial. He came to me the same afternoon about five, and met David Baird and my niece and her daughter Eva. I had given him a photograph of the curious portrait of Marlborough, which Major Shuttleworth had given me last year, and he wished to see the original painting, but would not, he said, have recognised it as that of Duke John. He showed much interest in my pictures, and remained till seven. He had much talk with Frank relating to the *Morning Post* scheme for starting hospitals for convalescent soldiers, about which Frank has written much lately in the *Morning Post*, and he promised his influence in the matter. After dinner that evening at the Whitakers, Frank went to see Dunn at the office of the *Morning Post*, to tell him this good news.

We passed most of the day of the *13th of July* at Rosherville Gardens, where Miss Stormont Murphy gave a "treat" to some two hundred "cabbies" and their wives, in the grandly named "Banqueting House." We (Sid. Propert, Frank and I) went to Gravesend by rail, and the "cabbies" came to the Gardens by river, and on arriving about noon, we found the Gardens full of them. The entertainment was a success. A few short speeches, and some songs followed, Antoinette Stirling kindly singing several. The Gardens in great beauty. I had not been in them for some thirty years, but my impression of them was the same to-day as then. They recall the quarries at Syracuse, those of Rosherville being nearly as fine.

The day after, we went to Falmouth, Frank and I and Sid. Propert, who has had no holiday for twelve months, and has rather overworked his good self, and badly needs one. Weather glorious; the scenery about Plymouth very fine. We are at an excellent hotel near the station, called "The Falmouth," and half a mile from the town. Our rooms

face seaward, and one is reminded of Ajaccio. The fortnight we spent at Falmouth was a very pleasant one; bathing, boating, and walks and drives made it pass all too quickly. One day we visited Truro and its cathedral—a pretty expedition by water, the steamer threading the thickly-wooded banks of the Fal, not unlike the Moselle. The cathedral is still unfinished. It has merit, even beauty; it appears to be only half completed.

On the *23rd*, our little party of three broke up. Frank went to an old friend of his at Tavistock, and S. Propert and I remained on a few days longer at Falmouth. We visited its Gibraltar—Pendennis Castle—built in Henry VIII.'s reign. That king's shield, with a fine Renaissance border, appears above the principal gateway. Captain Poppleton did us the honours of the castle; we were also shown the new guns by the Master Gunner. The castle is well worth seeing, if alone for the splendid view one commands from the roof. The next day we went by steamer to the Lizard; a perfect day for the trip. From the Lizard we drove to Marazion Cove, which is not unlike Tintagel.

Again in London. At the end of the month I had some friends at dinner—the Whitakers and daughters, Miss Augusta Harvey, Miss Wynn and Lorne. After dinner the Whitaker children, Nora and Delia, gave us a little concert, playing their mandolines, and Miss Harvey, who is an admirable musician, accompanied on the piano.

I had passed the following Sunday at Latimer, which I left on *Monday, 1st August*. At Chalfont Road Station I saw the announcement on a newspaper poster of Bismarck's death, which had taken place the night before at eleven. It is a great event. The end came apparently somewhat suddenly, almost unexpectedly. Gladstone, and now Bismarck gone, there remains but the old Pope—last survivor of that wonderful trinity of grand old men!

On the *3rd August* we went to Kew Gardens, where we called on Sir Wm. Thiselton Dyer, and went over the old home of George III.—"Kew Palace"—recently put more or less in order, and opened to the public. It is a quaint, semi-Jacobean, semi-Dutch building, without any external or internal beauty, but full of the days of King George and Queen Charlotte. Next day Dunn and Dr Noble Smith came to luncheon. We had much interesting information

from the latter as to the way children are deformed by their clothes. On the *5th* I went on a visit to Beauchamp, at Madresfield, where I found a small party—Lady Jersey and a daughter; young Thesiger, eldest son of Lord Chelmsford, with his wife; a Mr Greene, M.P., an Oxford friend of Beauchamp's; and mine host's great-aunt, the Duchess of Cleveland, who is always entertaining and full of amusing talk; and the Arthur Somersets, brother of Raglan; also his step-mother, Lady Raglan, and a daughter. By far the liveliest of the party was "Duchess Wilhelmina," who never alters, and time cannot stale. She is pining to go to Abyssinia or to some far distant land this winter. Somebody asked her if she was thinking of visiting Klondyke!

Lady Mary Lygon does the honours at Madresfield admirably. She is one of the Duchess of York's ladies. She told me rather a good story of little Prince Edward, aged four. Some one—I think it was Sir Stafford Northcote—was rather boring him and his little brother by telling them a long story, during which the younger brother at length began to show signs of weariness. When it ended, little Prince Edward turned to his small brother and said, "Smile!" Very royal and characteristic.

On Sunday we trooped through the rain to the church, which is close to the house. In the afternoon some played croquet, some "bumble puppy," a game played, as are most outdoor games, with a ball. I read "Cory," or rather Johnson's, letters, a well-known Eton master; they are interesting, but badly put together. My room was a pleasant and a cheerful one, with a large bay window, but in spite of this I felt dull and depressed and unsettled. I woke one night in a dream reading, from a book, the words, "Beautiful things said at beautiful places."

While at Madresfield, I tried to induce the Duchess of Cleveland to write her Memoirs, but she said either she would or could not, which comes to the same. Next morning, *Monday, the 8th*, I returned with Mr Greene to London. Lorne called that afternoon to say he hoped we would go with him to Touraine, where he has never been.

HÔTEL DE L'UNIVERS,
TOURS, *22nd August.*

We have had a sweltering hot time since leaving England, ten days ago. I never remember in Europe so long a spell of tropical heat as we have experienced since the *13th.*

To return to England. On the *9th* I called on General Milman at the Tower; the General most cordial, as he always is. I sent him next day some sketches of the fortress, drawn by John O'Connor, which he appreciates.

We (Lorne, Frank and I) left Victoria Station on *Saturday*, *13th August;* the Channel smooth as a lake. At Paris we put up at the Hôtel de Choiseul. The next day to morning service at Notre Dame, and went to Blois the following; there the heat became excessive. Visited the castle the next morning, and drove to Chaumont in the afternoon, which now belongs to the Prince de Broglì. His wife and he were most civil. I had never seen Chaumont, and I was delighted with it. Those beautiful Loire castles, built of snow-white stone, remind me much of Dunrobin. The day after, we visited Chambord; I had seen it in '66, and remembered it well.

On the *18th*, we arrived here, putting up at the excellent "Hôtel de l'Univers," where I stayed some dozen years ago, when working on my "Life of Joan of Arc." We made this our head-quarters for sight-seeing in the neighbourhood. On the day after our arrival we went to Azay le Rideau. The castle has been let by the Marquis de Biencourt to the Comte de Mauny Talvande, who recently married Lady Mary Byng. He has turned it into a kind of academy for young Englishmen; one of these is my great-nephew Belgrave. It seems rather a doubtful experiment. At present there are only half-a-dozen English youths in the château, but also the Comte's mother and grandmother; and my cousin Alice Strafford, Lady Mary's aunt-in-law, is there on a visit.

On the *20th*, we went to Chenonceaux, but found it was only now shown on Sundays and Thursdays. The next day, Sunday, we returned to Azay, where a village *fête* was in full swing, and we dined at the château. On Monday we visited Langeaïs and its castle, splendidly restored by

its present owner, who bears the romantic name of Siegfried. I have never seen a work of restoration so perfectly carried out as this.

On the *23rd*, there came a blessed change in the atmosphere, and we could breathe again and perspired less. That day was devoted to visiting Loches. I had seen it some ten years ago. It is a most interesting place, with its well-preserved prison, in one of which Louis XI. kept his victims suspended in a cage in mid-air. The day after, we returned to Chenonceaux, which we went over with Talvande and some of his pupils, Belgrave being one of the party. They met us at Azay, and after visiting Chenonceaux, we had an excellent luncheon in the court-yard of the little inn "Le Bon Laboureur," at Chenonceaux, under the shadow of a wisteria in full leaf, but not yet in flower. The good old landlady, Madame Meduse, looked after us. I was disgusted at finding that noble gallery, which spans the river, in the castle at Chenonceaux, which I remembered in the sixties full of rare old furniture and historical portraits, has been converted by the execrable taste of a godless woman who lived there some years ago, into the worst kind of café-concert style of decoration. The castle is now lived in by Cubans, named Terry. We next visited Amboise, some in carriages, others on their bicycles. After visiting that noble palace-castle we all returned by rail to Tours, and dined together at our hotel, the Azay le Rideau party returning late by road.

On the *25th*, we visited Chinon. Chinon was full of cavalry, passing through it on their way to the manœuvres, and helped to make the picturesque old town still more so. Chinon was in great beauty. I know few views more beautiful than that from the old castle walls, looking over the river and its wooded banks.

We left Tours for Paris on the *28th of August;* the last two days we passed there we made no expedition, but only saw the place itself. Lorne and I called at a little house near Tours where a cousin, Cicely Manners, daughter of Lady Adeliza, was living; for it she pays £10 a year.

On the *29th*, Lorne left us in Paris on his return to England, and the next day Frank and I started for

Germany, stopping at Strasbourg. It was the first time that I had stopped a night there, often as one had passed through the town, and I was glad of an opportunity of seeing the cathedral. The outside is somewhat disappointing, but the interior is impressive, and the choir, from its great height and massive columns, is striking. Marshal Saxe's monument is worthy of being in Westminster Abbey! Our next halt was at Heidelberg, putting up at the old, but much renovated, hotel, "Prince Carl." The afternoon had been rainy, but just before reaching Heidelberg the setting sun bathed the beautiful ruins of the castle in a golden glow. Our hotel was the one I remember being at on my first visit to Germany, about the time of the Crimean War. It was then that Chevalier de Bunsen was living in a villa on the other side of the Neckar, almost opposite the castle, and I remember going to see him with my mother. I have always thought, and this visit confirms the impression that Heidelberg is one of the most beautiful places in Europe. We had two glorious "St Martin's summer" like days there, and saw it thoroughly.

RUSSISCHER HOF, WEIMAR,
10th September.

Here we arrived at the Mecca of our tour two days ago. From Heidelberg we went to Frankfort. On the *7th* we slept at Eisenach, visiting the Wartburg the next morning. Hiring a carriage at our hotel, the "Grosherzog von Sachsen," for the day, we first visited the Wartbürg, a most fascinating place, beautifully situated, full of historic glamour and charm, but somewhat over-restored for my taste. The entrance, however, of the castle, and that portion of it where Luther lived, is untouched. The great hall, the great gallery, and the chapel, have been terribly over-painted and modernised. We then went through the valley of the Annathal and its beautiful woods, walking through that curiously narrow gorge, the Drachenshalt. We left Eisenach the same evening, and arrived at our destination here, where we have found most comfortable quarters. Weimar, which, like Eisenach, is new to me, we are delighted with; its quiet, peaceful, clean streets, its beautiful park, which one can reach in a few minutes from our hotel, and which is right in the middle of the town, in the Carl Platz, is a delightful place to go to; indeed George Eliot's account of Weimar is not at all over-drawn. We

have visited Goethe's garden-house in the bosky shades of the park. Weimar is as full of Goethe, as Stratford-on-Avon is of Shakespeare. Close by our hotel stands the double monument of Schiller and Goethe, in front of the theatre. Soon after we arrived we stood below it, and I felt the influence of the place and of the immortal memory of these two great German poets, as they stand hand in hand, with the stars twinkling above them in the great blue vault.

On *Saturday*, 10*th September*, the news of the assassination at Geneva of the Empress of Austria was brought in the evening; it had happened just six hours before. A strange unsatisfactory career closed in a very tragic manner. In the town we have visited the public library, full, besides books, of all manner of odds and ends, and many bad portraits. There is a curious staircase in a tower, cut out by a prisoner from a huge oak. The Grand Duke's Palace is not remarkable, and there is little to see in it, with the exception of a fine collection of Old Masters' drawings, bought by the late Grand Duchess, who was a Princess of the House of Orange. The best of these, which are framed and placed in a dark corridor, belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, as his mark on them proves. In the study of the Grand Duke are four or five superb life-size hands in coloured chalk, studies for Raffaelle's cartoons, and purporting to be by him; and in the Grand Duchess's sitting-room are eight, also life-size, studies of heads by Da Vinci, for his great fresco at Milan. We also looked into the new building near the Palace, where are many of Schiller's and Goethe's MSS. We also visited the Belvedere, a delightful place, approached by a pleasant two miles of road bordered by avenues of elms and horse-chestnuts; it has beautiful gardens. One part of them is a formal garden with fine old orange trees, in green tubs and gardens, not unlike some of the old Scotch ones. Ettenburg is another royal, or grand-ducal villa, near Weimar, with delightful beech woods.

On the 14*th September*, we went for the day to Jena—a place well worth visiting. We had our luncheon at the "Bear Inn," a modern-looking hostel, but Luther stayed there in 1522; and it boasts of another celebrated passenger in Bismarck, who was there for a day some ten years back. We had for our luncheon table one which was said to have

been used by Luther; in that room hung an old copy of Cranach's portrait of the great Martin. We visited the hill, on which is a tower with iron tablets recording the soldiers who fell for their fatherland in the years of '70-'71. There are but few old buildings of any note in Jena. The old Schloss, in which Goethe wrote *Hermann und Dorothea*, is now converted into half museum half barrack.

WEIMAR, *18th September.*

We leave this pleasant place to-day for Dresden, after a delightful ten days passed in Goethe's town. Weimar I had expected to like, but it has been far above my expectations, and we both hope to return to it again. I trust that the fates will allow of this. Lately we walked to Tiefurt, through the park and a couple of miles outside it. Tiefurt has also its Goethe souvenirs, the old house there belonging to Duchess Amalia, his great friend; it is full of microscopic rooms. An eccentric Grand Duke has covered all the walls of its little rooms with a vast collection of prints, mostly belonging to the last century; there are many mezzotints after Sir Joshua's portraits, and among others I saw that after Romney's "Dancing Grandmothers," at Trentham. The whole place is full of Goethe's time and of his personality.

On the *16th*, I visited Gotha and Erfurt. At the former I saw the Museum, and then went to see the Cathedral of Erfurt. It is finely placed, and fortunately has not been spoilt by modern restoration. At its foot is a curious old inn named the "Hohe Lillie," at which Luther and other celebrities have lodged. I passed the old palace which Napoleon occupied, and in which he had his memorable interview with Goethe; it is now a Government building.

On the *24th* we were at Dresden, at the Hôtel Bellevue. Suddenly we have plunged from summer into cold autumnal weather, and what is worse, Frank is almost laid up with his old enemy, rheumatism, and has settled to return at once to London to see an excellent doctor there, at Kensington.[1] I shall return, but more slowly, staying at Cassel and Dusseldorf *en route.*

Leaving Dresden on the *25th*, I stayed that night at Leipzig. I found that clever Russian painter

[1] Mr Barton, M.D.

Verestchagm had an exhibition forward — principally scenes from the Franco-Russian campaign of 1812. "Very shocking," as I call this artist's works in some instances, his views of this awful campaign bring it vividly before one in all its hideous squalor, and with its ghastly surroundings. The burning Russian city, the retreat of the French through the snow, make one feel in looking at these pictures as if one actually saw the scenes so graphically depicted. Lembach's portraits in the Academy here are the best I have seen by him; hanging in a line are the old Emperor, Moltke and Bismarck, all prodigious. I was glad to see at the end of one of the galleries that fine work of Delaroche's, "Napoleon at Fontainebleau"—that painter's best work; a world of history portrayed in a single figure.

There is a fine monument in the Market Place to the honour and glory of the Great Emperor, who sits enthroned, the Crown Prince Frederick and the King of Saxony on horseback on either side the monarch, Bismarck and Moltke, also on horseback behind, above all a glorified Germania.

I left Leipzig on the *27th*, and stopped one night at the "Hôtel König von Preussen" at Cassel. I passed some time in the splendid picture gallery, so rich in Rembrandts and Rubens, whose statues worthily adorn the entrance of the gallery. The next evening I was at Dusseldorf—in the "Breidenbacher Hotel"—leaving it on the *30th* for Brussels, where under the moonlight the splendid old market-place looked like a scene on the stage, this no doubt helped by the electric lighting of the grand old place, which made the Town Hall and the gilded decoration of the old buildings around appear as clear as by daylight; the lofty tower of the Hôtel de Ville seemed to meet the stars. The next day I was back in London, and delighted to find Frank much better.

What admirable institutions our London hospitals are. I felt this when visiting my former travelling valet, Alfonso Cassietti, now laid up at the Charing Cross Hospital, and also when told by Sidney Propert that his father, who had been knocked down by a cab, and taken to that hospital, said on leaving it, that he had never been more comfortable or better looked after in all his days.

On the *11th of October* I paid Watts a visit at Little Holland House. I found him looking wonderfully well and youthful for eighty-two. He showed me his latest works, among them a superbly coloured painting he calls

"Charity," and a fine head of Gerald Balfour. He promised to come and see my "Titian," which he did the day after, with Mrs Watts. I had asked Watts to give me his judgment on the painting; he praised it highly. Father Dolling happened to be in my house at the time of the Watts' visit, and they were introduced to each other. Father Dolling is just back from the States. He speaks in the highest terms of America and the Americans.

That evening we dined at a big literary dinner at the Trocadero—Dunn in the Chair. The dinner was given as a farewell token of esteem by his friends to the artist Mr Boyd, who is about to start on a round-the-world tour. I sat next to Anthony Hope, who was agreeable. He has just brought out a new play with great success. Hope's, Barr's, and Boyd's speeches were the best. Bret Harte, unluckily laid up with lumbago, was unable to come.

On the *18th* I left for Ireland, on a visit to the Ormondes at Kilkenny. Here (Kilkenny Castle) I found the Ormondes and their daughters, whose profiles are like Greek gems; the Cheshams, with eldest son and daughter. Charlie Cavendish is quartered near Cork. He has lately joined the "Death or Glory Boys," the celebrated 17th Lancers; he delights in his profession. Both father and son left the next day, one for cub-hunting in England, the other for his military duties. The cathedral here has some interesting monuments within it. They were digging a grave in the churchyard, the ground literally littered with skulls and bones—a gruesome spectacle: no wonder that the Ormondes have turned a plot of ground near the castle into their place of burial, as the Leinsters did at Carton. The new Roman Catholic cathedral is of striking proportions. The famous Black Abbey has been tawdrily and badly restored. The great masses of chestnut trees before the castle are now of burnished gold, and the view from my window of the river and St John's Bridge is beautiful.

Saturday, 22nd October, was a day of much interest. I had expressed a wish to see Lady Louisa Tighe (who lives at her place Woodstock, some distance from here) again, and with my great-niece "Beasie," I had this satisfaction. We left Kilkenny by rail at noon, and on reaching Thomastown, left the train, and had luncheon with

Ormonde's agent, Mr Sein and his family. Mr Sein (whose name is pronounced Sing) is a descendant of a Huguenot family who came to Kilkenny in the seventeenth century. From Thomastown we drove to Woodstock, seven or eight miles along a pretty road, most of it with woods on either side the road, and with views over the river, plain and distant hills. The day was a brilliant one, and the Emerald Isle looked the gem it is named after. We reached our destination between three and four, and found the dear old lady ready to receive us, looking well, and quite erect for all her ninety-five years. Twenty years ago I went to see Lady Louisa, with Lilah Ormonde and my dear sister Constance, and then we regarded Lady Louisa as being a very ancient dame. It is only quite recently, they say, that she shows signs of failing, being sometimes confused as to people's identity, and she is now very deaf, and growing blind. For instance, when "Beasie" went up to her on our arrival, Lady Louisa asked her how her "dear children" were, having mistaken her for her mother; but her memory is still wonderful, especially regarding the early years of this moribund century. She talks as if the Duke of Wellington was still very present to her, and she always speaks of him as "my dear Duke." When I saw her last, in '78, she wore a dark-brown wig; now under her widow's cap she wears her own white hair, which is far more becoming. She walked with me through her three drawing-rooms, pointing out those pictures she thought of most interest. I was glad to have thought of bringing with me a photograph after a large mezzotint head of the great Duke, after Lawrence's portrait; for the dear old lady appeared delighted when I gave it to her. "How like it is to my dear Duke!" she repeated when looking at it. Miss Tighe, a niece of Lady Louisa's husband, who is living with her aunt, took me for a walk in the beautiful grounds. I had not remembered how beautiful they were, or how striking, almost weird, is that avenue of huge araucarias, and how fine the Scotch and silver firs. On returning to the house we found that the kind old lady had thought of having the watch the Duke had given her when she was a child, brought to the drawing-room. This watch we reverently examined. It is a handsome gold repeater, with a kind of hunting-watch cover on its face. It certainly is an extraordinary thing to talk to some one who knew the great Duke, even before the Peninsular campaign. She said the Duke had given

her, besides the watch, a bank-note, of which at the time she had no idea of the use or of its value, and that she had folded it up into a little paper soldier, and then burnt it, and how the Duke in later years, when she went to Apsley House, used to chaff her about this bank-note, and say: "Ah! Lady Louisa, been burning any bank-notes lately?" The tradition of Lady Louisa having buckled on the Duke's sword at her mother's, the Duchess of Richmond's, ball at Brussels, is not correct. Lady Louisa said that she offered to tie his sash, and that the story arose probably from that circumstance. She remembers that historic ball perfectly, and talks as if it had happened yesterday; she was then twelve. Her sisters' school-room was used for the ball that night; the dancing took place in a coal-house! When the ball was at its height the Duke took her mother aside and whispered something; he then left the ball-room, and went into her father's study, taking a candle with him, followed by one of his equerries; he then studied a map. Many of the officers had not time to change their ball-dress, but left for the field in that costume. Lady Louisa's brother, Lord March, who was one of the Duke's A.D.C.'s to the Prince of Orange, having bidden the Richmond ladies farewell, returned again a few minutes later, having forgotten his cigar-case. Lady Louisa first knew the Duke when he was A.D.C. to her father, the Duke of Richmond, during the latter's Viceroyalty in Ireland.

I left Kilkenny on the *24th of October*. On my way back to England I paid a short visit to my nieces the FitzGeralds, at Kilkea Castle. Two of them, Mabel and Nesta, and a brother Walter I found there, and a Miss Stokes, a great authority on the old carved Irish crosses, about which she has written and published some books.

My last visit to Kilkenny had been with Lorne, to my nephew and his beautiful wife, in the winter of '86; both now gone. Near the castle is a ruined chapel, with some old grave-stones around its walls. Among these is a much battered headstone of the middle of last century, on it this inscription:—"This stone is erected by John Tool, in memory of his posterity." Can anything be more perfectly or delightfully Hibernian?

The next day I went to Carton, where I found another Geraldine niece, Eva FitzGerald, and her little nephew "Eddy," the only one of my nephew Leinster's three boys

now there, the other two are at school, the eldest at Lord Normanby's in Yorkshire. Eddy is a fragile little creature of six, but he is quick and intelligent. Two granite crosses mark the graves of my nephew and of beautiful Hermione, a finely sculptured one in grey granite, the place where my sister and her husband rest. A sad contrast to this open chamber of death is the beautiful garden that blossoms close to it, and the golden and crimson foliage all around, in all their autumnal bravery. Death in the midst of Nature's ever-changing beauty!

I passed the following day in "dear, dirty Dublin," visiting the Picture and Portrait Galleries, where I had some talk with Armstrong, the Curator, crossing the Channel at night, and being at home on the *28th.*

On the *1st of November* we went to Falmouth, staying again at the same hotel close to the sea, where we remained till the beginning of the year 1899. During those winter months I was able to get through a good deal of writing, my book on the Tower and the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence taking up most of the day and evening.

FALMOUTH, *13th November.*

A pleasant week has rushed by—"rushed" is the only term by which one can describe the rapidity with which the days pass by here. This is no doubt chiefly owing to our time being so fully occupied. Write from ten till twelve, then, generally, Frank has a ride, and I a walk by the beach, or round the castle drive—a delightful road, with splendid sea-views, from the Manacles on the right to the harbour, and up the estuary on the left—and writing from four till seven, and again after dinner till eleven at night. We had an artistic neighbour in Mr A. de Pass, who lives at Cliffe House; he has some good pictures there. I suggested that a portrait of Pope by Kneller would be welcome at the National Portrait Gallery, and he very kindly made a gift of it to that Collection. Thus passed away that pleasant time. Christmas came, and New Year found us still well occupied, and in peace and goodwill, as far as possible, with all mankind.

1899

Sunday, 1st January.

A NEW year, the last but one of the century, has begun,

> "Like as the waves do make towards the pebbled shore,
> So do our minutes hasten to their end."

Eighteen ninety-nine has come upon us with pouring rain; however, we attended service in the Parish Church.

After a little more than three months at Falmouth we left this "haven of rest," as I called it, with some regret, in the middle of *February*. Through all those months of peace, without a shade or a cross word or thought between us, no wonder we were sorry to leave. Near the end of the month Frank left for Rome. I was busily employed by the Lawrence book in those days, and made some visits in the country in connection with that book. One afternoon I was in the Castle Library at Windsor with Holmes. We saw from it a most gorgeous sunset, the sky one mass of great, white, piled-up clouds against the most ethereal background of blue, then the white turned to pink, and the nearly full moon swam above; below, the brown-tinted elms in the home park made up a perfect picture. Frequent visits were also made to the Tower that month (*February*) and in *March*.

2nd March.

At the Tower. A subterranean passage has been discovered beneath the Main Guard building, which is being pulled down; this passage communicates with the river. Mr May, Clerk of the Works, took me all over the place.

On the *7th of March*, with Lorne to the Tower; he had not been there since he was a child. General Milman did the honours of the fortress, and Mr May showed the recent

discoveries. We had luncheon in the Queen's House with the General and his daughter, Miss Milman, afterwards going over the White Tower with Lord Dillon, who knows more of the arms and armour there than any one.

On the *9th* I went to Winchester with Lorne, where we attended a meeting about a Memorial to King Alfred for 1901. Evelyn Ashley, with the Mayor and Mr Myers, the Member for Winchester, were at the station. There was a big luncheon previous to the meeting at the Town Hall. Lorne spoke at the meeting, and was followed by Lord Aberdeen; I left early. I have written to the *Times* suggesting that the Memorial to Alfred should be placed in the ruins of Hyde Abbey, where he was buried.

A few days later I passed some pleasant days at Old Place with that delightful host, C. E. Kempe. One day we visited Sheffield Place, and saw where Gibbon's fat little body is buried inside the church, in a kind of sepulchral chamber in the left aisle. On a marble slab placed outside is a long Latin inscription, but, as I remarked to the Rector, Mr Price, I think there ought to be some more tangible memorial to the fact that the great historian is buried in the church, and with this his reverence quite agreed.

On the *26th* I dined with Gilbert Parker at Willie's Rooms—a gathering of literary and theatrical folk, among whom were Irving, Sir Douglas Straight, Moberly Bell, F. Harrison, J. Sargent, R.A., Edmund Gosse, Sidney Low, and Poulteney Bigelow. It was a dinner given to meet the new American Ambassador, Mr Choate, but he was laid up with influenza. I sat between Irving and Moberly Bell; the former was very full of his new play *Robespierre.* Mr Bell was also very interesting. The dinner lasted till eleven, and one had consequently no opportunity of talk with the other diners afterwards.

I have been attending Charles Gore's sermons at the Abbey this week, on St Paul. A most interesting preacher, and well worth hearing, is the new Canon of Westminster, and I have called on him in his pleasant house in the Little Cloisters.

On the *1st of April* to Broadlands, where I had not been for some half-dozen years. One of the glories of Broadlands has departed—some splendid cedars which formerly stood on the great lawn before the house; they

were all blown down in a gale about a year ago. Beside my host and Lady Alice, was his son Wilfrid Ashley, aged thirty-two, private secretary to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman; a niece of Lady Alice's, Lady M'Call; the young Hamiltons, a very pleasing pair; young Lord Crichton, Lord Erne's eldest son, a good specimen of a Life Guard, with perfect manners, good looks, and without any "side"; Count Gleichen and a sister, who sings extremely well, and has a splendid voice. Next morning we all went to Romsey Abbey. Evelyn Ashley, being the Mayor, and that being a high day and holiday, had to parade the streets in state in his robes, and wearing the Mayoral chain, with two beadles marching before him, and when in the church having two silver maces stuck on either side of his chair of state.

On Monday morning most of the party went to a meet of the staghounds in the still leafless New Forest, and with Evelyn Ashley I went to Winchester. I wanted to see what remains of Hyde Abbey, where I think the Memorial to King Alfred should be placed. On arriving at the ruins of the Abbey we found a farmyard; in front of this is a handsome fourteenth- or fifteenth-century church gate. In my letter to the *Times* I suggested that the barns should be removed, and some cloister-like buildings, with a memorial cross to the memory of Alfred, be placed in the midst. Evelyn Ashley and I had luncheon in a little club in Winchester, where we met Lord Northbrook, up from Stratton for some local meeting; he invited me there to see his Lawrence portraits. We called at the Deanery, where I re-made acquaintance with Dean Stephens, whom I had met some years ago when he was rector of Wolbeding. The Deanery is a handsome old building, with a good carved oak staircase of Charles I.'s time. The Dean showed me his beautiful garden; from it one gets the finest view of the cathedral.

The day after, I returned to Winchester, on my return journey to London. I met Lord Northbrook at luncheon at the Deanery, where were also Mrs Stephens, with three daughters and a son. After luncheon the Dean took us all over the glorious cathedral, including the newly-restored roof, over which we walked from end to end; it is a gigantic work, not yet completed. I much admired Kempe's two splendid new windows in the Lady Chapel, in one of which the portrait of the Queen is admirably rendered.

On the *5th of April*, I went to Paris, to see the Goupil publishers there concerning my Lawrence book. Mr Manzi, who is one of the "bosses" of Goupil's publishing firm, with MM. Joyant and Masson, discussed some of the technical details of the work. The number of photogravures is to be reduced, but enough will remain to form a handsome tome.

While in Paris I saw something of the George de Reuters, who have a pretty house in Rue Lübeck, all furnished in the Louis XVI. style.

I was again in London on the *11th* of the month, looking up engravings in the British Museum for my Lawrence book, and dined that evening at the Reform Club with Mr Poulteney Bigelow, to meet Mr Choate, the new American Ambassador. It was quite an interesting gathering, many distinguished men in several respects: Lord Acton, Charles Beresford, Caton Woodville, Broughton, R.A., Gilbert Parker, Lord Hobhouse, Chesham, Henty, Sir Bruce Seton, Sir C. Scott-Moncrieff, and Mr Whiteing. I sat next to Sir Bruce, who has been private secretary to many Indian Viceroys, and was a friend of General Gordon's, a very agreeable grey-bearded man of sixty or so. Opposite sat Choate. It was quite a pleasure to have so intellectual and refined a face to study as his is: a mixture of William Harcourt's (but with fewer chins) and Binyon, the British Museum poet. The dinner did honour to the *cordon bleu* of the Club. Charles Beresford and our host both called on the Ambassador to make a speech. He did, and spoke for a quarter of an hour with great humour. The dinner lasted till nearly midnight.

A day or two after this dinner I paid a visit to Titsey Place, now belonging to young Charles L. Gower, the third son of Granville L. Gower, who, when I first visited Titsey, some seven or eight years ago, was then its owner; both his elder brothers have died since. Charles married, some six years ago, Miss Brassey, a golden-haired young lady. They have two pretty children, Dick, aged four, and Ronald, a year younger. Walked with my host about the pretty gardens, and re-visited the church, in which there is a fine recumbent monument by Noble to his grandmother, placed there by Arthur L. Gower. My jaunt to Titsey was in connection with looking for a place where I could buy a small house, or build one, something in the way of a "cottage bungalow." All the next day, while I was at

Titsey, it poured in torrents, and it was not practicable to see even the most "eligible" of sites in such a downpour.

On the *14th*, I paid a visit to Lord Northbrook. I found his carriage at Micheldever Station, from which Stratton is a couple of miles. The house is not handsome externally, but most liveable within, and full of pictures, although the principal part of the collection is in Hamilton Place. I found Lord Northbrook alone, with the exception of his agent. We passed a pleasant evening, for mine host is one of the most agreeable of men that I know, and his reminiscences are full of interest. My bedroom overlooked the front door, its walls hung with pictures of the modern English school, some of Cooke's landscapes among others. I found three of Lawrence's portraits here, all well worth reproducing for my Life of the P.R.A., and Lord Northbrook has kindly given me leave to have this done. Had a couple of walks with Lord Northbrook in the park, which possesses delightful gardens, now all aglow with primroses.

Up to town in time to go to the "first night" of *Robespierre* at the Lyceum. My stall next to that of Major Siever, and close by the Gilbert Parkers—pleasant neighbours. Irving received a tremendous ovation; the play thrilling, and splendidly mounted. After it was over I went behind the curtain, with some two hundred others, to congratulate the great actor and Ellen Terry (who in her part looked like Georgiana Devonshire) on the triumphal success of the piece.

On the *18th*, to a dinner at the Wyndham Club given by my old friend, Sir Arthur Hodgson—present, Admiral Hoskins, whom I had not met since '78 at Sydney, Mr Pemberton, Sir Arthur's eldest brother, and Sir Arthur's clergyman son—Sir Arthur Herbert, and a Staffordshire Lyttelton. The dinner excellent and so was the talk.

25th April.

Frank is home again; I need not add how glad I am. On the *19th* I went to Guy Sebright, who with his wife and son are living at a place they have taken, called Eden Hall, near Eden Bridge; the house belongs to Mrs Corbett,

whose son married Fédé Riccardi. Young Ivo Sebright has just left Eton, a fine strapping youth, taller than his father. Mrs Sebright, *née* Frederic, a delightful person, with bright, ripe corn-coloured hair. Besides these are two pet dogs and a very human-looking little monkey.

Thursday, the 20th of April, was a gloriously bright day. We walked over to Hever Castle—which Guy is doing up, or rather restoring—a walk of about three miles through a very pretty country. Hever I had seen many years ago, when it was little better than a glorified farm-house: it is now full of workmen, and will be, I imagine, when finished, a delightful house. While Guy interviewed his foreman, and Ivo punted on the moat, I sat and watched the busy workmen swarming like bees about the old home of the Boleyns. We visited the old church with its Boleyn monuments before returning to Eden Hall.

After luncheon Mrs Guy drove me over to Penshurst, Guy and Ivo going ahead of us on their bykes. This *giro* we took—or rather was taken on my account,—in order that I should see "Hammerfield," the lovely place which belonged to old "steam-hammer" Nasmyth, and which I remembered seeing when staying with Lorne and Princess Louise at Dornden in the early seventies. At that time the inventor of the steam-hammer was still living there; he is long since dead, and the place has passed into the hands of a Russian General, de Gorloff, who wishes to sell it. It is a place that would be the very thing for Frank and myself, and if it is possible (and everything generally is possible when one is determined), I shall get it. I heard of Hammerfield only the night before, and I could hardly sleep for thinking about it. The agents at Tunbridge Wells were wired to, to know if Hammerfield was still in the market, and the answer "Yes" was returned. The house is delightful, and the gardens a dream of beauty.

After visiting Hammerfield we went over Penshurst Place. The house is shown twice or three times in the week; there is a *commissionnaire* at the gate, and a housekeeper within (Mrs Bartholomew). She is, poor soul, much distressed at the ruinous state of the property, and she told us that when the late Lord de Lisle had to leave the place, she was ready to give him all her savings!—a rare good-hearted woman Mrs Bartholomew must be. The day after I returned to London.

HAMMERFIELD, PENSHURST.

[*To face page* 364.

On the *22nd*, I made the acquaintance at his parents' in Devonshire Place, of my little great-nephew George of Teck, a flaxen-haired little boy of three; he comes up to one and croons little songs. To Latimer that afternoon. By a later train came Cecil Rhodes, with Colonel Brocklehurst—now in command of the Blues—and Weston Jarvis, who is the Colossus' *âme damnée*. I was naturally curious to meet Rhodes, and glad of the opportunity of doing so in so pleasant and quiet a way. He looks quite sixty, although but forty-five—the face heavy and furrowed, and the hair very grey. We had some pleasant talk together; he is keenly interested in classical story, or rather in history, and especially in Hadrian's life. We talked of the bronze horses at St Mark's. He would have it that they had been originally placed in some Greek town—Delphi, he thought. I made so bold as to dispute this, and it ended in our betting on it: if I lost, I was to give him a coin of Hadrian; if I won, he would give me, or name some mountain in South Africa after me. I believe I have won the bet, but as yet I have not been able to convince the Colossus of this. We shall see later on.

During the course of this week I have been told that I may have my name given to a mountain in South Africa, and have received an offer from a Canadian publisher to write a history of the progress of the Fine Arts during the century—fee, £1000—but neither of these things came to pass.

Sunday Morning, the 23rd of April, the Colossus did not go to morning service. Little Johnnie Cavendish, aged five, on being told by him that he would not go to church, as he had a cold, but that being the son of a clergyman he felt he should go, received from Johnnie an incredulous "Pooh, pooh!"—the first time probably that Rhodes had been pooh, pooh'd!

In the afternoon we pottered (as is the habit on Sunday afternoons in country houses) in the gardens, and looked in at the stables. Rhodes is much interested in flowers as well as Roman Emperors.

It is impossible not to be *sous le charme* of that strange individual. He is unlike any one that one has ever known; his boyishness of spirit and manner is very captivating. When with him one feels in the presence of a maker of history, of an epoch-making individuality. We all left Latimer on the following morning.

I found Frank had arrived when I reached home, bronzed with the sun of Greece and Crete. We went all the way that evening to the Metropole Theatre at Camberwell, with Frank's two brothers, an elder and a younger, both in the Navy. A friend of Frank's, Gerald Gurney, acted in the play, and later we supped with him and Mrs Gurney at their little house in Kensington.

I had called on Cecil Rhodes at the Burlington Hotel. He showed me a large number of big wooden boxes full of type-printed translations of classic authors, mostly histories, in all, eighty-one volumes, to wit—

Seven vols of Galba, Otho and Vitellus.
Seven of Vespasian.
Portraits and illustrations of the same.
Three volumes of Titus.
Six of Domitian.
Four of Nerva.
Seven of Trajan.
Ten of Hadrian.
Seven of Antoninus.
Seven of M. Aurelius.
Two of Commodus.
Two of "Courtesans of Greece and Rome."
Two of Rome and the Empire.
Nine of the "Private Life of the Romans."
Four of Cagnot's "Roman Army in Africa."
One of Nero.
One of the Laws of Lucian, and
Ogilvy's "Africa."

For these Rhodes had paid Hurst and Blackett £2000 —a colossal sum even for a Colossus to pay.

27 TREBOVIR ROAD,
Sunday, 30th April.

An interesting month is closing. I have lived through it more largely than I have done for many days. Much of this content is owing to Frank's return, also to having had much occupation and successful work with the two books I have in hand; and both Mr Colls and Mr Gray have nearly finished photographing for the Tower and Lawrence books. The latter's last are a delightful pair of heads—painted in Lawrence's best manner—of Lady Palmerston and her daughter, who became Lady Shaftesbury. When three days ago Mon. Joyant, who had

come over here from Paris, laid out all the Lawrence photos (some fifty full-page, and some smaller) in a row, at Goupil's, they made a good show.

Every day seems to bring Hammerfield nearer. Yesterday I came to the conclusion that I would live altogether there, sell this house, and take to Penshurst all my "lares and penates"; indeed I could not afford to run both places; but all this is in the womb of time. I called at Campden Hill, on Argyll, it being his birthday. I found him in the pretty, French panelled drawing-room. He sent for the Duchess; she soon appeared in an emerald velvet dress; she was very pleasant; she certainly has charm, and that peculiar and rare one, a sympathetic voice.

To the Tower on the *1st of May*, where a parade of the warders was held, an annual inspection on that day. The line of the veterans in their scarlet and gold full-dress uniforms, with the old grey fortress for background, would make a capital subject for Herkomer to paint. Later I went to Tower Hill with Mr Colls to choose some points for photographing that historic eminence.

The next day with Frank to Titsey to pay another visit to Charlie Gower; the day after, we walked in the beech woods which overhang Titsey. These woods have many old yew trees in them; the contrast of the dark green of the yews and the lighter green around was delightful. In the afternoon we drove to Eden Hall, a five miles' drive, where we stopped the night with the Sebrights. Frank and I walked to Hever after tea; Guy Sebright, seeing what he thought at first were two tramps invading his castle precincts, issued out of it like an irate seneschal. We returned to Eden Hall in the gloaming, and passed a pleasant evening with our hosts, their son, his French tutor, Mons. Vichel, two dogs and a monkey.

Early the next morning Frank and I started for our first visit together to Hammerfield, quite an important event to both; it was a bright morning, and the lovely little place—which will be, I trust, our future home—looked most delightful. We were met by the house agent from Tunbridge Wells. I was glad to find that Frank likes the place quite as much as I do.

At the "Leicester Arms Inn," at Penshurst, where we had luncheon, the agent drew up the terms of the agreement of purchase; we then returned to town.

12th May.

Hammerfield is mine! This welcome news arrived by telegraph on the *10th*, from General de Gorloff's agent. I had been out, and on returning to luncheon, Frank handed me the telegram, announcing that my offer had been accepted by General de Gorloff, the owner of Hammerfield. We rejoiced with an exceeding joy, and I am not ashamed to say I offered up a little mental prayer of thanksgiving to the Power from whom all good things come to poor mortals here on earth.

In the afternoon I called on Sibell Grosvenor, at her house in Park Lane, and found a very happy little family gathering there, consisting of her two daughters, Cuckoo and Lettice; the former is engaged to young Lord Shaftesbury; they are all evidently very fond of him, and he beams radiantly on his bride. The wedding is to take place on the *1st of July*. "Tony," as they call him, is decidedly good-looking—wavy brown hair, and clear-cut features.

Then followed rapid day visits to Windsor, and to the Church of Holy Trinity at the Minories, to see the mummified head of the Duke of Suffolk, Jane Gray's father, which is kept there in a box—and a long dinner in the handsome old Hall of the Haberdashers, given by the Gardeners' Company, to which I had been invited by Mr Salmond, who is Secretary of the Gardeners' Company, as well as of the Home for Incurables at Streatham. There was much state at this banquet; banners carried processionally round the hall; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress being present doubtless accounted for this ceremonial.

On the *11th of May*, met at the Queen's House in the Tower, at General and Mrs Clerk's, the Constable of the Fortress, Sir Frederick Stevenson; he showed much interest in the views I had taken of the Tower. Sir Frederick is a handsome old warrior of seventy, with a pleasant, frank, easy manner.

Later I paid a visit with Hamilton Aïdé to Duchess Teresa (San' Teodoro) at Oakwood Grange, near Ockley. Oakwood is a new building tacked on to a gabled house, most comfortable within. It seemed strange to see the old Neapolitan Caracciolo family portraits in a bran new

Surrey house, having seen them last in their old home in the Chaija. There was only the Duchess's mother, Lady Walsingham, at Oakwood, and her cousins Wyndham Blake and his sister.

LONDON, *Sunday, 18th May.*

Here I have been laid up a week in bed, to me an unique event! Yesterday week, the *20th*, I fell down, without any warning, in the Royal Societies' Club, in a fainting fit, and remember nothing till I found myself here in bed. Dr Townsend, who had looked after me before, after a similar attack, has attended me since; he called in the brain specialist, Dr Ferrier, who was very black as to the result of my fall at first, but was agreed with the other medico that I had better go out of town, and keep very quiet, and that all may still be well. I have seen several people who have been so kind as to call. Lorne came fresh from a visit to Oxford, after attending the Queen's birthday festivities at Windsor. The kind Queen took the trouble to send me, through Bigge, a telegram thanking me "sincerely" for one I had sent her on Her Majesty's birthday. This accident has obliged me to annul all my engagements for next week. Of these, what I most regret is having to give up the dinner for to-morrow (*29th May*), when Cecil Rhodes was to have dined here with Dunn and Weston Jarvis. I had a note from the Colossus, in which he says:

"Fate seems against us dining together. I am so sorry to hear from Lord Lorne, and now from Mr Hird, that you have had an accident. I must come and see you when you are better."

SPA HOTEL,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *4th June.*

My last entry was written in bed at 27 Trebovir Road, which I left yesterday for good. During the last week I have had quite a procession of visitors, Lorne calling often, also Lilah Ormonde, besides several other nieces having been to see their invalid old uncle, Edith Northumberland, Frances Balfour, Evy Baillie Hamilton, and "Millie" Sutherland, who called with dear old Mrs Bateson, and my little grand-niece, Rosemary. My kind old friend from Stratford-on-Avon, Sir Arthur Hodgson, called yesterday.

On the *31st* we went to see H. Aïdé's views of Crete, which he painted when there with Frank in the spring, and looked at Lord Northbrook's superb collection of old masters in Hamilton Place.

David Baird called one afternoon, and Duchess Teresa another. Yesterday I gave my last little entertainment at my London house—General G. Clerk and Mrs Clerk coming to luncheon, also Lilah Ormonde and S. Propert—and that afternoon Frank and I left town for this place. In this hotel we have pleasant rooms looking on a beautiful lawn, with a splendid clump of Spanish horse-chestnuts; beyond, the beautiful rolling land of Kent: the rhododendron in full bloom. Here we are 400 feet above the sea, and in this torrid weather that alone is a blessing and a benefit to one's health. Poor "Mrs A.," I fear, is dying. I already feel better for the change; less deaf, but no return of two lost senses, those of smell and taste.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Sunday, 25th June.*

Last Sunday we had a surprise visit from Lorne. We visited his old home on the other side of Rustall Common, Dornden, where I was in '72, I think. On going over Dornden, Lorne remarked that it seemed as if he had only left it yesterday, but it is nearly thirty years since. We roamed through the little wood and round the pond; when returning to the house, we were met by a gardener, who was at first very suspicious of us, and it took some time to convince him of Lorne's identity. The inside of the house looked somewhat gloomy.

I received a letter from Argyll, *à propos* of Hammerfield, in which he writes: "I drove to Hammerfield from Tunbridge, the road lit up by the glow-worms! I think you could not have found a more delicious place for quiet and sweet air."

General de Gorloff called here one day this week. I was glad to be able to thank him for all his courtesy in regard of Hammerfield.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *2nd July.*

I have been up to town this week for a Trustee Meeting at the National Portrait Gallery, which I felt in duty bound to attend. On the *1st of July* I heard the sad

news of my old friend, Mrs Adamson's death; with her ends a friendship of thirty years. Hers was a most kind and affectionate nature, which should make one forget her little faults, for they were all condoned by the goodness of her heart.—*R.I.P.* "A great rift in the lute now," writes William H. Russell of our mutual loss.

On the 31*st* of *July*, we had some friends to luncheon at Hammerfield, the Whitakers and Horatio Brown, but the house is still beset with workmen, and it will be late in the summer before we can go into it. It was a glorious day, and the little place looked in great beauty, and was duly admired by our guests, who could give but a very short time to seeing it, before returning to town.

On the 14*th* of *August*, we left Tunbridge Wells, and went for three weeks to Falmouth, again staying at the same hotel where we had been twice before. It had been intensely hot, so we travelled by night to Cornwall. We found the walls of our sitting-room at the hotel insufferably hot, owing to a flue which ran up the wall; we changed this room for another; our bed-rooms were at either end of a corridor on the first floor, with our sitting-room between. Three nights after our arrival, I was awoke about two in the morning by Frank, who had been nearly suffocated by smoke in his bed-room; he had barely time to get on his dressing-gown and alarm the hotel. Soon people, in all states of *déshabillé*, came scurrying down the stairs, many with bags and boxes. Frank was the providential means of saving the hotel, and probably many lives; had it not been for him, the building would have gone up in flame; on going below our rooms he found the coffee-room a roaring furnace. When all the people were in safety, he helped to get out the hoses, and then in dressing-gown and slippers, tore down to the town, and brought up the fire brigade in time to get the fire under. The fire being immediately below his room, that suffered most, and many of his things were destroyed, some by fire, and more by water. By four o'clock that morning the fire was almost extinguished; and we could all return inside the damaged building. Every one, including ladies and maid-servants, had behaved uncommonly well; there was no panic or even undue excitement. The Manageress, Miss Bryant, seemed to think more of the discomfort to the visitors than of her own danger during the whole time the fire lasted. When one thinks had Frank not been roused

by the smoke, that the place must have been destroyed and his life lost, one cannot be too thankful that things happened as they did.

HAMMERFIELD, *6th September.*

This is our first day at this our new home, and it has been a perfect one; this place still beautiful in colour, and with the everlasting glory of the evergreen trees all around. May this place be a true haven of peace, of rest, and of all good times, and may it also be a happiness to others as well as to ourselves.

We left Falmouth on the *4th.* We stayed a night at the "Charing Cross Hotel," and came on here the next day. Much has still to be done here; the galleries, Nasmyth's old workshops, which were in a woeful state of neglect and almost of ruin, are being turned into rooms for pictures and sculpture. The little billiard table I had in London is placed in the upper gallery, and the stained glass with my two and thirty quarterings, made for me when at Windsor by Pace, look extremely well in the windows of these galleries.

10th September.

Frank has lost his little fox terrier, "Nettle." We buried the poor little creature near some rhododendrons near the Maze. The poor little doggie had attached itself to us by its bright little presence and its playful ways. I had a painful thing to do this morning, namely, to tell Robert Tuffs that I find it impossible to keep him on with me. He has been nearly thirty years with me, and his leaving my service will be a wrench, but it cannot be otherwise.

We have been to the morning service at Penshurst Church, and found that the Hammerfield pew is well placed. The singing was good; one beautiful hymn, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," sung after the service, which was simple and to the point.

We have been watching from the upper terrace of this garden one of the loveliest sunsets of this year, the western sky all powdered with golden patches of cloud. Would that such fugitive effects could be photographed and in colour.

Our rector, Canon Maberley Smith, has been at Penshurst, off and on, some forty years, and knew the Nasmyths well. He attributes the brick walks in this garden to

Nasmyth always being shod in very tight and thin-soled boots.

Two of my nieces have been here, Lilah Ormonde and "Gerty" Gladstone, and Dunn and Father Dolling have paid us a short visit. The latter kept up a ceaseless flow of pleasant talk.

We have been paying calls on our neighbours, the Drummonds at Swaylands, the Hardinges at South Park, and also to the Sebrights at still incompleted Hever. Penshurst Place is no longer lived in by the De Lisles. The park is now glowing from the golden-tinted bracken, this garden also is resplendent in every tone of bright colour, from deepest brown to old gold and brilliant ruby of the Virginian creeper. This contrasts so grandly with the deep dark-green of the yews and the fir trees; the old elms above the "Brighton Walk" are all pale gold, and Miss Josephine Browne, who has lately been staying here, was most enthusiastic at the beauty of all this coloration. She sees much likeness in this place to Endsleigh near her house at Tavistock, the Bedfords' place.

The war has commenced in South Africa; a battle took place at Glencoe yesterday, in which the Boers were routed, but in which General Symons was killed. It is, if a justifiable and even a necessary war, a deplorable affair; and one feels regret at the nineteenth century closing with England placing all her strength in destroying a small Dutch Republic.

30th October.

Yesterday's sunset was one to remember—a flame-coloured sky with golden bands across it, the hills and distant clumps of trees standing out of that deep blue, which one sees in some of Titian's landscapes. Lorne paid us a visit to-day; he brought bad news with him of the capture of two regiments and some forty officers at Ladysmith; a real disaster. He said he had not been here since '76, but remembered many things about the place, not the galleries, which perhaps did not exist when he was here in Nasmyth's time; and was much pleased with all we have done. Our Rector and Mrs Maberley Smith have been here to luncheon; he told us that in his later years Nasmyth and his wife shut themselves up here, using only two rooms, and hardly saw a soul. A sad close of what had been a most genial and active life.

At a Trustee Meeting at the National Portrait Gallery on the *16th of November*, Lord Dillon told me that he is also *sans* taste and smell, since a fall he had very similar to mine, six months ago, but he says that he does not mind the loss. I do, and perhaps too much.

On the *20th*, up to town. Lilah Ormonde gave me a handsome fox-terrier, born and bred at Kilkenny—"Jack," who will be a great pet at Hammerfield. Met the Cheshams and Charlie Cavendish at luncheon at her house.

We have called and dined at Redleaf, our neighbour, Mrs Hill's beautiful place, the house, "modern Tudor"; stands near where the old one of Mr Wells did. That Mr Wells had many artists to stay with him at Redleaf, notably Landseer; some thirty of his pictures which adorned the old house were, unfortunately, all sold. The only memorial of Landseer at Redleaf are some heavy garden-chairs he designed. The gardens are lovely; it is quite the most beautiful of all the places in and around Penshurst.

ASCOT, *Sunday, 24th December.*

We came here (Hamilton Aïdé's) for Christmas. Frank had finished with his fortnight's inspection of the Military Convalescent Homes. He had been to Yorkshire, and to the Isle of Wight and Eastbourne, and of these places he wrote letters and a leader for the *Morning Post.*

We are a pleasant little company of seven here, the Colliers, Luther Mundys, H. Aïdé, Frank and self.

On the *19th*, I went to the Ormondes in Upper Brook Street, when I heard that my niece and her sister, Beatrice Chesham, had been telegraphed for in the early morning to go to St Giles, the Shaftesburys' place, where their father was dangerously ill. They only arrived in time to find him still living, but sinking fast; he died that Friday night. His death will make a great void in his children's lives. His was a strangely complex nature, full of good intentions.

After a very pleasant Christmastide at Ascot, we returned here at the close of the year.

Writing on the last day of the year, 1899: "In a few hours this old century will be numbered with the past; of it I can recall one half, for my memory goes back to the early fifties, and even to the year 1849, for I dimly recall my eldest brother's marriage that summer at Cliveden. It

ends sadly enough for England; the war has caused, and is causing, widespread mourning, but in one respect it has been glorious to this country, for probably not since the days of the Armada has England been so patriotically stirred, or displayed so much loyalty. One cannot but think that this war, if taken in time, might have been averted, or made less destructive. We seem in many ways to be repeating the follies and mismanagement of the Crimean campaign over again.

"The last day of the year has been a bright one, a cloudless sky and warm sun after storm and rain. May it be a presage of a future of calm content, and, when time has passed away, and sorrows and cares departed, of a blessed eternity!"

1900

1st January.

AFTER the clear starry sky which we admired last night as we walked on the terrace while the church bells of Penshurst were ringing out the old year, and the new one in, it was a disappointment to find on awaking a fog which seemed to penetrate through everything. Here is a good motto for the new, or any other year, by Sidney Smith: "Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God."

Early in the month of *January*, we left Hammerfield for Italy; in Rome we stayed three weeks. I was suffering most of the time from that curse of humanity, toothache, and even Rome, when accompanied by toothache, is wanting in charm. The day before I left England, I passed the evening with the Ormondes in Brook Street, and there met my niece, Beatrice Chesham, and her daughter Lilah Cavendish. "They are all," I write, "Lilah Ormonde, B. Chesham, and her girl, and 'Meggy' Teck, going to the Cape early in March.

"Chesham and his yeomanry sail at the end of this month. Lilah Ormonde is full of work, and the dining-room at 32 Upper Brook Street looks like a warehouse, being full of clothes that she is sending out to the Cape for Ormonde's old regiment, the First Life Guards. All this does credit to the hearts of the donors; this bloody war has certainly brought out much latent good in English Society."

At the beginning of *February*, we went to those most kind and hospitable of people, the Joseph Whitakers at Palermo.

My book on Sir Thomas Lawrence has at length appeared, a handsome tome, and on the whole the illustrations are satisfactory. I gave the first copy to Mrs Whitaker.

We have been making some short expeditions in the environs—to the finely situated old Castle of Carini one day, some dozen miles to the east, on the line to Marsala. It is a deserted stronghold of the once powerful Carini family, with fine sixteenth-century carved wooden ceilings in the hall, and in some of the rooms, and mouldering, full-length, life-size portraits of dead and gone Carinis; and fine views over the sea from the battlements; a veritable Castle of Otranto. On another day we went to some old country houses of the great Palermitan families at Bagheria; we were a party of a dozen, including J. Forbes Robertson, who has come to Palermo to recruit after a somewhat serious spell of ill-health, and whose company is much appreciated by the Malfiternians. We first visited a most whimsical villa, built by an eccentric Prince Pallaguino, in the early part of last century; it is covered without and within by a whole menagerie of monsters, carved in stone, and in stucco. Goethe, in his letters from Italy, has devoted a chapter to this villa, which evidently impressed him far more than did Monreale, whose splendid Cathedral he does not even allude to. Within this villa is a huge marble hall, all the walls and ceiling covered with marble and glass—the whole in a state of woeful dilapidation, although lived in recently by the family, who have sold it to the Prince of Castelnovo. We next visited a far finer palace, called the Villa Valguanera. On the front of this villa is a wide stone terrace, commanding a glorious panorama over the sea in front, and the beautiful line of hills to the west, one of the most superb of the many glorious views in this beautiful island. Among our party were Mr St George Littledale and his wife—he, a mighty hunter, and Mrs Littledale accompanies him in his wildest and most perilous travels.

Close by our host's place is the house of Baron Bordonaro, who has formed a fine collection of pictures, for which he has built a very handsome gallery; the paintings belong mostly to the early Umbrian school. There is a splendid Botticelli, a circular painting of the Madonna and the Infant Christ and St John; the Mother and Child are most beautiful.

On *Sunday, 25th February*, a very picturesque *fête* took place in the park of the Favorita; this was a "*corso de fiori*," to which Malfitano contributed three gaily decorated carriages, buried in flowers. The scene in the grounds of

the royal villa was a very bright and gay one; all the high life of Palermo was there, pelting and being pelted by flowers of all sorts.

Before leaving Palermo and our kind hosts, we revisited most of these beautiful places we knew already tolerably well, but could never see too often, to wit, Monreale and Solunto; to the latter we went with Hamilton Aïdé and Forbes Robertson. We had a couple of hours to climb up to the ruins and the summit of the hill, from which one has, I think, one of the loveliest panoramic views in Europe. After a pleasant month at Malfitano, with friends whose kindness is quite exceptionable, we turned our faces northward.

Early in the month of *March* we were back in Rome, and on the *15th* we arrived at the Grand Hotel, Arenzano, staying on the way a night at Pisa and at Santa Margherita. At the former we saw tolerably well that wonderful group of buildings, which have no match—the Baptistery, Cathedral, Tower and Campo Santo, and drove out to the little royal villa at Il Cambo, near which Shelley's body was found. At Santa Margherita we found an intolerably crowded and dirty caravansery, which we were glad to leave next morning. We were more fortunate at Arenzano. It was owing to a little illustrated advertisement describing this place, and its new Grand Hotel, that had been sent me, that induced us to try Arenzano.

ARENZANO, *23rd March.*

We have passed a week in this place. We have had many days of rain, and only one in which an expedition was possible, when we visited Lerca, a village up in the hills, from which the views are all worth the trouble of climbing up a hill to see. There is a wild garden not far from the hotel, and belonging to it, with terraces and pleasant walks among the olives and cypresses. Here we met one afternoon Mrs Hodgson Burnett and her husband, Mr Tounsend; they had been married a few days before at Genoa. They are going on to Venice, a place Mrs Hodgson Burnett has never seen.

We left Arenzano on the *26th*, and by the end of the month were back at our beloved Hammerfield.

Going through London we heard a bad account of

Argyll, who is laid up at Inverary from a prolonged attack of his old enemy the gout. We met one of his daughters, Constance Emmot, at dinner at the Baillds' on the *28th*; and on the *30th* had luncheon at Kensington with Lorne and the Princess, and their account was no better. We there met an American doctor who had belonged to the hospital ship *Maine*, and had been to the Cape in her.

On the *20th of April*, I went up to town to dine with Gilbert Parker with the Whitefriars Club, a Shakespearian Commemoration Dinner, and my host in the Chair. The dinner took place at Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street. Speeches were made in honour of the bard—the most amusing by the Rev. C. H. Grundy, of St Peter's, Brockley, a clerical wag, and almost a worthy successor of the immortal Canon of St Paul's. There I met for the first time the cleverest caricaturist of the day, F. C. Gould; altogether a very pleasant evening, and Gilbert Parker a perfect host. Alfred East, R.A., and his wife came to Hammerfield one Sunday this month; a genial pair.

On the *24th*, I received a telegram from Lorne to tell me of his father's death that morning.

HAMMERFIELD, *6th May*.

May has come, as it is bound to do, with warm winds and blue skies. All the country around and particularly this little "nest of singing birds," to quote Dr Johnson, who applied that term to his Oxford College, is now almost in its summer beauty; the rhododendrons bursting out in crimson and pale pink globes on all sides, and our tulips, which came from Holland last winter, making splendid splashes of colour on the flower-bed in front of the terrace.

On the *1st*, a young American landscape painter, Gardiner Symons, whom I knew first when he came from Chicago to the American Exhibition in Earl's Court, where he was known as the "lightning painter," from the marvellous rapidity with which he would dash off landscapes in oils, and who, during the time that exhibition lasted, painted some three thousand of these rapid oil-sketches. I had not seen him since '88, when he came to Stratford-on-Avon at the time of the unveiling of my Shakespeare Monument. Lately he has lived at St Ives,

where he has married, and he appears very happy and prosperous. He began painting directly he arrived here, and continued doing so during the week he stayed with us, making some clever views of the garden and of Penshurst Park and Place. His hand has certainly not lost its cunning, but instead of taking five minutes to paint a picture, he now takes a couple of hours.

On the *5th of May*, we had some pleasant people here to stay—Dunn, Editor of the *Morning Post*, Gilbert Parker and Horatio Brown. Much interesting talk from all the three; G. Parker a delightful personality, and tells a story with real talent and humour; he is, too, a splendid mimic —all rare gifts.

On the *8th*, I went up to London, and dined that evening with the Parkers at their house in Carlton House Terrace. I took into dinner a remarkable young lady, Mrs Heineman, *née* Sindici, wife of the well-known publisher. She remembered my calling in her mother's studio with G. A. Sala, who was an old friend of her parents. I remembered thinking a painting called "It Might Have Been," by Madame Sindici, a clever and original idea; it represents Wellington and Napoleon walking arm-in-arm by the Horse Guards, in the costume of the forties.

Young Hugh Lane has been at Hammerfield once or twice, and has been so kind as to clean most dexterously my Titian picture, "The Death of Actaeon"; he has removed layers of brown varnish, and the painting now appears probably much as it did when it formed part of Charles I.'s collection at Hampton Court or Whitehall.

INVERARY, *20th May*.

Frank and I left Hammerfield on the *18th* to come here for a week. It is the first time he has been in Scotland, and he could not come under pleasanter circumstances, as we are the guests of Lorne, who met us on our way here yesterday, coming on with us to this place.

We left Euston at nine on Friday night; at Birmingham, the station was all alive with the shouts of the crowd within and without, the news of the relief of Mafeking having just been announced. Glasgow, where we arrived at seven the following morning, the *19th*, was even at that

early hour all beflagged, and the town in a wild uproar of excitement at the welcome news; all along the banks of the Clyde the towns and villages and the ships on the river were decked with flags. The day was a beautiful one, luckily, as from Gourock our voyage was by steamer. On the opposite side of the river at Kilcreggan, we found Lorne waiting on the pier. The rest of the journey we made together, driving over the hills to St Catherine's, opposite Inverary; then crossing Loch Fyne, we reached the Castle; there we found my niece, Victoria Campbell. It is now five years since I was here; then, as now, Victoria was looking after the castle, and it was a real pleasure to find her in her old home, of which she is so worthy.

INVERARY, *29th May.*

Our pleasant visit comes to a close to-morrow. It has been a very peaceful time, and I regret its coming to an end, and leaving my cosy turret-room, overlooking from one of its windows the town, and the loch beyond, and from another the gardens with their fountains of green verdure, and the hills beyond. We have had some pleasant drives with Lorne; and Frank has had some trout-fishing.

On the *30th*, we returned to Hammerfield.

HAMMERFIELD, *Trinity Sunday.*

This place is in full summer beauty. Masses of rhododendrons, some of them twelve feet high, under whose purple clusters one can pass beneath, and azaleas, although now somewhat past, full of variegated colour like shot silk; the gables of the house white with *Gloire de Dijon* roses. One would feel criminally selfish to keep all this beauty to oneself, and did not enable others to share in such loveliness: and it was a real pleasure to entertain some dozen working-men that Sidney Propert brought down with him from Fulham on *Whit Monday, the 4th of June.* Luckily, the day was an ideal one, and they thoroughly enjoyed their outing, visiting first Penshurst Place, after seeing which they came here, and after having a cold luncheon in the lower gallery, they rambled about the garden, some visiting the Village Club, the best of any

Club in any village that I know of; and after tea returned to the station, laden with flowers. It was certainly a real pleasure to see these hard-worked men, who, to a man, were thoroughly intelligent and well-bred, enjoy themselves so well.

On *Whit Tuesday* I found myself the "congregation" in Church. The curate volunteered to hold the service on my behoof, but I begged him not to think of taking the trouble, and I felt half inclined to tell him, *à la* Lady Jersey of a former day, that I felt that I had, at any rate, "done the civil thing" in coming to church that morning.

On the *6th*, we had a visit from Father Dolling, full of talk, vivacity, and good spirits. I was sorry to see that "Fred" (General) Marshall was dead. Although I have not seen him for some years, he is much connected with old days. I can remember him as far back as '57 when with my Uncle Carlisle in Dublin. How splendidly handsome he was in the old days—perhaps the handsomest man of his day; when in his Life Guards uniform, he looked like one of Ouida's imaginary heroes!

This week Hammerfield has been quite full—the Colliers, the Luther Mundys, and Hamilton Aïdé being our guests.

On the *13th*, the papers brought the terribly sad news of young Charlie Cavendish's death—killed near Pretoria. Lord Airlie was killed on the same day. One feels deeply for his poor mother, who was devoted to this her eldest boy; he was full of promise; it is not a year ago since they celebrated his coming of age at Latimer. My niece, his mother, is now at the hospital, Deelfontein; one trusts it will be some sort of comfort to her to have been in the same country where he died; what makes this still sadder is that one had hoped this awful war was almost ended.

On *Tuesday*, *19th of June*, I went up to London to attend Mrs Gladstone's funeral. It was a striking, although a somewhat theatrical scene. I had a place in the north transept, and found myself next to Sir William Richmond. All in a row, a little in front of us, were sitting in the following order:—Rosebery, looking old and grey, Arthur Balfour, also very grizzled; William Harcourt, and by his

side John Morley, and Campbell-Bannerman close by. Richmond and I were both struck by the very aged look of nearly all those we knew; in some instances this was positively gruesome. The service was sufficiently impressive, but not so much so as at Mr Gladstone's funeral; what made that so pathetic was the bowed form of her who was now being carried to the same grave. The Abbey looked splendidly solemn, and the two hymns, "Rock of Ages," and the "O God, our help in ages past," were admirably sung, and Handel's "Dead March" ended the ceremony, rounding it off with sublimity. One felt that she could not have wished for a different ending to her life, which, without her devoted husband, must have been a sad one.

On the *22nd*, with Sidney Propert to Stratford-on-Avon, where we were the guests of our old friend, Sir Arthur Hodgson; he will be eighty-two on the *29th*—a splendid specimen of the typical old English gentleman. To dinner at Clopton came Miss Marie Corelli, with her friend, Miss Vyver. I took in a beautiful elderly dame, Mrs Knightley, a neighbour of Sir Arthur's; on my other side was the celebrated authoress. She is easy to get on with, and decidedly pleasing, but my reverend friend, who sat on her other side, monopolised the fair writer.

The following day was a busy one, being that of the pilgrimage of the Whitefriars Club to the Shrine of Shakespeare. I had been kindly asked by the Club to form a unit of this pilgrimage, but being the guest of Clopton, could do no more than meet the "pilgrims" with Sir Arthur and Sidney Propert, at the birthplace in Henley Street, where some of them appeared, among whom was Sir W. Treloar, who led the van. We afterwards visited the chief lions of the place—Anne Hathaway's cottage, the Memorial Theatre, New Place, etc. In the theatre a bronze bust of the bard, by William Page, was presented, and speeches ensued. We then all trooped to Avon Croft, Miss Corelli's place, where she received her guests—the Whitefriars Club and their wives—most graciously at her garden gate.

The following day, *Sunday*, the *24th*, Sidney Propert preached in Shakespeare's Church after evening service, and gave us twenty minutes of admirable discourse. He rightly felt that it was no small honour to be asked to preach in that historic church.

At the beginning of *July* I paid the Gilbert Parkers a short visit at a villa they had hired near Southampton, called "Red Lodge."

Next day, the *4th of July*, we passed an interesting day in visiting Netley; first the ruins of the abbey, which are beautiful, and where we picnicked in the cloisters, and then going over the hospital. Mrs Wilson, one of the guests at "Red Lodge," had wired to a military friend of hers at the War Office, and had by this means obtained a free pass for the hospital; we saw it thoroughly, a Captain Johnston taking us over most of the wards, and into the operating room. In a room adjoining to that we were shown the Röntgen rays. We talked with a number of the patients, the majority of whom were suffering from the effects of enteric fever, the greatest scourge of the South African war.

Some neighbours came to "Red Lodge" that evening for dinner—the Willis Flemings, she *née* Phillimore, and granddaughter of old Lady Louisa Fortescue of Dropmore, which, as I told her, makes us cousins through my great-aunt Lady Harrowby, of a century ago.

On the *7th of July*, we had a small concert at Hammerfield, and entertained some fifty or sixty of the Penshurstians, and the members of local football and cricket clubs; our "house party" consisted of the Godfrey Pearses, Mrs Godfrey Pearse kindly singing at our little concert with Neal M'Cay. Sidney Propert had brought down his glee-singers from St Augustine's, Fulham, and Mr Daniels sang admirably some comic songs. The evening was a beautiful one, and the terrace, full of people, and festooned with Chinese lanterns, had quite a picturesque look, and every one appeared to enjoy the entertainment.

On the *10th*, I was in town, and met my great-niece Eva Baird at "Gerty" Gladstone's in Berkeley Square; the former had just returned from Cape Town. She speaks enthusiastically about the Boers, of some of whom she saw a good deal in the hospitals; she said that Burdett-Coutt's statements in the *Times*, regarding the state of the Bloemfontein hospital, are not exaggerated.

The next day took place the Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace. As I drove up Piccadilly in a hansom, a streak of scarlet flashed across Hyde Park to

Constitution Hill; this was the Queen with her escort; there was much cheering as she drove down the Hill. I went into the Palace gardens at the upper end, they were in beauty. On my way down I looked into the Pavilion, where the frescoes are much faded; that little building brought back vividly the old days in the fifties, when with some other lads we used to pass so many not over pleasant hours in and about it.

For two hot hours, from five till seven, a smart crowd of some five thousand men and women moved about the tents and marquees on the lawn before the Palace. I had some talk with Lord Acton and Burdett-Coutts, just after "the Baroness," all aglow in an emerald green gown, had been called up to the Queen's pony carriage, while Her Majesty slowly drove through the throng, Hopeton walking on one side and Pembroke on the other. I told Burdett-Coutts of Eva Baird's remarks regarding his strictures on the South African hospitals; she had seen him on this subject, also Arthur Balfour.

In a letter I received at this time from a dear old friend is the following, which I think is worth copying and retaining:

"As one's life draws near its end, we must learn to be more lenient, more forgiving towards one another. Here, within the chime of the old cathedral bells, this Sunday morning, I feel it is all such a fleeting show—this life, with its vanities, its offences, its resentments—that the best lesson one can learn is to forget all but the love, the friendship, the kindness one has found and cherished, and which has sweetened one's pathway."

I called on Lady Ponsonby, on the *12th*, at St James'. I found her just returned from a christening at the Chapel Royal of her son's (Fritz) infant, for whom the Queen was sponsor. Lady Ponsonby as delightfully original as ever.

On the *18th*, an old friend of Frank's, Mrs Hogg, came down to Hammerfield, bringing with her eight factory girls, a most intelligent and well-ordered set of young women, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy their luncheon and tea at our place and the gardens; they were also taken over Penshurst Place, and appeared to be quite cognisant regarding Sir Philip Sidney, and even to know something about Queen Elizabeth. They left with their

kind friend, Mrs Hogg, between seven and eight. It was altogether a most successful day, and a pleasure to have been able to give these hard-worked girls some amusement.

On the *31st of July*, we heard of the assassination of the King of Italy, which had occurred at Monza the previous night, and the same evening the news of the Duke of Edinburgh's sudden death was announced.

The *2nd of August*, my natal day. I have not passed that melancholy anniversary for many a year so agreeably. Lorne came down for the day. By the way, I found among some old papers the following copy of a letter of the Queen's, written to my father, which relates to this anniversary:—

"OSBORNE, *3rd August* 1845.

"The Queen has received this morning with the greatest satisfaction the Duke of Sutherland's letter announcing the dear Duchess's safe confinement with a son, yesterday. The Prince joins with the Queen in wishing the Duke and Duchess most sincerely joy on this happy event, and in earnest wishes that the dear Duchess and the infant may go on perfectly well. We hope that the Duke will kindly inform us as soon as Lady Lorne is confined, in whom, as well as in Lady Blantyre, the Queen takes the warmest interest, having known them from their infancy."

"Lady Lorne" was my eldest sister, whose confinement of her eldest son took place on the *6th of August* of that year, and "Lady Blantyre" was another of my sisters, whose eldest child, a daughter, Mary Stuart, appeared the following *September;* all these children were born under the same roof, that of Stafford House—the "lying-in hospital," as the wags of society then called it.

I took my nephew over Redleaf that afternoon, which he had never seen, and of which he was worthy. A photographer had come to Hammerfield from Tunbridge Wells, and made a series of excellent views of the house, gardens, horses and dogs, including ourselves.

Lorne had brought a fire-screen from town, a useful gift, and the "household" gave me a pretty stick, cut at Hammerfield, off a holly tree, with a silver top; the kind feeling that prompted this gift was a present in itself.

Lorne was to start the next day for Rome, having to represent the Queen at King Humbert's funeral.

Later that month Father Dolling brought with him some poor men from Poplar, to pass the day with us; unfortunately the rain fell in torrents, steadily and without interruption, and the poor old fellows had to pass "Bank Holiday" as well as they could in our long conservatory, the "Winter Garden," as we rather grandiloquently call it. I feared they would be unutterably bored, but Father Dolling said they were perfectly happy smoking and crooning songs, and imbibing harmless decoctions. One of these men was blind, another a cripple; but blind and cripple were all tranquilly contented and cheerful.

Frank, who early in the summer had met with a bad accident in a hansom, when his head was injured by the broken glass of the window, was ordered off by the doctor to Mont Dore, where he went for a change, while I paid some visits to my nieces in England and Scotland, beginning by Peterborough, where I stayed a day with the Bishop and Mary Glyn; there I met the popular Secretary of the Royal Academy, Mr Eaton. I had brought that most amusing novel by Morley Roberts, "The Descent of the Duchess," with me, but before giving it to my niece or the Bishop to read, let Mr Eaton have the first reading of it; he thoroughly appreciated its wit and humour.

Later that month I made Morley Roberts' acquaintance in town; I found him almost as interesting an individual as his books would lead one to expect. His life has been most eventful.

On the *25th of August*, I went to Scotland, up to East Lothian, flashing by the great cathedrals of Peterborough, York, and Durham, all of which I knew tolerably well. The last is the grandest as regards its situation, for it combines the grandeur of a feudal castle and one of the most splendid cathedrals, crowning a beautiful height, with river and woods below.

At Newbyth I found two wounded officers from South Africa—Maurice Tomlin, a fine specimen of manhood, the other a young Wauchope, a nephew of the General's; at Newbyth were also Miss Kennard and Mr and Mrs Beresford Melville. A few days after came Lord Kilmorey, a great addition to a house party, as full of spirits and talk as when I remember him at Eton forty years and more ago. My three great-nieces, the Bairds, in great force, and

the second son, "Willie," a tall youth, but short compared to his colossally tall sisters.

I went into Edinburgh one day to see my old friend Charles Chambers; he is now married, and lives in a handsome house in Drumsheugh Gardens; his country house is at Dunkeld. How these northern publishers do flourish!

On returning from Edinburgh, I found at Newbyth fresh guests; these were Mr and Mrs Berkeley, and her sister, Miss Wilmont. Both these ladies are devoted to their gardens, and at Great Warley, near Brentwood, have, I believe, a beautiful one, which some day I hope to see.

At the end of this month I left Newbyth, going for a day to Erskine (Blantyres), on my way to Rosneath. That was to be my last visit to my brother-in-law, then over eighty years of age, and with failing sight, but in other respects not apparently near the end of life. However, death which came mercifully and speedily a few weeks later, found him prepared for the great separation; a thoroughly good man, kind-hearted, and whose long life had been a blameless one, had no reason to fear the sudden snapping of life's cord, and could, like Colonel Newcome, answer "Adsum" when the call came.

ERSKINE, *2nd September.*

To-day is fine, the view from my bedroom window towards Dumbarton is a beautiful one. Early this (Sunday) morning I looked out; the rising sun gilded the blue hills beyond Dumbarton and shone on the red stems of the old Scotch firs in the middle distance, a fine contrast these ruddy stems to the dark foliage above, the whole effect reminded me of a landscape by David Roberts.

Besides my niece, Mary Stuart, who never leaves her father, "Gerty" Gladstone and her children are here; Willie grown, and appears stronger and all the better for life at Eton.

On the *4th September* I left Erskine, and at Kilcreggan was met by Lorne; we drove a couple of miles to the Clachan, a semi-villa, semi-farmhouse, standing in picturesque grounds, about a mile from Rosneath Castle, and within a few yards of Loch Goil. It is some forty years since I was at Rosneath, when my sister Elizabeth Argyll was there. Immediately at the back of the Clachan

is a wooded hill, in front the high road, which runs by the side of the loch. The most inviting thing at the Clachan is an avenue of old yews, running at right angles to the house; beyond this avenue is a ruined church, and a family vault in the churchyard. A new church was built by my sister, which, if not handsome, is at any rate convenient; the Castle of Rosneath lies about a mile beyond that church, an unfinished pile by Bonnomi, built by Duke George, at the end of the last century. It is now lived in by Mr Hatton, a Manchester merchant, who has occupied it for a number of years. Lorne and I went to luncheon there the day after I arrived; we found besides Mr Hatton, Sir John and Lady Doran, with many daughters, and an octogenarian, a Mr Kennedy, who still shoots.

On the *8th*, quite a military function took place at the Clachan, my nephew having invited the Glasgow Volunteers to come to Rosneath; this they did to the number of 750, officers and men; the officers, of whom there were about thirty, had luncheon at the inn near the ferry, to which Princess Louise made additions some years ago, in the idea of making a home of it; that portion is now occupied by some of the wounded men from South Africa, of whom there are now half-a-dozen in the inn. The whole proceedings were highly picturesque, the red tunics of the Volunteers with the dark tartan, similar to that of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with the surroundings of hills, and the fine inland sea-loch, made quite a series of effective pictures; and when Archie Campbell's strong band of pipers played, the effect was what the French call "*épatant*." While the officers feasted in the inn, the men regaled under the old yews of the avenue; Highland games followed in a field, a tug-of-war being highly relished.

The following is an extract copied from a letter written by the Queen from Balmoral, on the *27th October* 1868, to my sister, Elizabeth Argyll, on hearing of my dear mother's death, which I found at the Clachan:—

"Few were so beloved and looked up to as she was, few held such a high position in society (there is *no one* to replace her in these sadly altered days), and few had more friends. For thirty-one years she has been my dear and valued friend; she saw me begin life, and was with me in all the happiest and most eventful moments of my life,

as well as in the saddest. She was with me in that chamber of death, in December '61. *All* these recollections are treasured up in my heart, and *never, never* will be forgotten."

THE CLACHAN, *16th September.*

Another pleasant week has passed; the weather perfect, a real Indian summer, hazy in the mornings, but clearing up later, with brilliant sunshine till the gloaming; this had made expeditions on the loch in the steam-launch enjoyable. Last Monday we looked over the books at the castle, stored in an upper room—rather a motley collection, as Lorne has his new books there, as well as those belonging to the castle. Sir James Campbell, an old Indian C.S., and his brother, dined here. Sir James has a villa close by the Clachan.

On *Tuesday, 11th September,* with Lorne to Kilmun, the place where his forbears are buried, and where my dear sister Elizabeth, his mother, rests. The last to be buried there was his father, last May. We went by steamer, going past Dunoon up the Holy Loch, where, close by to the loch-side, stands on a small green hill a ruined church tower, abutting on an ugly modern church, on which on the north side is the Mortuary tomb-house, which Lorne has had restored recently and made into a handsome vaulted chamber; the coffins are placed in niches, in double rows, on both sides of the central passage; the light enters through glazed openings in the roof; it is externally covered by a metal dome. Within are some decorations, bronze wreaths and inscriptions cut into marble slabs; it is all carried out in good taste and with artistic feeling; there is a strong echo within this chamber. The late Duke's burial-place, next to that of my sister, is not yet finished, the slab on which his name will be placed, being still wanting; there are still some of the wreaths with cards attached on this spot, including that from the Queen, with words written by her on it. There is a little bronze cross let into the floor with the name of the Marquis of Argyll on it, and the date of his execution; his skull is placed in a box beneath the pavement, and his body is somewhere near. The beautiful Gunning duchess is also in this vault.

Above the bronze doors at the entrance a marble plaque

is let into the wall, on which are inscribed Tennyson's lines to Argyll, beginning,

"Oh Patriot Statesman—"

The day after, Victoria Campbell arrived at the Clachan; it was a pleasure to see the dear, kind, little creature again; Neil Campbell was also there.

On the *14th*, I went with Mr Lowis, Lorne's new agent, to Glasgow, to visit the pictures at the Corporation Galleries; we did this thoroughly before and after having luncheon with the brothers Whitelaw. Their house is in Bath Street. The eldest brother Charles is a collector of old Scottish weapons, and has a fine assortment of dirks, claymores, and such things. Returning to the Clachan we met Colonel Chater, bound for the same place; he has succeeded Colonel Collins as Secretary to Princess Louise; he had come down here to see how the wounded and invalided soldiers are doing at the ferry inn. Colonel Chater formerly commanded the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; he is an agreeable man of middle age.

We visited Lipton's yacht, the *Shamrock*, the next day; it is lying close by Rosneath point; she is all coated with metal, as is also her deck. There are no fittings within; externally she is painted an ugly green.

On the *17th*, I left the Clachan for Edinburgh, where I put up at the Balmoral Hotel, the best, I believe, of any of "Auld Reekie's" hotels, which does not excel in the manner of caravanseries.

I had commenced for one of a series of artistic monographs, edited by Dr Williamson, and published by Messrs Bell, a Life of Sir David Wilkie, and my visit to Edinburgh was in connection with that new undertaking.

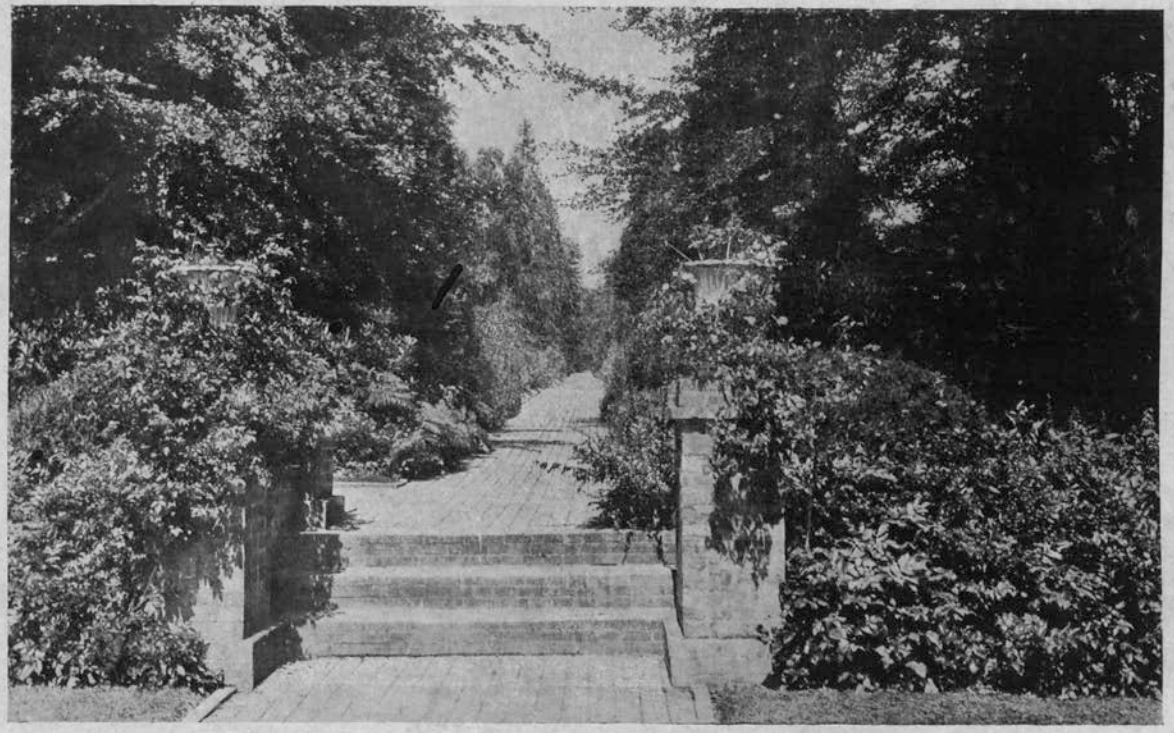
Mr G. G. Napier called, author of a delightful little book, "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott." He most kindly promised to be my guide through Walter Scott's homes and haunts about Edinburgh. The next day we went to Galashiels by rail, and drove from thence by the side of the Tweed to Abbotsford. Mr Napier took me to the opposite side of the river, from which Sir Walter's home is best seen; we then crossed the river, and drove through a wood up to the house. We saw it thoroughly, including rooms not shown to the public; one of these, which is of the

deepest interest, is the dining-room, full of portraits of Scott's family; it is in this room that the immortal died. I recall Lockhart's description of that death scene — the Tweed making a rippling sound as it flowed by, and the son closing the father's eyes after life's fever was past. I asked the attendant if one could hear the ripple of the river from this room, and he said one did so occasionally.

Considering the time when Abbotsford was built—the worst period for art and architecture of all kinds—it seems to me a far better building than most castellated houses of that period; indeed there are portions of the house which are beautiful. The garden also has great merit, that in front of the entrance having a cloister-like effect, and the gates of the entrance, which are copied from Linlithgow, are massively handsome. The stained glass within the hall, and the collection of curios, has a very Strawberry Hill look; the handsomest room is the library, and Sir Walter's study beyond it, by far the most interesting of all the rooms, all quite unchanged, and one expects at any moment that the Wizard might walk in. I was sorry to find the repulsive death mask in a little recess out of this study, cast in bronze. The family portraits are poor, but of interest, as everything touching Sir Walter must always be; the life-size seated one of Sir Walter, by Raeburn, over the fireplace in the drawing-room—a room decorated by Lady Scott—is a disappointing work of that master; the engraving is better, I think, than the original painting.

An old Irishman, named Flynn, who has been all his life at Abbotsford, let us go where we liked. Before leaving, we went into the gardens. The slopes running down to the Tweed are very pleasing.

We then drove some four miles to Melrose. I was disappointed to find those noble ruins, the finest in Scotland, so surrounded by hideous modern buildings, and an ugly churchyard about them; such surroundings sadly mar their effect. We next visited, after having luncheon at the inn in the town, Dryburgh Abbey, some three miles from Melrose. That most beautifully situated ruin made up for any disappointment one had felt with those at Melrose. Dryburgh is enchanting; a more suitable spot for being the last home of the poet-magician could not be found in all Scotland. Far better that he should rest beneath those ruined walls, overmantled with foliage, than under the pavement of Westminster! The colour, the verdure, the forms of the splendid old yews and cedars near his grave make Dry-



THE LONG WALK, HAMMERFIELD.

[*To face page* 372.

burgh an ideal place for his sepulchre. At eight o'clock that evening we were back in Edinburgh, and Mr Napier returned to his home at Glasgow. Besides his book on Sir Walter's homes and haunts, Mr Napier has written and published one on those of Tennyson, and has materials for a third on Byron and Wordsworth. He has visited all the places in Great Britain and on the Continent connected with Byron, from Aberdeen to Missolonghi. I think I never met a man more amiable—he takes so much trouble in order that one should have none. He seems to know my "Reminiscences" much better than I do myself.

On the *20th*, I revisited the National Gallery and the Portrait Gallery, where I found Mr William Hole at work, painting huge frescoes in the entrance hall of that building (which is combined with the Antiquarian Museum), subjects from Scottish history, painted with much talent and a thorough antiquarian knowledge of costume, or, as in some cases of early Scottish history, want of costume. Mr Hole told me that he remembered me at the Edinburgh Academy, where we were both trying to learn some Latin and less Greek in the early ages of our history. Mr Hole's manner of painting is somewhat like that of the great French painter, Puvis de Chavanne. The two large frescoes representing the landing of Saint Columba and the Battle of Largs, are paintings which do honour to modern Scottish art; he is now working at one which represents Bannockburn. *À propos* of Wilkie, I had the luck to find at Cameron, the bookseller's, in West Street, a water-colour sketch of the Queen in her coronation robes, by Sir David—probably a study for the life-size portrait which belongs (or belonged, for it was for sale some time ago) to Lord Normanby. This sketch had belonged to the antiquarian, David Laing. I shall have it reproduced in my life of the artist, and then present it to our National Portrait Gallery.

That afternoon, the *21st*, I made another little pilgrimage with Mr Napier to Linlithgow Palace; we carefully visited that fine old ruin, and the church near it. I was struck by the magnificence of that old palace, which gives one a far greater idea of the stately lives of the Stuart Kings than does gloomy Holyrood. The church has been sadly modernised; it has a fine doorway with a lovely ogive window above it.

The next day I paid a visit to Wilkie's birthplace, the manse of Cults, in Fife.

Leaving Waverley Station at ten, I reached Ladybank at noon; there I took a carriage and drove three miles to Pitlessie, the village nearest to the manse of Cults, where I remained a couple of hours, wishing to impress Wilkie's birthplace on my memory. At Cults there is only an ugly manse, and a still uglier church close to it, with a few farm-steadings; it must be very much in the same state as when little Davie pottered about the spot, and drew caricatures in the church of his father's flock. The manse was rebuilt by the artist's father. I did not go within the house, as the minister had lately died, and I felt it would be indelicate to call on the widow; but I visited the church thoroughly, copying the inscription on the marble tablets. One of these has medallion profiles, by Chantrey, of Wilkie's parents; the other one of Sir David, placed by his sister. The church has the amenities of a well-kept barn, hideous galleries, with uglier pews and a pulpit painted a dirty brown colour. Certainly the Scotch of the early years of the century had a strange idea of the beauty of holiness. The little churchyard has good points about it, with many old headstones dating beyond the last century, unchanged since Wilkie's childhood, and the views of the everlasting hills—"my ain blue Lomonds," as he fondly called them—make a pretty setting to the landscape of Cults.

Returning to Pitlessie, I called at a small house in that village, on Wilkie's cousin, Miss Hardie, about whom I had been informed by Mr Hunter in Edinburgh. I found the old lady seated on a sofa in a little room facing the street; she was most kind, when I told her my errand. She said, "Aye, and did ye ken Davie?" She evidently thought me a contemporary of Wilkie's. She wore a neat little lace cap; her hair—although Miss Hardie is, I believe, nearly ninety—has still an auburn tinge. *A propos* of hair, I asked her whether Wilkie was not red-haired. "Na," she answered, "Davie's hair was auburn like mine!" She said he had called on her on his last visit to Pitlessie, when he was "verra braw in the London fashion," and he had said to her, he feared that he would find but few of his old friends left in his old home; that must have been some time in the late thirties. The good old soul, who looks very "frail," would get off her sofa, and talk away, leaning her mittened hands on a table, with her eyes closed—an

attitude which reminded me of Scottish ministers in the Kirk bestowing their final blessing to their congregations, which those reverend gentlemen used to do invariably with their eyes closed. Miss Hardie showed me an excellent miniature by Wilkie of her mother, whose name was Lister, a younger sister of Wilkie's mother. It was that of a handsome young lady, with hair towzled over the eyes, and with a Siddon's-like white band above, beautifully finished. When I said how good-looking her mother was, the old lady said with approval, "Aye, she was bonny." There were some proofs on the walls, prints after some of Wilkie's paintings, a fine one of the "Penny Wedding," all given her by Sir David. "He was a gude man," she said, "and no head-turned by his honours and his title; he would just sit over there," she said, pointing to a chair, "aye, Davie was a gude man." When Miss Hardie inquired whether I had a wife, and I confessed my bachelorhood, she cried out: "Toots, ye ought to hae married a titled leddy, with riches and a' that." I could have stayed on much longer chatting with the dear old dame, but feared to tire her, and drove back to Ladybank, and thence by rail to "Auld Reekie."

My last week in Edinburgh was too wet for making any more expeditions in the neighbourhood of that romantic town, but I visited all the places where any of Wilkie's works were to be found.

At the National Portrait Gallery I made the acquaintance of its Curator, Mr James Caw, from whom I received much valuable information. I found him at work on a Life of Raeburn, a work which promises to be a splendid monument to that great portrait painter. I had, before I took up the idea of writing a Life of Wilkie, an idea of attempting one of which Raeburn was to have been the subject, and I was glad to find into whose far more competent hands the task had fallen.

In the Chapel of Holyrood I saw a grave which was new since my last visit to that ruin. This was Lady Caithness's, Duchess of Pomar, the lady who had such a *culte* for Mary Stuart. I believe she is the only Roman Catholic buried in that place since the days of the Reformation. She lies beside Lord Caithness, whose first wife is on his other side; there is no inscription on the grave-stone beside her name and the date of her death, and "R.I.P." is not even placed upon it.

Beside making Mr Caw's acquaintance I made also that

of Mr Gibb, the genial Curator of the National Gallery. At the Academy I was greatly struck by some admirable chalk studies, much like Watteau in style, by Allan Ramsay, for some of his portraits; these sketches had been left the Scottish Academy by David Laing, and I longed to have them reproduced, for they are entirely unknown. I hope to be able to get this done some day. I had also the privilege of seeing that extraordinarily clever painting by Wilkie when still a lad, of Pitlessie Fair, belonging to Mrs Kinnear; it was painted in 1804, when Wilkie was nineteen. It is a great pity that no engraving or photograph exists of this most interesting early work of the great artist; and its present proprietor, after having nominally promised to allow it to be photographed, withdrew her promise. One regrets that it should not belong to the National Gallery, or, at any rate, to a more liberal owner. In this painting, which is some three feet in length by two high, all the fun of the fair is brought before the spectator; most of the people represented are portraits of Wilkie's fellow-villagers, and all the promise of the future painter of the "Penny Wedding" and the "Blind Fiddler" can be seen in this work of his boyhood. *A propos* of Allan Ramsay, I had the luck of finding a diary kept by the painter's son when travelling with his father in Italy. It was on returning to England from this voyage that the painter died. I had inquired of Mr Brown, the publisher in Princes Street, if he had anything relating to the painter. He said that nine years ago he had a MSS. diary by Allan Ramsay's son, afterwards General Ramsay, but the book had long since been sold, and he knew not what had become of it. A few minutes later I looked into Mr Cameron's shop in West Street, a few yards from Mr Brown, and there found the very book of which Mr Brown had told me; I could not resist returning to Mr Brown's with my *trouvaille;* he was all amazement. The MSS. had belonged to the same collection as had the sketch of the Queen by Wilkie, which I had also found at Cameron's book store. After David Laing's death it had been bought by Mr Gray, the late Curator of the National Portrait Gallery.

Writing to Mr Napier, after seeing "Pitlessie Fair," I said that as far as my visit to Edinburgh was concerned, I could now say my *Nunc Dimittis*. Mr Caw, who had come with me to see that picture, showed me the paintings in a building used as a School of Music, belonging to the Episcopalian Cathedral; paintings in fresco by Mrs

Traquair, illustrating the "Magnificat," in which portraits of artists and clergy are admirably introduced; the only work of equal artistic merit from the hand of a lady, I think, are those by Louisa, Lady Waterford, in the school at Ford.

On the *29th*, I left Edinburgh for Alnwick. I found my niece, the *châtelaine*, at the castle, with her husband and three sons and four daughters. One son, Alan, is in the army, another at Christ Church; Muriel, the youngest daughter, is a delightful little creature aged six or seven. The castle is stupendous, and reminds me of some of Kean's revivals at the Princess' Theatre, in *Richard II.*; externally a grim pile of grey masonry; within, an Italian palace, with carved and gilded ceilings, and a gallery of Italian pictures on the splendid walls. This Italian interior was the creation of Duke Hugh, who maintained for years a school of Italian artist carvers here some thirty years ago. The library is my favourite room, immense and splendid, but also most comfortable, and with a noble collection of books.

On *Sunday*, *1st October*, Stephen Gladstone—who had come to Alnwick to attend a Church Congress—came to luncheon; we had a walk in the grounds. He is the most like to Mr Gladstone of all his family. The next day my niece took me to Warkworth Castle, eight miles from Alnwick, a grand old ruin. In a tower are some rooms which are habitated; one of these is hung with Flemish tapestry. We also visited the Hermitage, a place made famous by song and story.

The next day we went over the ruins of Hulme Abbey, which are picturesque; in their midst is a restored building, decorated in a Strawberry-Hill style.

I left Alnwick the next day. At Newcastle, where I had some time to wait for the up-train to London, I met Lord James (of Hereford) on his way south from Balmoral. He told me he was seventy-two; he looks sixty. He said he thought the Queen was showing signs of age physically, but not as regards her mental powers.

On arriving at the Royal Societies' Club in St James' Street, I was glad to find my old friend, Sir Arthur Hodgson, there. He had been dining at the banquet given Hopetoun at the Hotel Cecil, and was looking beaming in his K.C.M.G. decorations.

The next day Frank came up to town from Hammerfield, much better in all respects, and the wound on the back of his head healing rapidly. The next day we paid Colonel and Mrs Collier a visit at Ascot, on our way to the Whitakers, who have taken a house near Windsor Forest. While staying there I called at a neighbouring villa on Lady Stanley Errington, *née* Talleyrand, whose place, Fern Hill, is next to Forest Farm. I had not seen her since old days in Paris, when she and Sir John lived in the Champs Elysées, some thirty or more years since. She appeared to me little changed in looks. I found her in a little room, sitting *tête-à-tête* with a very handsome old priest —a head to paint—long, silver white hair falling on his shoulders, extraordinarily bright dark eyes, with heavy black eyebrows and beautifully-chiselled features, and the manners of a Roman Cardinal, as one imagined they might have had in more polished times.

On the *8th of October*, Frank and I went up to town to attend the opening of Sidney Propert's newly-built Church, St Augustine's, on Lillie Road. The consecration of the church, which is a handsome building of Bath stone, and owes its existence entirely to the devoted and unflagging exertions of my friend, took place on the 8th of October. It was a great pleasure to assist at the completion of that good work, although much still remains to be done by my friend in the shape of building a church tower and a clergy house; but the essential, *i.e.*, the church itself, is now serviceable.

In the middle of the month we paid a short visit to Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, where we stayed a couple of nights at Clopton. Sir Theodore Martin was also a guest of Sir Arthur's.

On the *18th*, the function took place which was the principal reason for this visit to Stratford, when a pulpit was dedicated to the memory of Lady Martin (Helen Faucit). After the dedication of what I regret to say I think a most incongruous piece of clerical furniture, Canon Ainger, of the Temple, preached exceedingly well, and at the conclusion of the service I returned to town.

The next morning I left for Paris with Gilbert Parker, whose guest I was in his rooms at the top of one of the houses in the Rue de Valois, No. 13, one side of which opens on the gardens of the Palais Royal. My kind host,

the new M.P. for Gravesend, was somewhat fagged by having, beside his own election labours, been helping his party by speaking in Scotland. Neither of us were up to much sight-seeing; and of all sight-seeing, the most exhausting is that of a huge exhibition, or "imposition," as I preferred to call it, lining both sides of the Seine. With the exception of the treasures shown in the Petit Palais, and the Japanese and Spanish Exhibitions, a more garish or vulgar National display of bad taste I never have seen. Mrs Parker and a sister were at the new Hôtel Regina, a gorgeous caravansery near Mercié's statue of Joan of Arc.

Before the end of the month I was back again at Hammerfield, working at my Wilkie book. Lorne came for a Sunday, and we had Miss Jane Escombe, a neighbour, to meet him—a lady who devotes herself to the bettering the condition of the rural poor. We visited some model cottages next day, that she has been the principal means of getting built, near the Hardinges at South Park, with which Lorne (or Argyll, as one had better accustom oneself to call him) was much interested.

HAMMERFIELD, 11*th November*.

Except to go up to town to attend a meeting at the N. P. Gallery, I have not left this place, passing a quiet time. Hugh Sinclair, just arrived from South Africa, paid us a short visit, much bronzed, and much greyer than when we saw him last, some four years ago, before he went to India. G. G. Napier has also paid Hammerfield a visit. I showed him Penshurst Place and Redleaf.

I had begun about this time to copy out of my old diaries these scraps which are now before the reader. Writing of these at the end of *November*, I find—"Looking back at those years, I feel that I led a very useless life, much given up to frivolity; it makes a sad retrospect."

At the end of the month I paid Lord Northbrook a visit at Stratton. He had heard that I was engaged on writing a Life of Wilkie, and most good-naturedly asked me to go and see his picture by that artist at Stratton, where I had been in the early summer of '98, when writing on Lawrence. At Stratton is Wilkie's admirably painted early work, "the Recruit," and among some oil studies is one for the "Chelsea Pensioners," besides some other, all good, examples of the master.

Passing through town, I put up one night at the Royal Societies' Club, where Morley Roberts dined with me. We found we were both sufferers from "suppressed gout," and although the novelist looks the type of good health, he said that even one glass of champagne would play the mischief with him, and fly directly to his extremities! I strongly recommended "Bishop's Lithia Varalletes" as a cure for the enemy; however, in spite of the Varalletes, I had to pay the gout specialist, Robson Roose, a long-deferred visit, who ordered me off at once to Harrogate.

At Stratton I met Mr Spielman, Editor and Art Critic, and we had much artistic shop together. During the short time my visit lasted at Lord Northbrook's, it rained continuously, and this enabled one to pass the time pleasantly indoors in that delightful house, whose every room is full of works of art, and the library a treasure-house of art books. A collection of Lear's admirable water-colour views fills many huge folios.

Returning through town, I met the Shaftesburys at dinner at the Ormondes'; my great-niece has made me a great-grand-uncle, by having brought into this trouble-some world an infant, who bears the honoured name of Viscount Ashley!—now two or three months old.

The remainder of that month of *December* we passed at the new gigantic "Hotel Majestic" at Harrogate. There is nothing to record of that time of imbibing the hot, and bathing in sulphurous, waters of that health-giving, but most unattractive, place. While there, I heard of the death of my last-remaining brother-in-law, who passed away quietly and painlessly at Erskine, on the night of the *15th of December*. "No one was more prepared," I write on hearing of this death, "for death, I believe, than he." Erskine is left to the second son of the Bairds, "Willie," a nice young fellow, who will make an excellent country squire.

While at Harrogate, I also heard of my great-niece's, "Beasie" Butler's, engagement to General Pole Carew, a fine soldier; and although thirty years older than his bride, I devoutly hope that theirs will be a happier union than most in what is called Society generally are. Young Westminster is to marry Mrs West's daughter; I believe she is called Shiela, a name which has a biblical ring about it.

1901

HAMMERFIELD, *1st January.*

WE began the New Year and the New Century—the twentieth—by an early celebration at our church here. Last night was a clear and starry one, and we waited out on the terrace of the garden listening to Penshurst Church bells ringing out the old year.

13th January.

We have had snow and damp galore. Sidney Propert has been here, also Father Dolling, that most energetic and excellent of high priests, who does an immensity of good and helpful work among the poor of East London. The Bishop of London is dying. We start for the South in about a fortnight.

20th January.

Very alarming reports of the Queen's health have appeared in the papers during the last two days; we hear that the Prince of Wales and Princess Louise have gone to Osborne. In a letter I received from Argyll a few days ago, he said they were to go to Osborne to-morrow, the *21st.* I much fear it is the beginning of the end. One cannot realise what a loss her death would be to every one. The Bishop of London is dead and buried. I met him occasionally at the Trustees' Meetings at the National Portrait Gallery; he was not attractive in manner nor in appearance, with a strong Semitic cast of face. He is a great loss to the Church, for such liberal-mindedness as he always showed is unfortunately the very rarest quality that is to be found in his class of Churchman.

21st January.

The papers are full of the dangerous state of the Queen. I wired to Lorne this morning; an answer has just come (1 P.M.) from him: "Much worse," so one fears what one dreads to think of.

This evening, at half-past seven, we heard that the dear Queen had passed away an hour before. She is now at peace and at rest, after life's "pilgrimage," as she called it in a letter written to me in the summer of '84. A better, a kinder, or nobler woman never lived, and her memory and her example will go down to the ages as that of the best, and one of the greatest of sovereigns. The void her death must cause in our national life cannot be gauged; her people must ever be grateful for her noble reign and pure, unselfish life. I felt with Lady Ponsonby, who wrote to me that "the crowd of recollections and tender remembrances round the words 'the Queen,' rises up in my mind and prevents my having a clear idea of everything."

HAMMERFIELD, *29th January.*

This will be my last entry in my diary, for to-morrow we start for Italy.

On the *23rd*, I went up to London to attend a meeting of the Royal Societies' Club. I met Beatrice Chesham at Lilah Ormonde's, who had come up from Latimer to meet me. I had not seen her since her return from South Africa; it was a sad meeting. I was glad to see her and talk with her of her boy "Charlie," who fell near Pretoria. The Tecks were also there, he looking none the worse of his South African campaign.

Lorne had wired, asking me to go to Kensington Palace from Saturday till Monday, *26th* to *28th January*.

I first had a talk with Dr Williamson at the Royal Societies' Club over the Wilkie book, which satisfies him. He has got Frank's type-written copy of it.

In the afternoon I went to Kensington. I found my nephew by himself. Nothing can be conceived more melancholy than London now appears, clubs, etc., with their blinds drawn down, and Kensington Palace was naturally in the deepest mourning. Lorne has felt very deeply the death of the Queen, who was quite like a mother to him.

For thirty years, he said, he had received nothing but kindness from the Queen, and not one word of anything but affection.

Mr Spottiswoode, the publisher, called to see L. about the life of the Queen which Lorne is going to write. I went to St Augustine's Church on the following morning, and I was glad to find my friend's really beautiful little church well filled, and that by a very well-dressed and attentive congregation. The "Dead March" was played at the close of the service. Mr Vaughan preached well and feelingly on the loss we all felt so deeply. The afternoon was a wild and stormy one. Lorne and I went down to Windsor for a couple of hours, he wishing to see about the arrangements which were being made for next Saturday; at present, there are only rows of benches placed in the nave of St George's Chapel, as at the time of the Prince of Wales' wedding. We called at the Deanery, and saw the Dean (Elliot) who was hurrying off to the five o'clock service. We returned to Kensington at seven.

Next morning we visited the newly-restored state-rooms in the Palace; they certainly now make a far better impression than they did in their former state of dirt and desolation. A little German housekeeper went with us; she took us into a room which she averred was that in which the Queen had been roused early on the morning of the *19th of June* 1837, to come down to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, who were waiting to see her below. When I told her that Lorne had said that particular room was the one I then occupied in the other part of the Palace, she still stuck to her room, and her version of the story. In the room in which the Queen was born, a bronze plaque has been placed in the wall, above where stood the bed; even if these rooms are disputed, there can be no dispute that the room in which the Queen's first Council took place is that still known as the Council Chamber.

Mary Glyn came to luncheon; it was a pleasure to see her dear, bright little face again; and later I returned to Hammerfield. We both regret leaving this dear little home, so full of everything that we most care for, even though we are going to Malfitano.

On the *23rd of January*, I had written the following to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, in whose paper it appeared the next day:—

"Our beloved Queen's life may be divided into two periods. The first half embraces her childhood, early womanhood, Queenhood, and twenty years of a most happy married life. The second period includes the forty years of widowhood, during which every year saw the love and veneration of her people increase till the news of her death plunged all her subjects in sorrow as deep as would have been caused by the loss of a loved relation, or a fond parent.

"In a letter written soon after the death of the Duke of Albany, Her Majesty wrote: 'Yes, God has taken most away who were my dearest, as well as those I most needed as helps and comforts. I am sorely stricken indeed. This is but a pilgrimage, a great struggle, and not our real home.'

"The writer can recall the Queen in the earlier years of her reign, before her widowhood, in all the splendour of her Court and its surroundings. He can remember the Queen, at balls and receptions at the Palace, full of brightness and joy, the very picture of happiness. He can recall how gracefully she received and returned the homage of her guests; and he remembers especially one evening at Frogmore, when the Queen led a lively country dance, called 'the Grandfather,' in which all her mother's guests, young and old, joined.

"Then came the irreparable blow to the Queen's happiness, and never did she display greater courage and devotion to her position than when, though crushed to the ground by the death of her beloved husband, who had been her all in all, she took up resolutely once more the heavy weight of her great duties, the uneasy and ceaseless load of government.

"During the succeeding portion of the Queen's life, it has been the writer's privilege to see Her Majesty on several occasions. Two especially he loves to recall, when she came to comfort and console two very near and dear to him, sorely stricken, and near the end of their pilgrimage. On such occasions the intense and indescribable sympathy of the Queen, in words, in look, and in manner, can never be forgotten."

THE END

INDEX

ABBOTSFORD, 391, 392
Abdul Aziz, tomb of, 27
Abercorns, the, 344
Aberdeen, Lord, 360
Abydos, 36, 42
Acropolis, the, 144; first sight of, 140
Acton, Lord, 303–305, 308, 309, 362, 385
Adamson, Mrs, 371
Adhemar, Marquis d', 101
Adige, the, 203
Æsculapius, the Temple of, 144
Afa, 285
Ahmet Effendi, 40, 41
Ahmediyeh, the Mosque, 27
Aïdé, Hamilton, 64, 99, 122, 168, 174, 194, 201, 234, 236, 237, 239, 245, 269, 271, 279, 284, 285, 287–289, 317, 319, 344, 368, 370, 374, 382
Ainger, Canon, 398
Airlie, Lord, 382
Aix-les-Bains, 111 *et seq.*; the Mayor of, 113
Ajaccio, 281, 282, 287
Ajalon, 31
Albani, 66
Albany, Duchess of, 270
Albany, Duke of. *See* Leopold
Albert, Prince, 4
Albufera, 76
Alcudia, 76
Alençon, the Duc d', 185
Alfred, Memorial of King, 360
Algiers, a visit to, 11, 75
Alnwick Castle, 397
Amalfi, 118, 238
Amboise, 350
Ambras, Castle of, 150
American Exhibition in London, 54 *et seq.*
Amhersts, the, 217
Amsterdam, "Rijk's" Museum of Art at, 84
Ana Capri, 123
Andersen, Hendrick, 279, 293, 302, 303
Anderson, Mary, 254
Andersons, the Garrett, 13
Angeli, the painter, 11
Angelico's "Crucifixion," 196
Angelo della Mura, 123, 238
Anglo-Italian, an, 230
Angerstein, Mrs, Sir J. Lawrence's sketch of, 332
Angora rabbits, a farm of, 111
Annunziato, Church of (Florence), 192
Anspach, 90
Antonio, Don, 203
Antrim, Lady, 290
Apollo, the, 22
Apolloni, the sculptor, 239
Appony, Mme., 138
Arcachon, 103; oyster parks at, 103, 104
Arbury, 265
Argos, 144
Argyll, Elizabeth, letter to, from the Queen, 389
Argyll, Duke of, 205, 233, 267, 307, 340, 367, 379
Argyll, Duchess of, 367
Arles, 110
Armstrong, Lord, 220
Arnold, Matthew, 10
Arques, the Château d', 151
Aros, 135
Arta, the caves of, 77
Ascanio, 148
Ashley, Evelyn, 189, 197, 360, 361
Ashley, Viscount, 400
Assisi, 124
Assouan, 38
Astor, Wm. W., 214, 248, 298–301, 304; children of, 249
Athens, 139 *et seq.*; English School of Archæology at, 140, 141
Atlantic Review, The, 19
Audley End, 318
Aumale, the Duc d', 10, 102, 174, 234 (note)

Austria, Empress of, assassination of, 352
Avignon, 111
Avonbank, 52, 60, 61, 82
"A Voyage of Discovery," 169
Azay le Rideau, 349
Baalbec, Temple of, 30
Bagot, Lady, 148, 149
Baird, Lady, 179, 221, 224, 268, 306
Baird, General Sir David, 222, 346, 370
Bairds, the, 250, 379, 387
Balcarres, Lord, 198
Balfour, Arthur, 382, 385
Balfour, Gerald, 74, 355
Bamborough Castle, 220
Bannerman, Campbell, 383
Banshee, the s.s., 57, 58
Barbarossa Chapel, the, 93
Barbesi, Signor, 240
Barbicaya, 283
Barcelona, 5, 9, 11, 75; the Cathedral at, 6
Barff, Canon, 236, 238, 255
Barrett, Wilson, 47
Barrington, Lord, 7
Bass Rock, the, 223
Bathursts, the, 269
Battenberg, Prince Henry of, 113, 114, 115, 116, 195; Memoir of, 292, 322
Battenberg, Princess Henry of, 191, 195, 196, 217, 291, 329
Battenbergs, the, 56, 112, 115, 193
Battle Abbey, 188
Baucina's, a ball at Princess, 159
Baveno, 228
Bayard, Mr, 200, 271; at Stratford-on-Avon, 261
Beaconsfield, Lord, 5, 65, 68, 131; illness of, 6; death and burial of, 7
Beatrice, Princess. *See* Battenberg
Beaucaillon, 105
Beauchamp, Lord, 198, 252, 348
Becker, Dr, 52, 89, 96
Becker, Frau, 96
Behrens, bust of Queen Victoria by, 212
Bell, C. F. Moberly, 297, 360
Bellini's portrait of the Sultan, 148
Belver, Castle of, 78
Belvoir Castle, 215
Ben Dinat, 78
Ben More Lodge, 179
Bennet, George, 219, 220, 221
Benson, Arthur, 50
Benson's Theatrical Co., 214, 261, 272, 295
Bentincks, the Henry, 228, 306
Beresford, Lord Charles, 66, 362
Bergamo, 241, 338
Bergeret's "Last Supper," 261
Berlin, 95
Bernadaky, Mme., 74
Berne, 98
Bernhardt, Sarah, 14, 113
Beroud, Louis, 14, 178, 190, 244
Berthon, Rev., 198
Bethany, 32
Bethesda, Pool of, 32
Bethlehem, 35
Beyrout, 28, 29
Bibesco, Princess, 73
Biel, 224
Biencourt, Marquis de, 349
Bigelow, Poultney, 360, 362
Bigge, Major, 113, 116
Binyon, Laurence, 332
Birch, G., 325, 328, 331, 339
Bismarck, Count Herbert, 97, 127 *et seq.*, 170
Bismarck, Prince, 127, 128 *et seq.*, 352; visits England, 130; attempts to assassinate, 133, 134; death of, 347
Blantyre, Lady, 224, 250; grave of, 289-291
Blessingtons, the, 64
Bloemfontein Hospital, W. L. Burdett-Coutts on, 384
Blunt, Lady Anne, 245
Bocca de Falco, 160
Bodenbach, 93
Bodleys, the, 150, 243, 244, 252, 289, 331
Boehm, Edgar, 5
Bonaparte, Joseph, 286
Bonaparte, Letitia, 282
Bonaparte, Prince Roland, 302
Bond, Dr, 302
Bon, Cape, 163, 165
Bonnat, 244
Booth, Edwin, portrait of, 261
Bordonaro, Baron, 377
Borghese Villa, balustrade of the, 300
Boscastle, 201
Boscoreale, treasure at, 256
Bosphorus, illumination of the, 143
Bottesford Church, 216
Boughton, George H., R.A., 362
Boulanger, General, 98
Boulton, Mr and Mrs Harold, 316
Bourgets, the Paul, 345
Bowles, T. Gibson, 11
Bradford, Sir Edward, 200
Bramshill, 312
Brancovin, the Princess, 73
Branksome Tower, 2
Brascha, the Countess, 333
Breda Church, 84

Breton, Mme. le, 172
Breuil, the Château of, 101, 102
"Bric-à-brac," 61
Bridge, Dr, 218
Bridport, Lord, 329, 330
Bright, John, 8, 57, 59
Brixen, 150
Broadlands, 197, 360
Brome, Lady and Sir Frederick, 201
"Brooch of Lorne," the, 135
Broomhall, Dr, 51
Brough, Fanny, 269
Broughton Castle, 270
Broussa, 25, 27; mosques at, 26
Brown, Horatio, 149, 156, 196, 197, 203, 229, 233, 239–241, 247–249, 252, 260, 275, 278, 305, 309, 313 *et seq.*, 338, 371, 380
Browne, Sir Anthony, 188
Browning, Oscar, 303, 305, 331
Brûne, Marshal, 111
Brussels, 97
Buckingham, Duchess of, 298
Buckingham Palace, garden party at, 271, 307, 384
Bude, 201
"Buffalo Bill," 54 *et seq.*, 107
Bulteel, Miss, 190, 192, 196, 290, 291, 329, 330
Bulstrode, 266
Bunsen, the Chevalier, 351
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 281–287, 289, 304, 306, 385
Burgundy, tombs of Dukes of, 253
Burnett, Mrs Hodgson, 271, 343, 344, 378
Busi, cave on, 337
Buxsted, 175
Buxton, Noel, 331, 332
Byrsa Hill, 166
Caiaphas's House, 32
Cairo, 36
Cambridge, Duchess of, 215
Cambridge, Duchess of, funeral service of, 82
Cambridge, Duke of, 139, 180, 195, 300
Cambridge House, Camberwell, 338
Campbell, Mrs Patrick, 269
Campbell, Sir James, 390
Campbell, Lady Victoria, 224, 225, 381, 391
Candia, the s.s., 156
Canone, 145
Canossa, 335
Caponni, the Cavaliere, 124
Capri, 123, 232
Carew, General Pole, 400
Carini Castle, 377
Carini, Monsignor, 235
Carniola, the sculptor, 196
Carlile, Rev. W., 268, 269
Carlisle, Lord, 50, 174, 184, 246, 325
Carlyle, death of, 5; denunciation of the Americans of the North in the Civil War, 19
Carr, Comyns, 214, 295
Caracciolos, monuments of the, 237
Carton, 50, 54, 183, 206, 239
Cassel, 354
Castel Franco, 204
Castelvetrano, 162
Castel de Port, 79
Castello del Ovo, 119
Casteluccio, 282
Castle Howard, 66, 67, 174, 175
Catania, 120
Cataracts, the, 38
Catharine of Aragon, autographs of, 206
Cauro, 283
Cefalu, 257, 258
Cettinje, 336
Chambers, Charles, 18, 223, 388
Chamberlain, Joseph, 257
Champs de Mars, the Salon de, 244, 261, 301
Channel Islands, the, 48 *et seq.*
Chantilly, 185
Charles II., Mr Gladstone's opinion of, 264
Chartres, Cathedral, 102
Château de Sucy-en-Brie, the, 252
Chaumont, 349
Chaumont, Celine, 292
Chenonceau, 21, 349, 350
Chesham, Lady, 269, 316, 319, 374, 376, 402
Chesham, Lord, 362, 376
Chesney, Sir George, 214
Chiavenna, 169, 170
Children's Aid Society, 344
Childs of Philadelphia, Mr, 52, 60
Chillingham Castle, 219
Chinon, ruins of, 102, 136, 350
Choate, Benjamin, 360, 362
Chopin, 79
Christ Church, Dr Paget, Dean of, 199
Churchill, Lady, 71, 72, 112, 115, 116, 195
Churchill, Lord Randolph, 137, 233
Chusan, the s.s., 108
Cimiez, 289
Clairvaux, 136
Clarence, Duke of, death of, 168
Clerk, Col. Godfrey, 298–300, 329, 368, 370
Cleveland, the Duchess of, 188, 195, 215, 298, 299, 348

Clio, the, 36
Cliveden, 2, 67, 248, 299, 300
Clopton, 53, 59 *et seq.*, 198, 214, 398
Clouet drawings, the, 174, 184
Clovelly, 202
Coblenz, 86, 153
Cofano, Cape of, 164
Cody, W. *See* "Buffalo Bill"
Collleoni monument, the, 241
Colnaghi, Sir D., 192, 204
"Colonel Quaritch, V.C.," 86
Colonial Society, the, 207
Colonnos, 144
Colovrex, 98, 99
Colville, Colonel, 300
Colvin, Sidney, 246
Commerell, Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Edmund, 330
Compiègne, 136
Compton Place, 323
Compton Wynyates, 269
Conca d'Oro, plain of the, 157
Constantine, Grand Duke, 193
Constantinople, 22 *et seq.*; the treasury at, 24; museum and sarcophagi at, 142
Cook, Sir Francis, picture gallery of, 266
Cope, Lady and Sir Anthony, 312, 313
Coquelin, Mons., 14, 292
Corelli, Marie, 383
Corfu, 144
Corneto, 169
Cornwall, a visit to, 17
Corpus Domini *Fête*, 149
Cosway, miniature by, 236, 242, 243, 248
Cosway, Mrs, 242, 243
Couza, Prince Alexander, 28
Cowdray, 177
Cowper, Wm. (afterwards Lord Mount Temple), 197
Cowper, Henry, 65
Crawford, Marion, 137, 231, 232
Crawford, Mrs, 185, 190, 231, 232
Creighton, Bishop, 341, 401
Crichton, Lord, 361
Cronberg, 87, 155
Crispi, Signor, 277; fall of his Government, 259
Cromartie, Francis, death of, 205
Crown jewels, the, 115
Croxton Park, 215
Croy, the Princesse de, 125
Crusaders, Court of Justice of the, 31
Cults, the Manse of, 394
Cumae, Acropolis of, 123
Curzon, George (now Lord C. of Kedleston), 13, 188, 208, 247
Cust, Lionel, 236, 245, 246, 260, 298, 307
Cyprus, 29
Daly's Theatrical Co., 47
Damascus 29; great mosque of, 30
Damianti's Villa, the, 289
Darmstadt, 95
David, Tomb of, 32
Davos, 170, 171
Dead Sea, the, 34
De Brosses. *See* "Lettres Familières, etc."
Delâtre, the Abbé, 166
Delft, tomb of William the Silent at, 85
Del Nero, Abbot, 148
Del Sarto's picture of our Saviour, 193
Dendereh, Temple of, 41, 42
Dent du Chat, the, 112
Derby, the Earl of, 227; death of, 195
De Ros, Lord, 299
Dervishes, the dancing, 25
Detaille, Mons., 243
Devonshire, Georgiana Duchess of, 174, 175
Devonshire, Duke of, 328
Dillon, Lord, 245, 299, 328, 360, 374
Dolling, Father, 355, 373, 382, 387
Dollis Hill, 55
Dolma-Bagtche Palace, the, 24
Domremy, 150
D'Orsay, Count, 64
Dornden, 370
Dort, 83
Double, the Baronne, 73, 74
Doyle, Henry, 169
Dresden, 93
Dreux, 100, 101
Droitwich, 251
Dronsard, Mme., 292
Drummond, Victor, 126
Dryburgh Abbey, 392
Du Bourget, Captain, 113
Dudlay, Mme., 302
Duff, Evelyn Grant, 118, 238
Dufferin, Lady, 107, 118, 137, 184, 185, 261
Dufferin, Lord, 59, 107, 113, 114, 118, 125, 137, 139, 184, 185, 229, 235, 261, 262, 331
Duncombe, Lady Hermione (afterwards Leinster), 50, 51, 183, 206, 239
Dundas, Mrs, 68
Dunn, Mr, 305, 323, 324, 346, 347, 355, 373, 380
Dunolly Castle, 135
Dunrobin, 226, 273, 274

Dunstaffnage, 179
Dupanloup, Bishop, 102
Dupleix, a medallion of (?) 110
Durham Cathedral, 181, 250
Dürer, Albert, 90
Düsseldorf, 85, 97; Artists' Club at, 97
Earthquake shocks, 240, 241
East, a visit to the, 21 *et seq.*
Eaton, 7
Eboli, Duca d', 136, 236
Eccleston Church, 7
Edfou, 39
Edinburgh, Duke of, death of, 386
Edinburgh, inspection at, 180
Edward, Prince, 348
Eger, 93
Elbe, the, 93
Eliot, George, 265
Elizabeth, Mme., 102
Elizabeth of York, autograph of, 206
Elizabeth, Princess, daughter of George III., 88, 155
Ellesmere, Francis, 177, 178
Elliot, Dr, Dean of Windsor, 403
Eltz, Castle of, 153, 154
Embley, 198
Empress, the, 205
Engelbert II., Count of Nassau, tomb of, 84
Epidauros, 144
Erfurt, 353
Erskine, 224, 250, 388, 400
Eryx. *See* Mont San Guiliano
Estournelles, Baron d', 200
Etna, 165
Eugénie, the Empress, 10, 172, 286
Elephantia, the Isle of, 38
Evian, 154
Evisa, 288
Exton, 326, 327
Falmouth, 346, 347, 358, 359, 371
Falstaff, Verdi's, 191
Farnborough, 172
Farrar, Archdeacon (now Dean of Canterbury), 55
Favignano, Island of, 165
Favre, Jules, 98
Fawcetts, the, 13
Female School of Art, the, 325
Ferrara, 125
Fest Zug, the, 94, 95
Ffrench, Percy, 73, 74, 75, 122, 241; death of, 261
Fielding tombs, 265
Fife, Duke and Duchess of, 213
Fitalia, Prince, 159
Fitzpatrick, Sister Joseph, 242
Fitzwilliam, Lord, 344
Fleming, François, 279, 293, 297
Floquet, Mons., 20
Florence, 107, 191
Flower, Charles, 52 *et seq.*, 61, 82
Flower, Mrs, 295
Flower, Edgar, 53, 174, 213, 261, 294
Fontenoy Sèvres Vases, the, 73
Forbes, Archibald, 214
Forbes, Prof. George, 309
Ford, Sir Clare, 229, 238, 259, 275
Formalutz, 80
Foster, Michael (now Sir), 253
Fountains Abbey, 273
Fox, Charles, 176
Fox, Marie (afterwards Princess Lichtenstein), 68
Frankfort, 86
Franquevilles, the, 150, 151
Frederick II., 130; Carlyle's History of, 109
Frederick III., German Emperor, 132; death of, 65
Frederick, Empress, 87, 95, 96, 97, 154 *et seq.*, 187, 189, 213; visits Stafford House, 71
Fremantle, Sir Charles, 344
Frensham, 172
Friedrichsruhe, 132
"From Brindisi to Yokohama," 15
"From First to Last," Sir D. Lysons', 298
Furnivall, Dr, 332
Gainsborough, Lord and Lady, 326, 327
Gainsborough, portraits by, 310, 318
Galata Tower, 28
Gallantry Bower, 202
Garda, Lake, 338
Garibaldi, 136, 137; medallion of, 12, 13; monument of, 254
Garnett, Dr, 339
Garrasan, 179
Garrick, Mrs, 47
Gebel-Silsible, shrines of, 39
Geneva, 98, 111
George III., a miniature of, 88; bust of, by Nollekins, 262; Ramsay's coronation portrait of, 291
George IV., 264; Gainsborough's portrait of, 88; and the Crown jewels, 116
Gerome, 244
Gethsemane, Garden of, 32
Ghirlandaio's "Last Supper," 196
Giardini, 235
Gibbon, the historian, 360
Giorgione's statue, 204
Girgenti, 121
Gladstone, Gertrude, 262, 264, 308, 340, 342, 373, 384, 388

Gladstone, Mrs, 213, 262, 280, 281, 308, 340, 342; letter from, 209; funeral of, 382
Gladstone, W. E., 13, 66, 82, 145, 200, 206, 207, 262–264, 280, 281, 307, 338; on the Irish question, 59; and Monte Cassino, 147; letters from, 208, 267; retirement of, 213; admiration of for the Montenegrins, 277; death of, 339; funeral of, 341
Gladstones, the, 13, 55, 210, 211, 280, 307
Gleichen, Count, 11, 361
Glencoe, battle of, 373
Glyn, Rev. Hon. E. Carr and Lady Mary, 135, 253, 276, 324, 325, 344, 387, 403
Gloucester, Dr Spence, Dean of, 113, 115, 116, 251
Goethe, monument of, 252
Goarna, Temple of, 40
Goldney, Judge, 108, 109
Goldsmid & Co., 68, 69
Golgotha, site of, 32
Golspie and its folk-lore, 273
Gore House, 64
Goschen, Mr, 22
Gosford House, 223
Gosse, Edmund, 360
Gotha, 353
Gonda, Church of, 83
Goupil, 332, 362
Government, defeat of the, 47
Gower Lodge, the last of, 136
Gozze, Count, garden of, 335
Gozzoli, Chapel painted by, 194
Granby, Lady, 115, 215
Grant, General, 19
Granville, Lady, 274, 325
Greece, Crown Prince of, 87, 88
Greece, isles of, 28
Grenadier, the s.s., 180
Grenfell, Bernard, 297, 311
Grévy, Pres. and Mme., 20
Gresham, Sir Thos., portrait of, 176
Grey, General, 290
Greys, the, a family tomb of, 221
Grundy, Rev. C. H., 379
Guaneri, Senator, 233
Guillaume, M., 279
"Guilderoy," Ouida's, 101
Guillemard, Mr, 144
Haarlem, the Frans Hals at, 85
Hadrian, aqueducts built by, 168
Hague, the, 84; the "Bosh" at, 85
Halèvy, Ludovic, 253
Hamdy Bey, 142, 143
Hamilton, Gavin, Roman statuary from the villa of, 80
Hammerfield, 364, 367, 368, 370, 372, 401
Hanley, Lord R. Gower lectures at, 182
Hannah, Rev. J. J., 331
Harcourt, Lady Catherine, 175
Harcourt, Sir William, 204, 385
Harlaxton, 215
Harris, Sir Augustus, 217, 268
Harrison, Frederic, 360
Harrogate, 272
Hauser, Gaspar, 90
Haute Combe, Abbey of, 112
Hawarden, 262
Hawke, H.M.S., 290
Healy, of Bray, Father, 107, 184
Hedsor Church, 249
Heidelberg, 12
Heligoland, 130
Heliopolis, Acropolis of, 30
Hellenes, King and Queen of the, 140
Helping Hands, Tom Taylor's, 212
Henry III. of France, painting of, 14, 178
Henry V., performance of, 295
Henry VI., performance of, 82
Henty, G. A., 362
Herkomer's house, Professor, 260
Hermann und Dorothea, Goethe's, 353
Herschell, Lord Chancellor and Lady, 218
Hertford Collection, the, 284
Hesse, the Grand Duke of, 193
Hesse, Princess Alice of, 193, 194
Hesse, Princess Louise of, 213
Hever Castle, 364
Hickey, Father, 259
Hindlip, 252
Hobart Pasha, 23, 24
Hobhouse, Lord, 362
Hodgkin, Thomas, D.C.L., and Mrs, 220
Hodgson, Lady, 53, 60, 70, 214
Hodgson, Sir Arthur, 53, 59–61, 69, 70, 199, 207, 214, 215, 248, 304, 363, 369, 383, 397, 398
Hohenzollern, the, 174
Holland, 83
Holland House, 13, 67, 68, 69, 100, 248
Holland, the Lords, 68, 69, 117
Holland, George, 67
Holland, Lady, 13, 14, 21, 67–69, 117, 122; death of, 99
Hollar, prints by, 216

Holmbury, 65, 87
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 18, 19, 47
Holmes, Richard R., 330, 343, 359
Holyrood Chapel, 395
Homburg, 154
Hong Kong, 108, 109
Hook, Dean, Life of, 177
Hope, Anthony, 355
Hopetoun, Lord, 385, 397
Horsted, 343
Hoskins, Admiral, 363
Houghton, Lord, 8, 14
Houghton, Lord (now Earl of Crewe), 183–185
Housman, Laurence, 318
Howe, the actor, 47
Howitt, Miss, 150
Hughenden, funeral of Lord Beaconsfield at, 7
Hughes, E. R., 201
Hughes, Miss, 173, 329, 330
Hugo, Victor, house of, 48
Hulme Abbey, 397
Huntley, Lord, 116, 344
Hurstbourne, 312
Hurstmonceaux, 218
Huxley, F., 233
Hyde Abbey, 361
Hymettus, Mount, 139
Ignatius, Father, 146
Imfreville, Comte d', 109
"Infant Academy," Sir Joshua's, 197
Inflexible, H.M.S., 142
Inverary, 224
Iona, 180
Ireland, Dr, 210
Irish Question, the, 59
Irving, Sir Henry, 47, 60, 61, 271, 295, 325, 360
"Isles Sanguinaires," the, 283, 285
Ismail, the ex-Khedive, 13
Isola Bella, 228; del Pescatori, 229; Madre, 228
Italy, reception by King and Queen of, 158; assassination of King of, 386
Jaffa, 30 *et seq.*
James of Hereford, Lord, 397
Janissaries, Museum of the, 28
Jeffreys, Judge, 266
Jehoshaphat, Valley of, 32, 33
Jena, 352
Jephson, Mountjoy, 201
Jericho, 33
Jerusalem, 31–35; approach to, 31; David's tower at, 31; Holy Sepulchre at, 32; Armenian churches in, 32; the Golden Gate at, 35; Church of El-Aksa at, 35
Jews, 68
Joachim, 213
Joan, Pope, 147
Joan of Arc, 99, 100, 103, 104, 136
"John Ward, Preacher," Mrs Deland's, 86
Jones, H. Stuart, 137, 140 *et seq.*, 169, 181, 187, 198, 206
Jordan, Valley of the, 33, 34
Jowett, Prof., 171
Jubilee, the First, 56 *et seq.*
Jubilee, the Second, 306
Julius Cæsar, performance of, 261, 344
Juno, Temple of, 142
Junot, 64
Jusserand, Mons., 244
Karnak, Temple of, 40
Kempe, C. E., 100, 202, 312, 313, 324, 330, 343, 345, 360
Keneh, 38, 42
Kerka waterfalls, the, 334
Kerouan, 167
Keymer Church, 343
Kilburn Home for Children, 343
Kildares, the, 50
Kilkhampton Church, 202
Kilmun, 390
Kings, tombs of the, 34, 40
Kingsley, Charles, 304
Kingsley, Miss Constance, 295
Kipling, Rudyard, 214
Kissingen, 127 *et seq.*
Klosters, valley of, 171
Kneller, a kit-cat portrait by, 311
Knock House, 135
Knole, 217
Knowles, James, 200, 296
Knutsford, Viscount, 324
Kosheh, 42
Kyrle Society, the, 5
La Bréde Château, 105
La Cava, Monastery of, 118
Lacaita, Sir James, 66, 192, 204, 231; death of, 232
Lafitte Château, 105
Lami, Eugene, 63, 64
Lamington, Lord, 65, 247
Landor, Walter S., 118
Landquart, 171
Lanerton, Lady, 176; death of, 204
Lanerton, Lord, 176
Langeaïs, 349
Langtry, Mrs, 14
Laon, Cathedral of, 101, 136
La Puebla, 76
"Last Supper, The," house of, 32
Latimer, 316, 317, 319, 327
"La Tulipe Noir," Dumas', 86
Laverstoke, 312
Lavigerie, Cardinal, church built by, 76, 166

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 63, 64, 158, 175; life of, 332, 358, 359, 362, 366, 367, 376
Lawrence, William, life of, 339; portraits by, 361
Layard, Sir Henry, 148, 204
Lazarus, Tomb of, 32
"Lead Kindly Light," composition of, 16
Lebanon range, the, 29 *et seq.*
Lee, Austin, 112
Lee, Sidney, 345
"Lee, Vernon" (Miss Paget), 201
"Le Frère Paschal," Zola's, 280
Leighton, Archbishop, 343
Leighton, Sir F. (afterwards Lord), 65, 245
Leinster, Caroline, Duchess of, 3, 50, 53, 62
Leinster, Duke of, death of, 53
Leinster, Duke of, death of, 205; funeral of, 206
Leinster, Hermione. *See* Duncombe
Leinsters, the, 13
Leipzig, 354
Leiter, Miss, 247
Lenoir Collection of Portraits, the, 192
Lennox Love, 250
Leone, the brigand, 160
Leopold, Prince, 5; wedding of, 10; death of, 15
"Les Juifs en France," Dumont's, 68
Lesina, 337
"L'Esprit des Lois," 105
Lesseps, Mme. de, 46
Lesseps, Mons. de, 46, 151
"Letters from a Mourning City," 123
"Letters from Majorca," Mr Wood's, 78
"Lettres Atheniens," 139
"Lettres Familières et Sociales d'Italie," De Brosses', 229, 253, 264, 272, 278, 291
Liars, The, 321
Liddon, Canon, 9
"Life in the Swiss Highlands," 170
"Life of J. A. Symonds," Horatio Brown's, 320
"Life of Joan of Arc." *See* also "Joan," 102, 103, 136, 171, 173, 175, 210
"Life of Manning," Purcell's, 264
"Life on the Lagoons," 149
Lilybeum, 161
Lillieshall, 207
Limbourg, 86
Lindley, Miss, Gainsborough's portrait of, 218
Linlithgow Palace, 393
Little, Canon Knox, 57, 342
Liverpool, Lord, 175
Lobkovitz, Princess, 154
Loch, James, 273
Loch, Lord, 273
Loch Fyne, 225
Loch Inver, 59
Loches, 350
Lodi, 242; church of, 243
Longhi, pictures by, 289
Lorne, Marquis of, 5, 50, 51, 55, 82, 111–113, 135, 145, 152, 153, 178, 179, 189, 190, 192, 194, 197, 200, 207, 212, 215, 291, 316, 322, 338, 347 *et seq.*, 359, 360, 369, 370, 373, 379, 380, 381, 386–390, 399, 402, 403
Lotto, L., intarsia work by, 241
Louis Philippe, church built by, 166
Louis Salvador, Archduke, 79
Louise, Princess, 5, 111, 112, 172, 178, 179, 190, 192, 194, 195, 197, 205, 215, 217, 243, 322, 379; her Jubilee Statue of the Queen, 200
Louvre, the, 244
Lowther Lodge, dance at, 8
Lowthers, the William, 257
Lucerne, 98, 191, 197; Bossard's shop at, 197, 253
Lucy, Henry, 188, 189
Luffness, 223
Lugano, 253
Luini's frescoes, 242
Lumley, Sir John, 229
Luther, Martin, 351, 352, 353
Luxor, 37, 39
Lyall, Sir Alfred, 331
Lygon, Edward, 252
Lygon, Lady Mary, 252, 348
Lynton, Mrs Lynn, 163
Lysons, Sir D., 293, 297
Lytton, Lady, 74
Lytton, Lord, 74, 112
Lytton, Lord, 303, 305
Lyttelton, Alfred, 338
Maas, the, 83
Macaulay, T. B. (afterwards Lord), 280; diary of, 295
Macaulay, Dr, 61
"Macbeth, Lady," Lord R. Gower's statue of, 46
MacDonald, Hector, 227
M'Kinley, Pres., 276
Madame Sans Gêne, 295
Madonna del Sacco, the, 193
Madonna della Groti, Church of the, 161
Madresfield Court, 252, 348
Maiori, 124, 238
Maine, the, 379

Majorca, 76
Malcolm Collection of Old Masters, the, 213
Malfitano, 156, 165, 168, 232, 257
Malka, 166
Manacor, 77
Manning, Cardinal, 55, 99, 104
Margaux, Château, 105
Marguerite of Prussia, Princess, 154
Maria Antonia, the Archduchess, funeral of, 12
Marie Antoinette, 73, 102, 104, 116, 150
Mario, Signora Jessie White, 161, 163
Marlborough House, garden party at, 8; a breakfast at, 200
Marsala, 160, 161
Martin, Sir Theodore, 271, 398
Mathews, Charles, 117
Mavrocordato, Prince George, 28, 37
Maxwell, Sir Herbert, 198
Maxwell Lyte, Mr, 216
May, Phil, 247
Mayence, 86
Maynooth Castle, 183
Mecca, departure of pilgrims for, 143
Mèdinet Haboo, Temple of, 40
Mediterano, the s.s., 144
Médoc, 105
Megalopolis, Theatre at, 140
Meiningen, the Prince, 195
"Meister-Drank," the, 91
Melrose, 392
Memnonium, the, 42
"Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," 50
Menzel's Illustrations to *Life of Frederick II.*, 130, 131
Mère, Mme., 287
Meredith, George, 317
Messina, 119
Milan, 191, 333, 339; churches of, 242
Millais, Sir J. E., 48, 65, 189, 245, 246, 268, 311; pencil drawing by, 230; death of, 272
Millais Exhibition, 322
Milman, General, 298, 311, 349, 359
Milton, 344
Minghetti, Mme., 138
Miramar, 79, 314
Miskovitz, sketches by, 177
Mitford, "Bertie," 215, 308, 309, 310
Mitford, Lady Clementine, 309, 310
Moab, hills of, 33
Mocattas, the, 74
Mocenigo, the Countess, 195.
Mohassedia, Palace of, 168
Moldau, the, 93
Mommsen, Dr, 259
Monreale, 157
Monk Wearmouth church, 250
Monmouth, portrait of, by Lely, 327
Monson, Lord and Lady, 343
Monson, Sir Edmund, 140
Montagu monuments, the, 177
Monte Cassino, 145–147
Monte Lepri, 234, 235
Montenegro, Princess Helena of, 276
Montenegro, Comte de, 80
Montenegrins, the, 277, 336
Monte Oliveto, 147, 148
Monte Pantaleone, 145
Monte Pellegrino, 157, 159, 165
Montesquieu, Baron de, 105, 106
Montesquieu, Charles de, 105
Montijo, Comte de, 46
Montmorency, Duc de, 75
Montreal, 217
Montrose, Duchess of, 306
Mont San Guiliano, 163, 165
Mont St Michel, 50
Montserrat monastery, 9
Moor Park, 327
Moore, Miss Mary, 297
More, Antonio, portrait by, 176
Morley, John, 211, 263, 383
Morning Post Embankment Home, 345
Motley, J. L., 131
Motor-car, a Serpalet, 151
Moudonia, 25
Mount Olympus, 25, 26
Much ado, performance of, 214
Mull, Island of, 135, 179
Munich, 125
Murillo, pictures by, 81
Murray, John, 339–341
Mussil, the Austrian artist, 209
Mycenae, 144
Nancy, 150
Napier, G. G., 391, 393, 396, 399
Naples, 107, 108, 118, 119, 136, 169, 231, 254
Naples, the Prince of, 158
Napoleon I., the bed of, 244; birthplace of, 283
Napoleon III., 286
"Napoleon at Fontainebleau," Delaroche's, 354
Nasmyth, James, 372, 373
Nassau Tombs, the, 84
Natal, s.s., the, 109
National Portrait Gallery, opening of New, 260
Nauplia, 143, 144
Naval Review, the, 57 *et seq.*
Neale, Comtesse Pauline, 130
Nemours, Duc de, 195

Newbyth, 221, 222, 250, 387
Newdigate, Sir Henry, 265
Newman, Cardinal, 15, 16
Newnham Paddox, 265
Nice, 279, 289
Nicolosi, 121
Nightingale, Florence, 198
Nilometer, the, 38
Nîmes, 110, 111; Parc des Fontaines at, 111
Nimmo, J. C., 175, 190
Noble, monument by, 176
Noel, Roden, 12
Norfolk, Duke of, 7, 313
Normanby, Lord, pictures belonging to, 393
Normandy, a tour in, 49 *et seq.*
Northbrook, Lord, 361, 363, 399; his collection of old masters, 370
Northern Meeting, the, 178
Notre Dame, High Mass in, 292
Nuremberg, 89, 90, 126
Oakham, 327
Oakwood, 368, 369
Oban, 135, 178
Ober Salinen, 127, 131
Obrist, Hermann, 195
O'Connor, J., 52, 217, 349; death of, 92
Old Place, Lindfield, 100, 202, 324, 330, 345, 360
Old Warden, 310
Olympia, 141, 142
Omar, Mosque of, 35
Olives, Mt. of, 33
Ombla River, the, 335
Orleans, 102
Orleans family, the, portraits of, 234
Orleans Tombs, the, 100, 101
Orsi, Carlo, 195
Osborne, Bernard, 249
Osborne Cottage, 172, 211
Osborne House, 173; Indian loom at, 172; private theatricals at, 212
Osman Digma, 42
Osman Pasha, 42
"Ouida," 107, 117, 195
Overstone, Lord, 312
Owen, Sir Philip C., 60, 66
Oxford, the Bishop of, 10
Oyawa, the, 236
Paestum, 118
Paget, Sir Augustus, 118, 125, 229, 269
Palæokastrizza, 145
Palazzo, Riccardi, the, 193
Palermo, 122, 156 *et seq.*, 257, 377; a "cercolo" at, 157, 158
Palffy, Count, 197
Palma, 78, 80; public buildings at, 81
Pallanzo, 228
Pallavicini, General, 158
Parabère, Comtesse de, 101
Paris, 73; burning of the bazaar in, 298, 301, 302
"Paris," Zola's, 329
Paris Exhibition, 99
Paris, Comtesse de, 55
Parker, Gilbert (now M.P.), 360, 362, 379, 380, 384, 398
Parnassus, Mount, 141
Parratt, Sir Walter, 218
Pasteur, Mons., 46
Patras, 139, 141
Pauillac, Château, 105
Paul of Mecklenburgs, the, 64, 193, 195
Pavia, the Certosa of, 253
Pearson, Canon H. P., 8; funeral of, 10
Peel, Lord, 328, 341
Peignitz, the, 89
Pelleka Hill, 144
Pelouze, Mons., 21
Pendennis Castle, 347
Pennant's London, 325
Penrhyn, Lady, 266
Penshurst, 209, 364, 373
Pentelicus, Mount, 139
Pepoli, Baron A., 164
Perceval, Spencer, 69
Perier, Casimir, 233
Perpignan, Frau von, 154
Perponcher, Countess, 154
Perugia, 124
Peterborough, Bishop of. *See* Glyn
Peter the Great, 325
Petrie, Prof., 311
Pevensey, 218
Pharaoh's Bath, 38
Phelps, Mr, 60, 61, 200
Philae, 38
Physical Aid Recreation Society, 66
"Pilate, the House of," 32
Piombo, Sebastiano del, a portrait by, 241
Pioneer, the, 179
Piraeus, the, 140
Pisani, the Countess, 203
Pistoja, 240
Plunkett, Lord, 206
Poblet, the ruins of, 9
Poggio, Gherardo, 194, 195, 315
Poitiers, 103
Poitou, the Counts of, 103
Poix, Prince de, 245
Pola, 314, 315
Polenza, monastery at, 81

Politzer, Professor, 46
Pomar, Duchesse de, 293
Pompeii, 256
Ponsonby, Lady, 172, 187, 192, 196, 197, 200, 201, 211, 385, 402
Ponsonby, Sir Henry, 113-116, 172, 187, 194, 195, 211, 233
Pont du Gard, the, 110
Ponti Konisi, 145
Pontresina, 170
Portsmouth, Lady, 312, 313
Portsmouths, the, 217, 218, 269, 312
Potter's "Bull," Paul, 84
Poynter, Edward, R.A. (now Sir), 230, 246
Pozzo di Borgos, the, 282, 285, 286, 289
Pozzuoli, 123
Prague, 93
Primrose Day, 114, 115, 194
Primrose, Everard, 11, 14, 223; death of, 21
Propert, Lumsden, 248
Propert, Sidney, 67, 69, 70, 202, 250, 258, 259, 304, 305, 317, 323, 324, 325, 330, 331, 332, 339, 343, 346, 347, 370, 381, 383
Puich, Cardinal del, 80
Pyrgos, 141
Rachel, Tomb of, 35
Radziwill, Princess, 245
Raeburn's portrait of Sir D. Baird, 222
Raffet, drawings by, 185
Ragusa, 335
Rameseum, the, 40
Ramleh, 30, 31
Ramolino, Letitia, 286
Rampolla, Cardinal, 137
Ramsay, Allan, 396
Ram Singn, 172
Ratisbon or Regensburg, 126
Ravello, 119
Ravenna, 125
Raymond Lullio, Tomb of, 81
Reay, Lord and Lady, 188
Redesdale, Lord, 310
Redleaf, 374, 386
Regnier, 292
Rehan, Ada, 47
Reichstadt, Duc de, 244
Reid, Dr, 113, 116
Reinach, Baron, 154
Reiset, Vicomte de, 100
Rembrandt's "Dr Tulp and His Pupils," 84; "Night Watch," 85; "the Syndics," 85
"Reminiscences," Lord R. Gower's, 1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 231, 270; leading article on, 12
Renan, Mons., 47
Rendel, Stuart (now Lord), 122, 279-281
Revelstoke, Lord, 190
Rexas, 80
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, pictures by, 300
Rheims, 136
Rhodes, Cecil, 257, 365, 366, 369
Ribera, pictures by, 81
Ricasoli, Signor, 147
Rice, Thorndike, 19
Richard II., performance of, 261
Richardson, Sir Benjamin, 215
Richmond, Sir Wm., 382
Richmond and Lennox, the Duchess of, 250
Rimski Korsokoff, Princess, 74
Ripon, 273
Ripon, Dr Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of, 152, 290, 291
Riva, 337
"Robert Ellesmere," 75
Roberts of Candahar, Lord, 200, 249
Roberts, Daniel, pictures by, 177
Robespierre, the play, 363
Robinson, Sir Charles, 332
Robinson, Sir Hercules, 53, 257
Rocalia Villa, 163
Rochester, Dr Randall Davidson, Bishop of (now Bishop of Winchester), 194
Rochester, Dr Talbot, Bishop of, 338
Rolfe, Neville, 108, 119, 123, 136, 255, 256
Rome, 107, 137, 185, 275; socialistic demonstration at, 145
"Rome," Zola's, 280
Rome, the P. & O. s.s., 139
Romney, portraits by, 175, 300, 310
Romsey Abbey, 198, 361
Rosebery, Lord, 212, 226, 227, 246, 274, 382
Rosneath, 388, 389
Rothenburg, 90-92; the "Wild Park," at, 92
Rothschilds, the, rise of, 68, 69
Rouen, 100, 136
Roxalana's Tomb House, 27
Roxburgh, Duchess of, 329, 330
Rudini, Signor, 315
Rupert, the pearls of Prince, 115
"Rupert of the Rhine," 61
Ruskin, 197
Russell, Billy (now Sir Wm.), 33, 150, 207, 247, 268, 293, 294
Russell, Elizabeth, Duchess of, Wyatt's monument of, 216
Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, 115
Rutland, Duke of, tombs of, 216

Sackville, Lord, 218
Sagan, Prince de, 245
St Albans, Duchess of, 298
St Amand, M. de, 75
St Anne's Hill, Chertsey, 14, 21
St David's, 250, 251
St George, reputed tomb of, 29
St Giovanni del Carbonaro, 237
St Hubert, Baudry's painting of, 185
St Jacob, Cathedral of, 91
St Januarius's blood, the Miracle of, 119
St John the Baptist, picture of, by Millais, 246
St Moritz, 170
St Ouen, 136
St Paul's Conversion, reputed site, of, 29
St Thomas à Becket, Church of, 162
Sala, G. A., 212, 235; speech by, 5, 70; death of, 255
Saladin, Tomb of, 30
Salinas, Professor, 157
Salisbury, Lord, 264, 277
Salzburg, 13
Samoden, 170
San Benedetto Monastery, 121
San Catherina, 228
Sand, George, 79
Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, Queen of the, 57
San Francesco, Cloister of, 78
San Gemiano, 147
San Marco, 196
San Martino, 159
San Pantaleo, 160
S. Rosalia, Chapel of, 165
San Sofia, 23
Santa Fina, 147
Santa Maria Novella, 194
San Vito, Cape of, 164
Sargent, J., R.A., 360
Sartorio, the painter, 239
Satow, Sir Ernest, 309, 310
Saunderson, Sir T., 66
Savage Club, the, a dinner at, 247
Saxe, the Maréchal de, 73
Saxe, monument of, 351
Scharf, George (afterwards Sir), 65, 236, 245
Schaumberg-Lippe, Princess of, 213
Schiller, monument of, 352
Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of, 291
Schliemann, Dr, 22
Schlumberger, Edward, 25
Schweningen, Dr, 128
Scilly Isles, the, 17
Schönberg, Countess, 150
Schönhausen, 132
Schröders, the, 187
Scott, Clement, 61
Scott-Moncrieff, Sir C., 362
Scudo, the Châlet du, 286, 289
Scutari, the cemeteries at, 27
Seckendorff, Count, 87, 88, 96, 187
Selamlik, ceremony of the, 23, 143
Selinunto, the ruins of, 162
Serao, Matilde, 237
Seraskerat Tower, the, 28
Seti, Hall of, 40, 42
Seton, Sir Bruce, 362
Seve, Marquis de, 40
Severn, Arthur, a painting by, 189
Severn End, 252
Shaftesbury, Lord, 13
Shaftesbury, Lord, 368
Shakespeare, the "Kesselstadt" death masque of, 52, 89, 95, 96; a talk with Bismarck on, 132
Shakespeare Monument, Lord R. Gower's, 5, 7, 10, 46, 52, 61, 63, 69, 70, 82
Shamrock, the, 391
Sharon, the plain of, 31, 36
Shaw, Miss Flora, 274
Shea, Chief Justice, 19
Sheffield, Lady, portrait of by Gainsborough, 302
Sheffield Place, 360
Shuttleworth, Sir A. Kay, 55
Sidon, Archæological finds from, 142
Siena, 147; Church of San Antonia at, 147
Signorelli, frescoes by, 148
Sikes, Mr, 140
Simon the Tanner, house of, 30
Sinclair, Archdeacon, 271, 305, 323
Singapore, 108
Sistine Madonna, the, 95
Smith, W. H., 65
Smoo, cave of, 59
Smyrna, 28
Smythe, Miss E., 201
Soave, 275
Sodoma, frescoes by, 148
Sogliani's fresco, 196
Soller, 79, 80
Solomon the Magnificent, mosque of, 72
Solomon's Temple, site of, 35
Solomon's Tomb House, 27
Solon, M., 182, 264
Soltyk, Countess, 302
Sommi, Marquis, 241
Sonning, 8, 13, 265
Sorrento, 231
Sousa, 167, 168
South Africa, war in, 373
Spalato, 335
Spence, Dr. *See* Gloucester

Spencer, Lord Robert, 176, 177
Sperlinga, the garden of, 157
Spielmann, M. H., 400
Staffa, 180
Stafford, Marquis of, 5, 12, 48, 67
"Stafford House Letters," 61, 189
Stanley, Dean, death of, 8
Stanley, Henry M. (now Sir), 122
Stanley of Alderley, Lady, 67
Stars, display of falling, 31
State of Nebraska, the, 54
Stauf, Castle of, 126
Stead, Mr, 228
Stephanie, the s.s., 334
Stephen, Leslie, 233
Stephens, Rev. W. R. (now Dean of Winchester), 176, 177, 361
Stevens, Mr, 123, 124
Stevenson, Sir Frederick, 368
Stibbert, Villa, collection of armour at, 204
Stillman, Mr, 277
Stonor, Monsignor, 230, 258, 259
Straight, Sir Douglas, 214, 360
Strasbourg, 351
Stratford-on-Avon, 52 *et seq.*, 59, 69, 70, 82, 174, 213, 248, 261, 294; memorial buildings at, 53
Strathfieldsaye, 296
Streatham, Home for Incurables at, 216
Stuart, Arabella, supposed portrait of, 53
Stuarts, portraits of the three last, 139
Sully, Mouny, 302
Sultan, the, and Mr Gladstone, 264
Sultans, tombs of the, 26
Sutherland, Anne, Duchess of, 62, 64, 70, 71; funeral of, 72
Sutherland, Dowager-Duchess of, 194
Sutherland, Duke of, death of, 180
"Sutherland Book," Sir W. Fraser's, 268
"Sweet Waters," the, 25
Swinburne, A. C., letter from, 44
Symonds, J. A., 149, 156, 170, 171, 174, 175, 194, 196; his "Michel Angelo," 182; his grave, 231
Symons, General, death of, 373
Syracuse, the Latonias or Quarries of, 120, 121
"Syrlin," Ouida's, 118
Taming of the Shrew, the, 60
Tankerville, Lady, 219, 220, 221
Tankerville, Lord, 219, 220
Taormina, 120
Tarbat House, 274
Tauber, valley of the, 90
Taunton, Lady, 179, 180
Taunus Hills, 87, 155
Taylor, Sir John, 311
Teck, Prince Adolphus of, 223, 248, 402
Teck, Prince George of, 365
Teck, Princess Mary of, death of, 316
Temperance Hospital, Hampstead, 62
Teniers, a, 231
Tennyson, death of, 181
Tennyson, Lady, 212
Terry, Ellen, 47, 295, 325, 363
Terry, Mrs, 137
Théâtre Français, the, 190
Theatrical portraits, exhibition of, 299
Thebes, 39; Colossi of, 40
"The Blot on the Brain," 210
"The Dancing Grandmothers," 326
"The Descent of the Duchess," 387
The New Dean, 305
"The Old Guard," Lord R. Gower's statue of, 136
Thesiger, Frederic, 348
Thomas, Mr, sculptor, 123
Thousand Columns, Cistern of the, 28
Thun, 98
Tiefurt, 353
Tiepolo, ceiling painted by, 89
Tighe, Lady Louisa, 355-357
Tilly, 91
Timmins, Sam, 214
Tintagel, 201
Tipoo Sahib, Wilkie's picture of, 222
Tissot, Mons., 63
Titian's "Last Judgment," 188
Titsey Place, 175, 176, 362, 367
Tittensor, 321
Tosti, 147
Tours, 102, 136
Tower of London, 359, 360, 367, 368; projected history of the, 293, 297-299, 313, 328, 358, 366
Transvaal, trouble with the, 257
Trapani, 163
Traquati, paintings by, 396, 397
Trau, 334
Trelawney of the Wells, 325
Trentham, 13, 51, 187, 205, 207, 264, 321
Tresco Abbey, 17
Trevelyan, Charles P., 183, 184, 295
Trevelyan, Sir George and Lady, 295
Tricoupis, Miss, 141
Troubetzkoi, Prince Pierre, 200, 228, 235, 246, 272
Truro Cathedral, 347
Tuke, Dr D. Hack, 210
Tunis, 165, 166, 168

Turin, 117, 338
Turnfest, a, 170
Turquet, Mons., 20
Tyrins, 144
Tyszkievz, Count, 260
Ud'na, Roman ruins at, 168
Underground Railway, the, 69
Uppat House, 273
Upton House, 269
Utrecht, 85
Valdemosa, 78
Vandyck's picture of Charles I.'s children, 117
Vanity Fair, 11
Varengville, 151
Varzin, 132
Vaucouleurs, 150
Vaughan, Father (now Cardinal), 145, 146
Vaux, Lord, Holbein's portrait of, 266
Venice, 11, 14, 43, 125, 148, 149, 156, 196, 203, 229; Armenian College at, 44; Corpus Domini *fête* at, 149
Venice News, The, 45
Venturi, Signor, 278
Venus, a marble head of, 41, 48
Verascharkin, 354
Verona, 337
Vesuvius, 236
Viareggio, 169
Vico, 287
Victoria, Queen, 82, 173, 191, 193-196, 212, 245, 292, 307, 329, 385, 397, 401; letter from, to Duke of Westminster, 1; to Lord R. Gower, 3, 15, 322, 386; visit of to Grosvenor House, 1; at Marlborough House, 8; sympathy of, 54, 404; visits the American Exhibition, 55, 56; and Lami the painter, 64; visits Stafford House, 71; at Aix-les-Bains, 111 *et seq.*; her favourite text, 152; Leslie's picture of her Coronation, 195; statue to, 200; Sir David Leslie's picture of, 393; at Cimiez, 290, 291; death of, 402
Victoria of Prussia, Princess, 96
Victoria, H.M.S., loss of, 199
Vienna, 125, 149
Villa Belmonte, 159
Villa Bonstetten, 98
Villalonga, Conde de, 80
Villa Medici, 276
Villa Palma, Marquis de, 75
Villa Palmieri, 191, 194, 195
Villa Thorance, 279
Villa Valguanera, 377
Villa Vescovana, 203
Villiers, Charles, 7, 68, 69
Vincent, Claude, 21, 22, 25
Virginius, performance of, 82
Vorwerts, the s.s., 139
Voss, Frau von, 130
Voïgts-Rhetz, General von, 23
Waldeck, Princess Elizabeth of, 270
Waldemar, Prince, 88
Wales, H.R.H., Prince of (now King Edward VII.), 5, 217, 264, 401
Wales, H.R.H., Princess of (now Queen Alexandra), 56, 217, 307, 401
Wallace, Sir Donald Mackenzie, 320
Wallace, Sir Richard, 64
Wallace, Lady, 284
Wallenstein, 93
Walsingham, Lady, 236, 270, 369
Walter, John, 60, 61
Ward, Geneviève, 249
Ward, Sam, 8, 13, 137
Warkworth Castle, 397
Warren, Col. (now Genl. Sir Charles), 31, 32, 109
Wartburg, 351
Waterford, Louisa Lady, 397
Watts, G. F., R.A., 303, 354, 355
Wedel, Count, 96
Weimar, 351, 352
Weisen, 170, 171
Welby, Sir Charles, 215
Welcome Club, the, 54
Wellington, Duke of, 76; funeral of, 17
Wellingtons, the, 227, 296
Wellesley, Dean, 10, 18, 264
Werngerode, Count Stolberg, 128
West, Benjamin, P.R.A., 332
Westminster, Constance, Duchess of, 1; death of, 2; character of, 2, 3; statue of, 5
Westminster, Lady, death of, 158
Westminster, Duke of, 400
Weston-in-Arden, 265
Whitaker, Effie, 165
Whitaker, Mrs Joseph, 122, 156, 158
Whitburn Hall, 250
White, Lady and Sir William, 143
White Sands Bay, 180
Whitelaws, the, 391
Wiels, the, 229
"Wild West," the, 55, 107
Wilkie, Sir D., Life of, 391, 399
William I., German Emperor, 129
William II., German Emperor, 174; telegram from to Kruger, 257
William the Silent, tomb of, 85
Williamson, Dr, 242, 391, 402
Williamson, Sir Hedworth, 240
Windsor, 187, 329
Winter, Mr, 113, 114

Wolseley, Lord, 17, 18, 184, 345, 346; his "Life of Marlborough," 17, 18, 44, 45
Woodall, M.P., Mr, 181, 182, 188, 249
Woolbeding, 176
Woronzoff, Princess, 74
Wroxton Abbey, 270
Würzburg, 89, 127
Wyndham, Charles, 296, 321
Wyndham, George, 345
York, T.R.H., the Duke and Duchess of, 213
York Minster, 175
Young, Sir Allen, 207
Zangwill, I., 339
Zara, 334
Zola, M., 231
Zucchari, the brothers, 259
Zucco, the, 234, 235

PRINTED AT THE EDINBURGH PRESS, 9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET.

00024482

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018